LETTERS,

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN,

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

FROM THE YEAR 1710 TO 1742.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

COLLECTED AND REVISED

BY DEANE SWIFT, ESQ.

OF GOODRICH, IN HEREFORDSHIRE.

VOLUME IV.

LONDON,

Printed for C. BATHURST, H. WOODFALL, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON, L. DAVIS and C. REYMERS, W. OWEN, R. BALDWIN, T. DAVIES, W. JOHNSTON, T. LONGMAN, and J. HARDY. MDCCLXVIII.

W. Musgrave.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO

Mr. WILLIAM JOHNSTON,

In LUDGATE STREET.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH I gave you my reaſons, ſome time ago, for not troubling either the Public or myſelf with any Preface to theſe volumes of Dr. SWIFT's Writings, you ſtill preſs for ſome kind of Advertiſement, by way of uſhering them into the world. But what occaſion is there for ſuch formality? If the Letters now printed merit general regard, they will have a chance to live as long as the reſt of his Epiſtles: If

they deſerve contempt, their days will be of ſhort continuance. And, as for the reigns of WILLIAM RUFUS, HENRY the FIRST, and STEPHEN; it is ſuppoſed they will appear to be ſuch a model of *Engliſh* hiſtory, as will make all men of taſte, and eſpecially foreigners, regret that he purſued his plan no farther.

I can tell you a ſecret, which I was not apprized of myſelf until about a year ago, and which perhaps may give you pleaſure. There are many of the Dr.'s beſt writings, *long ſince printed* (don't be ſurprized, for I am ſupported in what I ſay by the authority of manuſcripts now in my own ſtudy) which are not to be met with in any collection of his Works: ſo indifferent he was, and careleſs, whether they lived or died. Yet even theſe, by one means or other, as I know their titles, and conjecture where they can be found, I hope I ſhall

be able to recover, and ſend down to poſterity.

To the beſt of my recollection, when I talked to you laſt *November* of a Preface to theſe Volumes, I had ſome thoughts of opening a ſcene, which would have expoſed to view ſeveral things which are ſtill involved in darkneſs. But, as I have neither youth, leiſure, nor inclination, to engage in altercations of any ſort, I think it is better to poſtpone what I have principally to ſay relating to theſe matters, and particularly to the ſubject of Dr. SWIFT's Writings, until a more convenient and proper ſeaſon; when perhaps it will be thought early enough to inform the curious, by what a ſtrange variety of accidents the DOCTOR's Works have happened to make their appearance in ſo diſorderly, uncouth, and miſerable a condition (to ſay nothing of a thouſand

ſand miſtakes and blunders committed by ſeveral Editors, both in *England* and *Ireland)* as they do at preſent.

I am, Sir, wiſhing you all ſucceſs in your publication,

Your moſt ſincere,

and very humble ſervant,

Worceſter,
July 25, 1767.

D. S.

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LETTERS

FROM

Dr. SWIFT to STELLA.

LETTER I.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON*.

Cheſter, Sept. 2, 1710.

JOE † will give you an account of me till I got into the boat, after which the rogues made

* Theſe letters to *Stella*, or Mrs. *Johnſon*, were all written in a ſeries from the time of Dr. *Swift*'s landing at *Cheſter*, in *September* 1710, until his return to *Ireland* upon the demiſe of the queen; barring the interruption of about ſix weeks, or two months, in the year 1713, when he was obliged to go over to *Ireland*, upon being made *Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.* The letters were all very carefully preſerved by *Stella*; and at her death, if not before, taken up by Dr. *Swift*; for what end we know not, unleſs it were to compare the current news of the times with that *Hiſtory of the Queen* which he writ at *Windſor* in the year 1713: they were ſometimes addreſſed to Mrs. *Johnſon*, and ſometimes to Mrs. *Dingley*, who was a relation of the *Temple* family, and friend to Mrs. *Johnſon.* Both theſe ladies went over to *Ireland* upon *Swift*'s invitation in the year 1701, and lodged conſtantly together.

† Mr. *Joſeph Beaumont*, merchant, of *Trim*, whoſe name frequently occurs in theſe papers. He was a vene-

made a new bargain, and forced me to give them two crowns, and talked as if we ſhould not be able to overtake any ſhip; but in half an hour we got to the yacht; for the ſhips lay by to wait for my lord lieutenant's ſteward. We made our voyage in fifteen hours juſt. Laſt night I came to this town, and ſhall leave it, I believe, on *Monday*: the firſt man I met in *Cheſter* was Dr. *Raymond* ‡. He and Mrs. *Raymond* were here about levying a fine, in order to have power to ſell their eſtate. I got a fall off my horſe, riding here from *Parkgate*, but no hurt; the horſe underſtands falls very well, and lying quietly till I got up. My duty to the biſhop of *Clogher* *. I ſaw him returning from *Dunlary* †; but he ſaw not me. I take it

rable, handſome, grey-headed man, of quick and various natural abilities, but not improved by learning: his *fort* was Mathematicks, which he applied to ſome uſeful purpoſes in the linen trade, but chiefly to the inveſtigation of the Longitude; which was ſuppoſed to have occaſioned a lunacy, with which he was ſeized in *Dublin* about the year 1718; from whence he was brought home to *Trim*, and recovered his underſtanding. But ſome years after, having relapſed into his former malady, he cut his throat in a fit of diſtraction.

‡ Vicar of *Trim*, and formerly one of the fellows of the univerſity of *Dublin*.

* Dr. *St. George Aſhe*, who, in the reign of *George* I. was made biſhop of *Derry*.

† This muſt have been while *Swift* was ſailing in the *Bay* of *Dublin*, and the biſhop riding upon the *North-Strand*.

ill

ill he was not at convocation, and that I have not his name to my powers. I beg you will hold your reſolution of going to *Trim*, and riding there as much as you can. Let the biſhop of *Clogher* remind the biſhop of *Killala* to ſend me a letter, with one incloſed to the biſhop of *Litchfield* §. Let all who write to me, incloſe to *Richard Steele*, Eſq; at his office at the *Cockpit* near *Whitehall*. My lord *Mountjoy* is now in the humour that we ſhould begin our journey this afternoon, ſo that I have ſtolen here again to finiſh this letter, which muſt be ſhort or long accordingly. I write this poſt to Mrs. *Weſley*, and will tell her, that I have taken care ſhe may have her bill of one hundred and fifteen pounds whenever ſhe pleaſes to ſend for it; and in that caſe I deſire you will ſend it her incloſed and ſealed. God Almighty bleſs you; and, for God's ſake, be merry and get your health. I am perfectly reſolved to return as ſoon as I have done my commiſſion ‖, whether it ſucceeds or no. I never went to *England* with ſo little deſire in my life. If Mrs. *Curry* makes any difficulty about the

§ Dr. *John Hough*.

‖ This commiſſion was, to ſolicit the queen to remit the firſt-fruits and twentieth parts, payable to the crown by the clergy of *Ireland*.

lodgings, I will quit them. The poſt is juſt come from *London*, and juſt going out, ſo I have only time to pray God to bleſs you, *&c.*

LETTER II.

London, Sept. 9, 1710.

I GOT here laſt *Thurſday*, after five days travelling, weary the firſt, almoſt dead the ſecond, tolerable the third, and well enough the reſt; and am now glad of the fatigue, which has ſerved for exerciſe; and I am at preſent well enough. The *Whigs* were raviſhed to ſee me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning, and the great men making me their clumſy apologies, *&c.* But my lord-treaſurer * received me with a great deal of coldneſs, which has enraged me ſo, I am almoſt vowing revenge. I have not yet gone half my circle; but I find all my acquaintance juſt as I left them. I hear my lady *Giffard* † is much at *Court*, and lady *Wharton* was ridiculing it t'other day; ſo I have loſt a friend there. I have not yet ſeen her, nor intend it; but I will

* The earl of *Godolphin*.

† Lady *Giffard* was ſiſter to ſir *William Temple*.

contrive

contrive to ſee *Stella*'s mother ‡ ſome other way. I writ to the biſhop of *Clogher* from *Cheſter*; and I now write to the archbiſhop of *Dublin*. Every thing is turning upſide down; every *Whig* in great office will, to a man, be infallibly put out; and we ſhall have ſuch a winter as hath not been ſeen in *England*. Every body aſks me, how I came to be ſo long in *Ireland*, as naturally as if here were my *Being*; but no ſoul offers to make it ſo: and I proteſt I ſhall return to *Dublin*, and the *Canal* at *Laracor* ‖, with more ſatisfaction than I ever did in my life. The *Tatler* § expects every day to be turned out of his employment; and the duke of *Ormond*, they ſay, will be lieutenant of *Ireland*. I hope you are now peaceably in *Preſto*'s ¶ lodgings;

‡ She was at that time in lady *Giffard*'s family.

‖ The Dr.'s benefice in the dioceſe of *Meath*.

§ *Richard Steele*, Eſq;

¶ In theſe letters *pdfr*, ſtands for Dr. *Swift*; *Ppt*, for *Stella*; *D.* for *Dingley*; *D. D.* generally for *Dingley*, but ſometimes for both *Stella* and *Dingley*; and *MD* generally ſtands for both theſe ladies; yet ſometimes only for *Stella*. But, to avoid perplexing the reader, it was thought more adviſeable to uſe the word *Preſto* for *Swift*, which is borrowed from the ducheſs of *Shrewſbury*, who, not recollecting the Dr.'s name, called him Dr. *Preſto*, (which is *Italian* for *Swift*) vid. let. xxvii. *Aug.* 2, 1710, printed for *Dodſley* and others; inſtead of *Ppt*. *Stella* is uſed for Mrs. *Johnſon*, and ſo for *D. Dingley*; but as *MD* ſtands for both *Dingley* and

lodgings; but I reſolve to turn you out by *Chriſtmas*; in which time I ſhall either do my buſineſs, or find it not to be done. Pray be at *Trim* by the time this letter comes to you, and ride little *Johnſon*, who muſt needs be now in good caſe. I have begun this letter unuſually, on the poſt-night, and have already written to the archbiſhop; and cannot lengthen this. Henceforth I will write ſomething every day to *MD*, and make it a ſort of journal; and when it is full, I will ſend it whether *MD* writes or no; and ſo that will be pretty: and I ſhall always be in converſation with *MD*, and *MD* with *Preſto*. Pray make *Parviſol* * pay you the ten pounds immediately; ſo I ordered him. They tell me I am grown fatter, and look better; and, on *Monday*, *Jervas* is to retouch my picture. I thought I ſaw *Jack Temple* and his wife paſs by me to-day in their coach; but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly ſhaken off that family †. Tell the provoſt ‡ I have obeyed his commands to the duke of

Stella, it was thought more convenient to let it remain a cypher in its original ſtate.

* The Dr.'s agent at *Laracor*.

† It never has yet appeared to the publick what gave riſe to this great coolneſs between the *Temple* family and Dr. *Swift*.

‡ Dr. *Pratt*, afterwards dean of *Downe*.

Ormond;

Ormond; or let it alone, if you pleaſe. I ſaw *Jemmey Leigh* ‡ juſt now at the *Coffee-houſe*, who aſked after you with great kindneſs: he talks of going in a fortnight to *Ireland*. My ſervice to the dean §, and Mrs. *Walls* and her archdeacon. *Will Frankland*'s wife is near bringing to-bed, and I have promiſed to chriſten the child. I fancy you had my *Cheſter* letter the *Tueſday* after I writ. I preſented Dr. *Raymond* to lord *Wharton* at *Cheſter*. Pray let me know when *Joe* gets his money ¶. It is near ten, and I hate to ſend by the bell-man. *MD* ſhall have a longer letter in a week, but I ſend this only to tell I am ſafe in *London*; and ſo farewel, *&c.*

‡ A gentleman of fortune in the county of *Wexmeath*, in *Ireland*, whoſe name often occurs in theſe letters. He was well acquainted with *Stella*, and ſeems to have had a great eſteem for her merit and accompliſhments.

§ Dr. *Sterne*, dean of *St. Patrick*'s, *Dublin*.

¶ This money was a *præmium* the government had promiſed him for his Mathematical *Sleaing Tables*, calculated for the improvement of the linen manufactory, which were afterwards printed, and are ſtill highly regarded.

LETTER III.

London, Sept. 9, 1710.

AFTER ſeeing the duke of *Ormond*, dining with Dr. *Cockburn*, paſſing ſome part of the afternoon with ſir *Matthew Dudley* and *Will Frankland*, the reſt at *St. James's Coffee-houſe*, I came home and writ to the archbiſhop of *Dublin* and *MD*, and am going to bed. I forgot to tell you, that I begged *Will Frankland* to ſtand *Manley*'s || friend with his father in this ſhaking ſeaſon for places. He told me his father was in danger to be out; that ſeveral were now ſoliciting for *Manley*'s place; that he was accuſed of opening letters; that ſir *Thomas Frankland* would ſacrifice every thing to ſave himſelf; and in that I fear *Manley* is undone, *&c.*

10. To-day I dined with lord *Mountjoy* at *Kenſington*; ſaw my miſtreſs, *Ophy Butler*'s wife, who is grown a little charmleſs. I ſat till ten in the evening with *Addiſon* and *Steele*: *Steele* will certainly loſe his *Gazetteer*'s place, all the world deteſting his engaging in parties. At ten I went to the *Coffee-houſe*, hoping to find lord *Radnor*,

|| *Manley* was poſt-maſter-general of *Ireland*.

whom

whom I had not ſeen. He was there; and for an hour and a half we talked treaſon heartily againſt the *Whigs*, their baſeneſs and ingratitude. And I am come home rolling reſentments in my mind, and framing ſchemes of revenge: full of which (having written down ſome hints) I go to bed. I am afraid *MD* dined at home, becauſe it is *Sunday*; and there was the little half-pint of wine: for God's ſake be good girls, and all will be well. *Ben Tooke* ‡ was with me this morning.

11. Seven morning. I am riſing to go to *Jervas* to finiſh my picture, and 'tis ſhaving day, ſo good morrow *MD*; but don't keep me now, for I can't ſtay; and pray dine with the dean, but don't loſe your money. I long to hear from you, *&c.*—Ten at night. I ſat four hours this morning to *Jervas*, who has given my picture quite another turn, and now approves it entirely; but we muſt have the approbation of the town. If I were rich enough, I would get a copy of it and bring it over. Mr. *Addiſon* and I dined together at his lodgings, and I ſat with him part of this evening; and I

‡ The Doctor's bookſeller.

am now come home to write an hour. *Patrick* obſerves that the rabble here are much more inquiſitive in politicks, than in *Ireland*. Every day we expect changes, and the *Parliament* to be diſſolved. Lord *Wharton* expects every day to be out: he is working like a horſe for elections; and, in ſhort, I never ſaw ſo great a ferment among all ſorts of people. I had a miſerable letter from *Joe* laſt *Saturday*, telling me Mr. *Pratt* * refuſes payment of his money. I have told it Mr. *Addiſon*, and will to lord *Wharton*; but I fear with no ſucceſs. However, I will do all I can.

12. To-day I preſented Mr. *Ford* to the duke of *Ormond*; and paid my firſt viſit to lord-preſident †, with whom I had much diſcourſe; but put him always off when he began to talk of lord *Wharton* in relation to me, till he urged it: then I ſaid, he knew I never expected any thing from lord *Wharton*, and that lord *Wharton* knew that I underſtood it ſo. He ſaid that he had written twice to lord *Wharton* about me, who both times ſaid nothing at all to that part

* Vice-treaſurer of *Ireland*.

† Lord *Somers*.

of

of his letter. I am adviſed not to meddle in the affair of the *Firſt-Fruits*, till this hurry is a little over, which ſtill depends, and we are all in the dark. Lord-preſident told me he expects every day to be out, and has done ſo theſe two months. I proteſt upon my life, I am heartily weary of this town, and wiſh I had never ſtirred.

13. I went this morning to the city to ſee Mr. *Stratford* the *Hamburgh* merchant, my old ſchool-fellow; but calling at *Bull*'s on *Ludgate-hill*, he forced me to his houſe at *Hampſtead* to dinner among a great deal of ill company; among the reſt Mr. *Hoadley* *, the whig clergyman, ſo famous for acting the contrary part to *Sacheverell*: but to-morrow I deſign again to ſee *Stratford*. I was glad, however, to be at *Hampſtead*, where I ſaw lady *Lucy* and *Moll Stanhope*. I hear very unfortunate news of Mrs. *Long*; ſhe and her comrade have broke up houſe, and ſhe is broke for good and all, and is gone to the country: I ſhould be extremely ſorry if this be true.

14. To-day I ſaw *Patty Rolt*, who heard I was in town; and I dined with *Stratford*

* Dr. *Benjamin Hoadley*, afterwards biſhop of *Winchester*.

at

at a merchant's in the city, where I drank the firſt *Tockay* wine I ever ſaw; and it is admirable, yet not to the degree I expected. *Stratford* is worth a plumb, and is now lending the *Government* forty thouſand pounds; yet we were educated together at the ſame ſchool and univerſity. We hear the chancellor is to be ſuddenly out, and ſir *Simon Harcourt* to ſucceed him: I am come early home, not caring for the coffee-houſe.

15. To-day Mr. *Addiſon*, colonel *Freind* and I went to ſee the million lottery drawn at *Guildhall*. The jackanapes of blue-coat boys gave themſelves ſuch airs in pulling out the tickets, and ſhewed white hands open to the company, to let us ſee there was no cheat. We dined at a country-houſe near *Chelſea*, where Mr. *Addiſon* often retires; and to-night, at the *Coffee-houſe*, we hear ſir *Simon Harcourt* is made lord-keeper; ſo that now we expect every moment the *Parliament* will be diſſolved; but I forgot that this letter will not go in three or four days, and that my news will be ſtale, which I ſhould therefore put in the laſt paragraph. Shall I ſend this letter before I hear from *MD*, or ſhall I keep it to lengthen? I have not yet ſeen *Stella*'s mother, becauſe I will not ſee lady *Giffard*;

Giffard; but I will contrive to go there when lady *Giffard* is abroad. I forgot to mark my two former letters; but I remember this is *Number* 3, and I have not yet had *Number* 1 from *MD*; but I ſhall by *Monday*, which I reckon will be juſt a fortnight after you had my firſt. I am reſolved to bring over a great deal of china. I loved it mightily to-day. What ſhall I bring?

16. Morning. Sir *John Holland*, comptroller of the houſhold, has ſent to deſire my acquaintance; I have a mind to refuſe him becauſe he is a *Whig*, and will, I ſuppoſe, be out among the reſt; but he is a man of worth and learning. Tell me, do you like this journal way of writing? Is it not tedious and dull?

Night. I dined to-day with a couſin, a printer, where *Patty Rolt* lodges, and then came home, after a viſit or two; and it has been a very inſipid day. Mrs. *Long*'s misfortune is confirmed to me; bailiffs were in her houſe; ſhe retired to private lodgings; thence to the country, no-body knows where: her friends leave letters at ſome inn, and they are carried to her; and ſhe writes anſwers without dating them from any place. I ſwear it grieves me to the ſoul.

17. To-

17. To-day I dined ſix miles out of town, with *Will Pate* the learned woollen-draper; Mr. *Stratford* went with me: ſix miles here is nothing: we left *Pate* after ſun-ſet, and were here before it was dark. This letter ſhall go on *Tueſday*, whether I hear from *MD* or no. My health continues pretty well; pray God *Stella* may give me a good account of hers: and I hope you are now at *Trim*, or ſoon deſigning it. I was diſappointed to-night: the fellow gave me a letter, and I hoped to ſee little *MD*'s hand; and it was only to invite me to a veniſon paſty to-day: ſo I loſt my paſty into the bargain. Pox on theſe declining courtiers! Here is Mr. *Brydges* the paymaſter-general deſiring my acquaintance; but I hear the queen ſent lord *Shrewſbury* to aſſure him he may keep his place; and he promiſes me great aſſiſtance in the affair of the *Firſt-Fruits*. Well, I muſt turn over this leaf to-night, though the ſide would hold another line; but pray conſider this is a whole ſheet; it holds a plaguy deal, and you muſt be content to be weary; but I'll do ſo no more. Sir *Simon Harcourt* is made attorney-general, and not lord-keeper.

18. To-

18. To-day I dined with Mr. *Stratford* at Mr. *Addiſon*'s retirement near *Chelſea*; then came to town; got home early, and begun a letter to the *Tatler* about the corruptions of ſtyle and writing, *&c.* and having not heard from you, am reſolved this letter ſhall go to-night. Lord *Wharton* was ſent for to town in mighty haſte, by the duke of *Devonſhire:* they have ſome project in hand; but it will not do, for every hour we expect a thorough revolution, and that the *Parliament* will be diſſolved. When you ſee *Joe*, tell him lord *Wharton* is too buſy to mind any of his affairs; but I will get what good offices I can from Mr. *Addiſon*, and will write to-day to Mr. *Pratt*; and bid *Joe* not to be diſcouraged, for I am confident he will get the money under any government; but he muſt have patience.

19. I have been ſcribbling this morning, and I believe ſhall hardly fill this ſide to-day, but ſend it as it is; and it is good enough for naughty girls that won't write to a body, and to a good boy like *Preſto*. I thought to have ſent this to-night, but was kept by company, and could not; and, to ſay the truth, I had a little mind to expect

one

one poſt more for a letter from *MD*. Yeſterday at noon died the earl of *Angleſey*, the great ſupport of the *Tories*; ſo that employment of vice-treaſurer of *Ireland* is again vacant. We were to have been great friends, and I could hardly have a loſs that could grieve me more. The biſhop of *Durham* died the ſame day. The duke of *Ormond*'s daughter was to viſit me to-day at a third place by way of advance, and I am to return it to-morrow. I have had a letter from lady *Berkeley*, begging me for charity to come to *Berkeley-caſtle*, for company to my lord, who has been ill of a dropſy; but I cannot go, and muſt ſend my excuſe to-morrow. I am told, that in a few hours there will be more removals.

20. To-day I returned my viſits to the duke's daughters; the inſolent drabs came up to my very mouth to ſalute me; then I heard the report confirmed of removals; my lord-preſident *Somers*; the duke of *Devonſhire*, lord-ſteward; and Mr. *Boyle*, ſecretary of ſtate, are all turned out to-day. I never remember ſuch bold ſteps taken by a *Court*: I am almoſt ſhocked at it, though I did not care if they were all hanged. We are aſtoniſhed why the *Parliament* is not yet diſſolved,

ſolved, and why they keep a matter of that importance to the laſt. We ſhall have a ſtrange *Winter* here between the ſtruggles of a cunning provoked diſcarded party, and the triumphs of one in power; of both which I ſhall be an indifferent ſpectator, and return very peaceably to *Ireland*, when I have done my part in the affair I am entruſted with, whether it ſucceeds or no. To-morrow I change my lodgings in *Pall-mall* for one in *Bury-ſtreet*, where I ſuppoſe I ſhall continue while I ſtay in *London*. If any thing happens to-morrow I will add it.——*Robin*'s *Coffee-houſe*. We have great news juſt now from *Spain*; *Madrid* taken, and *Pampeluna*. I am here ever interrupted.

21. I have juſt received your letter, which I will not anſwer now; God be thanked all things are ſo well. I find you have not yet had my ſecond: I had a letter from *Parviſol*, who tells me he gave Mrs. *Walls* a bill of twenty pounds for me, to be given to you; but you have not ſent it. This night the *Parliament* is diſſolved: great news from *Spain*; king *Charles* and *Stanhope* are at *Madrid*, and count *Staremberg* has taken *Pampeluna*. Farewel. This is from *St. James*'s *Coffee-houſe*. I will begin my an-

ſwer to your letter to-night; but not ſend it this week. Pray tell me whether you like this journal way of writing.—I don't like your reaſons for not going to *Trim*. *Parviſol* tells me he can ſell your horſe; ſell it with a pox? Pray let him know that he ſhall ſell his ſoul as ſoon. What? ſell any thing that *Stella* loves, and may ſometimes ride? It is hers, and let her do as ſhe pleaſes: pray let him know this by the firſt that you know goes to *Trim*. Let him ſell my grey, and be hanged.

LETTER IV.

London, Sept. 21, 1710.

HERE muſt I begin another letter, on a whole ſheet, for fear ſawcy little *MD* ſhould be angry, and think *much* that the paper is too *little*. I had your letter this night, as I told you juſt and no more in my laſt; for this muſt be taken up in anſwering yours, ſaucebox. I believe I told you where I dined to-day; and to-morrow I go out of town for two days to dine with the ſame company on *Sunday*; *Moleſworth* the *Florence* envoy, *Stratford*, and ſome others. I heard to-day that a gentlewoman from lady *Giffard*'s

Giffard's houſe had been at the *Coffee-houſe* to enquire for me. It was *Stella*'s mother, I ſuppoſe. I ſhall ſend her a penny-poſt letter to-morrow, and contrive to ſee her without hazarding ſeeing lady *Giffard*, which I will not do until ſhe begs my pardon.

22. I dined to-day at *Hampſtead* with lady *Lucy*, &c. and when I got home found a letter from *Joe*, with one incloſed to lord *Wharton*, which I will ſend to his excellency, and ſecond it as well as I can; but to talk of getting the queen's order, is a jeſt. Things are in ſuch a combuſtion here, that I am adviſed not to meddle yet in the affair I am upon, which concerns the clergy of a whole kingdom; and does he think any body will trouble the queen about *Joe*? We ſhall, I hope, get a recommendation from the lord lieutenant to the truſtees for the linen buſineſs, and I hope that will do; and ſo I will write to him in a few days, and he muſt have patience. This is an anſwer to part of your letter as well as his. I lied, it is to-morrow I go to the country, and I won't anſwer a bit more of your letter yet.

23. Here is ſuch a ſtir and buſtle with this little *MD* of ours; I muſt be writing every night; I can't go to-bed without a

word to them; I can't put out my candle till I have bid them good night: O Lord, O Lord! Well, I dined the firſt time, to-day, with *Will Frankland* and his *Fortune:* ſhe is not very handſome. Did I not ſay I would go out of town to-day; I hate lying abroad and clutter; I go to-morrow in *Frankland*'s chariot, and come back at night. Lady *Berkeley* has invited me to *Berkeley-caſtle*, and lady *Betty Germain* to *Drayton* in *Northamptonſhire*, and I'll go to neither. Let me alone, I muſt finiſh my pamphlet. I have ſent a long letter to *Bickerſtaff:* let the biſhop of *Clogher* ſmoak it if he can. Well, I'll write to the biſhop of *Killala*; but you might have told him how ſudden and unexpected my journey was though. Deuce take lady *S*——; and if I know *D*——*y*, he is a rawboned-faced fellow, not handſome, nor viſibly ſo young as you ſay: ſhe ſacrifices two thouſand pounds a year, and keeps only ſix hundred. Well, you have had all my land journey in my ſecond letter, and ſo much for that. So, you have got into *Preſto*'s lodgings; very fine, truly! We have had a fortnight of the moſt glorious weather on earth, and ſtill continues: I hope you have made the beſt of it. *Ball-*

lygall

lygall will be a pure good place for air, if Mrs. *Aſhe* makes good her promiſe. *Stella* writes like an emperor: I am afraid it hurts your eyes; take care of that pray, pray Mrs. *Stella*. Can't you do what you will with your own horſe? Pray don't let that puppy *Parviſol* ſell him. *Patrick* is drunk about three times a week, and I bear it, and he has got the better of me; but one of theſe days I will poſitively turn him off to the wide world, when none of you are by to intercede for him.—Stuff—how can I get her huſband into the *Charter-houſe?* get a—into the *Charter-houſe*.—Write conſtantly! Why, ſirrah, don't I write every day, and ſometimes twice a day to *MD?* Now I have anſwered all your letter, and the reſt muſt be as it can be: ſend me my bill. Tell Mrs. *Brent* * what I ſay of the *Charter-houſe*. I think this enough for one night; and ſo farewel till this time to-morrow.

24. To-day I dined ſix miles out of town at *Will Pate*'s, with *Stratford*, *Frankland*, and the *Moleſworths*, and came home at night, and was weary and lazy. I can ſay no more now, but good night.

* The Doctor's houſekeeper.

25. I was ſo lazy to-day that I dined at next door ‡, and have ſat at home ſince ſix, writing to the biſhop of *Clogher*, dean *Sterne*, and Mr. *Manley*: the laſt, becauſe I am in fear for him about his place, and have ſent him my opinion, what I and his other friends here think he ought to do. I hope he will take it well. My advice was, To keep as much in favour as poſſible with ſir *Thomas Frankland*, his maſter here.

26. Smoak how I widen the margin by lying in bed when I write. My bed lies on the wrong ſide for me, ſo that I am forced often to write when I am up. *Manley* you muſt know has had people putting in for his place already; and has been complained of for opening letters. Remember that laſt *Sunday*, *September* 24, 1710, was as hot as *Midſummer*. This was written in the morning; 'tis now night, and *Preſto* in bed. Here's a clutter, I have gotten *MD*'s ſecond letter, and I muſt anſwer it here. I gave the bill to *Tooke*, and ſo—Well, I dined to-day with ſir *John Holland* the comptroller, and ſat with him till eight; then came home and ſent my letters, and writ part of a lam-

‡ This muſt have been at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*'s.

poon §, which goes on very ſlow, and now I am writing to ſawcy *MD*; no wonder, indeed, good boys muſt write to naughty girls. I han't ſeen your mother yet; my penny-poſt letter, I ſuppoſe, miſcarried: I will write another. Mr. *S*—— came to ſee me; and ſaid *M*—— was going to the country next morning with her huſband (who I find is a ſurly brute) ſo I could only deſire my ſervice to her.

27. To-day all our company dined at *Will Frankland*'s, with *Steele* and *Addiſon* too. This is the firſt rainy day ſince I came to town; I can't afford to anſwer your letter yet. *Morgan*, the puppy, writ me a long letter to deſire I would recommend him for purſe-bearer or ſecretary to the next lord-chancellor that would come with the next governor. I will not anſwer him; but beg you will ſay theſe words to his father *Raymond* *, or any body that will tell him: that Dr. *Swift* has received his letter, and would be very ready to ſerve him, but cannot do it in what he deſires, becauſe he has no ſort of

§ This was, The Virtues of *Sid Hamet*, the Magician's Rod.

* Dr. *Raymond* is only called his father, becauſe he eſpouſed Mr. *Morgan*'s intereſt with all his power.

intereſt in the perſons to be applied to. Theſe words you may write, and let *Joe*, or Mr. *Warburton* †, give them to him: a pox on him! However, 'tis by theſe ſort of ways that fools get preferment. I muſt not end yet, becauſe I can't ſay good night without loſing a line, and then *MD* would ſcold; but now, good night.

28. I have the fineſt piece of *Brazil* tobacco for *Dingley* that ever was born. You talk of *Leigh*; why he won't be in *Dublin* theſe two months: he goes to the country, then returns to *London*, to ſee how the world goes here in *Parliament*. Good night, ſirrahs; no, no, not night; I writ this in the morning, and looking careleſly I thought it had been of laſt night. I dined to-day with Mrs. *Barton* alone at her lodgings, where ſhe told me for certain that lady *S*—— was with child when ſhe was laſt in *England*, and pretended a tympany, and ſaw every body; then diſappeared for three weeks, her tympany was gone, and ſhe looked like a ghoſt, *&c.* No wonder ſhe married when ſhe was ſo ill at containing. *Conolly* is out, and Mr. *Roberts* in his place, who loſes a better here, but was formerly a commiſſioner

† The Doctor's curate at *Laracor*.

in

in *Ireland*. That employment coſt *Conolly* three thouſand pounds to lord *Wharton*; ſo he has made one ill bargain in his life.

29. I wiſh *MD* a merry *Michaelmas*. I dined with Mr. *Addiſon*, and *Jervas* the painter, at *Addiſon*'s country place; and then came home, and writ more to my lampoon. I made a *Tatler* ſince I came: gueſs which it is, and whether the biſhop of *Clogher* ſmoaks it. I ſaw Mr. *Sterne* to-day: he will do as you order, and I will give him chocolate for *Stella*'s health. He goes not theſe three weeks. I wiſh I could ſend it ſome other way. So now to your letter, brave boys. I don't like your way of ſaving ſhillings: nothing vexes me but that it does not make *Stella* a coward in a coach. I don't think any lady's advice about my ear ſignifies two-pence: however I will, in compliance to you, aſk Dr. *Cockburn*. *Radcliffe* I know not, and *Bernard* I never ſee. *Walls* will certainly be ſtingier for ſeven years, upon pretence of his robbery. So *Stella* puns again; why, 'tis well enough; but I'll not ſecond it, though I could make a dozen: I never thought of a pun ſince I left *Ireland*.—Biſhop of *Clogher*'s bill? Why, he paid it me; do you think I

was ſuch a fool to go without it? As for the four ſhillings, I will give you a bill on *Parviſol* for it on t'other ſide this paper; and pray tear off the two letters I ſhall write to him and *Joe*, or let *Dingley* tranſcribe and ſend them; though that to *Parviſol*, I believe, he muſt have my hand for. No, no, I'll eat no grapes; I ate about ſix t'other day at ſir *John Holland*'s; but would not give ſix-pence for a thouſand, they are ſo bad this year. Yes, faith, I hope in God *Preſto* and *MD* will be together this time twelvemonth: What then? Laſt year I ſuppoſe I was at *Laracor*; but next I hope to eat my *Michaelmas* gooſe at my two little gooſes' lodgings. I drink no *aile* (I ſuppoſe you mean *ale)* but yet good wine every day, of five and ſix ſhillings a bottle. O Lord, how much *Stella* writes: pray don't carry that too far, young women, but be temperate to hold out. To-morrow I go to Mr. *Harley*. Why; ſmall hopes from the duke of *Ormond:* he loves me very well, I believe, and would, in my turn, give me ſomething to make me eaſy; and I have good intereſt among his beſt friends. But I don't think of any thing further than the buſineſs I am upon: you ſee I writ to *Manley* before

before I had your letter, and I fear he will be out. Yes, Mrs. Owl, *Blighe*'s corpſe came to *Cheſter* when I was there, and I told you ſo in my letter, or forgot it. I lodge in *Bury-ſtreet*, where I removed a week ago. I have the firſt floor, a dining-room, and bed-chamber, at eight ſhillings a week; plaguy deep, but I ſpend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern, and very ſeldom in a coach; yet after all it will be expenſive. Why do you trouble yourſelf, Miſtreſs *Stella*, about my *inſtrument?* I have the ſame the archbiſhop gave me; and it is as good now the biſhops are away. The dean friendly; the dean be poxt: a great piece of friendſhip indeed, what you heard him tell the biſhop of *Clogher*; I wonder he had the face to talk ſo: but he lent me money, and that's enough. Faith I would not ſend this theſe four days, only for writing to *Joe* and *Parviſol*. Tell the dean, that when the biſhops ſend me any pacquets, they muſt not write to me at Mr. *Steele*'s; but direct for Mr. *Steele*, at his office at the *Cockpit*; and let the incloſed be directed for me: that miſtake coſt me eighteen-pence t'other day.

30. I dined with *Stratford* to-day, but am not to ſee Mr. *Harley* till *Wedneſday*: 'tis late,

late, and I ſend this before there is occaſion for the bell; becauſe I would have *Joe* have his letter, and *Parviſol* too; which you muſt ſo contrive as not to coſt them double poſtage. I can ſay no more, but that I am, *&c.*

LETTER V.

London, Sept. 30, 1710.

HAN'T I brought myſelf into a fine premunire to begin writing letters in whole ſheets, and now I dare not leave it off. I can't tell whether you like theſe journal letters: I believe they would be dull to me to read them over; but, perhaps, little *MD* is pleaſed to know how *Preſto* paſſes his time in her abſence. I always begin my laſt the ſame day I ended my former. I told you where I dined to-day at a tavern with *Stratford: Lewis*, who is a great favourite of *Harley*'s, was to have been with us; but he was hurried to *Hampton-court*, and ſent his excuſe; and that next *Wedneſday* he would introduce me to *Harley*. 'Tis good to ſee what a lamentable confeſſion the *Whigs* all make me of my ill uſage: but I mind them not. I am already repreſented to *Harley* as a diſcontented perſon, that was uſed ill for not being *Whig* enough; and I hope for good

uſage

uſage from him. The *Tories* dryly tell me, I may make my fortune, if I pleaſe; but I do not underſtand them, or rather, I do underſtand them.

Oct. 1. To-day I dined at *Moleſworth*'s, the *Florence* envoy; and ſat this evening with my friend *Darteneuf*, whom you have heard me talk of; the greateſt punner of this town next myſelf. Have you ſmoakt the *Tatler* that I writ? It is much liked here, and I think it a pure one. To-morrow I go with *Delaval* the *Portugal* envoy, to dine with lord *Halifax* near *Hampton-court*. Your *Manley*'s brother, a parliament-man here, has gotten an employment; and I am informed uſes much intereſt to preſerve his brother: and, to-day, I ſpoke to the elder *Frankland* to engage his father, (poſt-maſter here) and I hope he will be ſafe, although he is cruelly hated by all the *Tories* of *Ireland*. I have almoſt finiſhed my lampoon, and will print it for revenge on a certain great perſon *. It has coſt me but three ſhillings in meat and drink ſince I came here, as thin as the town is. I laugh to ſee myſelf ſo diſengaged in theſe revolutions. Well, I muſt

* The earl of *Godolphin*.

leave

leave off and go write to ſir *John Stanley*, to deſire him to engage lady *Hyde* as my miſtreſs to engage lord *Hyde* in favour of Mr. *Pratt*.

2. Lord *Halifax* was at *Hampton-court* at his lodgings, and I dined with him there with *Methuen*, and *Delaval*, and the late attorney-general. I went to the drawing-room before dinner, (for the queen was at *Hampton-court*) and expected to ſee *nobody*; but I met acquaintance enough. I walked in the gardens, ſaw the cartons of *Raphael*, and other things, and with great difficulty got from lord *Halifax*, who would have kept me to-morrow to ſhew me his houſe and park, and improvements. We left *Hampton-court* at ſun-ſet, and got here in a chariot and two horſes time enough by ſtar-light. That's ſomething charms me mightily about *London*; that you go dine a dozen miles off in *October*, ſtay all day, and return ſo quickly: you cannot do any thing like this in *Dublin* †. I writ a ſecond penny-poſt letter to your mother, and hear nothing of her. Did

† When this letter was written there were no turnpike roads in *Ireland*: but the caſe now is quite altered, and you may dine any where as far from *Dublin*, and return as quickly, as you can from *London*.

I tell

I tell you that earl *Berkeley* died laſt *Sunday* was ſe'nnight, at *Berkeley-caſtle*, of a dropſy? Lord *Halifax* began a health to me to-day; it was the *Reſurrection of the Whigs*, which I refuſed unleſs he would add their *Reformation* too: and I told him he was the only *Whig* in *England* I loved, or had any good opinion of.

3. This morning *Stella*'s ſiſter came to me with a letter from her mother, who is at *Sheene*; but will ſoon be in town, and will call to ſee me: ſhe gave me a bottle of palſy water, a ſmall one, and deſired I would ſend it you by the firſt convenience, as I will; and ſhe promiſes a quart bottle of the ſame: your ſiſter lookt very well, and ſeems a good modeſt ſort of girl. I went then to Mr. *Lewis*, firſt ſecretary to lord *Dartmouth*, and favourite to Mr. *Harley*, who is to introduce me to-morrow morning. *Lewis* had with him one Mr. *Dyet*, a juſtice of peace, worth twenty thouſand pounds, a commiſſioner of the ſtamp-office, and married to a ſiſter of ſir *Philip Meadows*, envoy to the emperor. I tell you this, becauſe it is odds but this Mr. *Dyet* will be hanged; for he is diſcovered to have counterfeited ſtampt paper, in which he was a commiſſioner; and,

and, with his accomplices, has cheated the queen of a hundred thouſand pounds. You will hear of it before this come to you, but may be not ſo particularly; and it is a very odd accident in ſuch a man. Smoak *Preſto* writing news to *MD*. I dined to-day with lord *Mountjoy* at *Kenſington*, and walked from thence this evening to town like an emperor. Remember that yeſterday, *October* 2, was a cruel hard froſt, with ice; and ſix days ago I was dying with heat. As thin as the town is, I have more dinners than ever, and am aſked this month by ſome people, without being able to come for pre-engagements. Well, but I ſhould write plainer, when I conſider *Stella* can't read, and *Dingley* is not ſo ſkilful at my ugly hand. I had, to-night, a letter from Mr. *Pratt*, who tells me, *Joe* will have his money when there are truſtees appointed by the lord lieutenant for receiving and diſpoſing the linen fund; and whenever thoſe truſtees are appointed, I will ſolicit whoever is lord lieutenant, and am in no fear of ſucceeding. So pray tell or write him word, and bid him not be caſt down; for *Ned Southwell* and Mr. *Addiſon* both think *Pratt* in the right.

Don't

Don't loſe your money at *Manley*'s to-night, ſirrahs.

4. After I had put out my candle laſt night, my landlady came into my room, with a ſervant of lord *Halifax*, to deſire I would go dine with him at his houſe near *Hampton-court*; but I ſent him word I had buſineſs of great importance that hindered me, *&c.* And, to-day, I was brought privately to Mr. *Harley*, who received me with the greateſt reſpect and kindneſs imaginable: he has appointed me an hour on *Saturday* at four, afternoon, when I will open my buſineſs to him; which expreſſion I would not uſe if I were a woman. I know you ſmoakt it; but I did not till I writ it. I dined to-day at Mr. *Delaval*'s, the envoy for *Portugal*, with *Nic. Rowe* the poet, and other friends; and I gave my lampoon to be printed. I have more miſchief in my heart; and I think it ſhall go round with them all, as this hits, and I can find hints. I am certain I anſwered your 2d letter, and yet I do not find it here. I ſuppoſe it was in my 4th: and why *N.* 2d, 3d; is it not enough to ſay, as I do, 1, 2, 3? *&c.* I am going to work at another *Tatler*: I'll be far enough but I ſay the ſame thing over two or three times,

juſt as I do when I am talking to little *MD*; but what care I? they can read it as eaſily as I can write it: I think I have brought theſe lines pretty ſtraight again. I fear it will be long before I finiſh two ſides at this rate. Pray, dear *MD*, when I occaſionally give you any little commiſſion mixt with my letters, don't forget it, as that to *Morgan* and *Joe*, &c. for I write juſt as I can remember, otherwiſe I would put them all together. I was to viſit Mr. *Sterne* to-day, and gave him your commiſſion about handkerchiefs: that of chocolate I will do myſelf, and ſend it him when he goes, and you'll pay me when *the giver's bread*, &c. To-night I will read a pamphlet, to amuſe myſelf. God preſerve your dear healths.

5. This morning *Delaval* came to ſee me, and we went together to *Kneller*'s *, who was not in town. In the way we met the electors for parliament-men: and the rabble came about our coach, crying A *Colt*, a *Stanhope*, &c. we were afraid of a dead cat, or our glaſſes broken, and ſo were always of their ſide. I dined again at *Delaval*'s; and in the evening, at the *Coffee-houſe*, heard ſir

* Sir *Godfrey Kneller*'s, the painter.

Andrew

Andrew Fountain was come to town. This has been but an inſipid ſort of day, and I have nothing to remark upon it worth three-pence: I hope *MD* had a better, with the dean, the biſhop, or Mrs. *Walls*. Why, the reaſon you loſt four and eight-pence laſt night but one at *Manley*'s, was becauſe you played bad games: I took notice of ſix that you had ten to one againſt you: Would any but a mad lady go out twice upon *Manilio*, *Baſto*, and two ſmall diamonds? Then in that game of ſpades, you blundered when you had ten-ace; I never ſaw the like of you: and now you are in a huff becauſe I tell you this. Well, here's two and eight-pence half-penny towards your loſs.

6. Sir *Andrew Fountain* came this morning, and caught me writing in bed. I went into the city with him; and we dined at the *Chop-houſe* with *Will Pate*, the learned woollen-draper: then we ſauntered at *china-ſhops* and bookſellers; went to the tavern, drank two pints of white wine, and never parted till ten: and now I am come home, and muſt copy out ſome papers I intend for Mr. *Harley*, whom I am to ſee, as I told you, to-morrow afternoon; ſo that this night I ſhall ſay little to *MD*, but that I heartily

wiſh myſelf with them, and will come as ſoon as I either fail, or compaſs my buſineſs. We now hear daily of elections; and, in a liſt I ſaw yeſterday of about twenty, there are ſeven or eight more *Tories* than in the laſt *Parliament*; ſo that I believe they need not fear a majority, with the help of thoſe who will vote as the *Court* pleaſes. But I have been told, that Mr. *Harley* himſelf would not let the *Tories* be too numerous, for fear they ſhould be inſolent, and kick againſt him; and for that reaſon they have kept ſeveral *Whigs* in employments, who expected to be turned out every day; as ſir *John Holland* the comptroller, and many others. And ſo get you gone to your cards, and your claret and orange, at the dean's, and I'll go write.

7. I wonder when this letter will be finiſhed: it muſt go by *Tueſday*, that's certain; and if I have one from *MD* before, I will not anſwer it, that's as certain too! 'Tis now morning, and I did not finiſh my papers for Mr. *Harley* laſt night; for you muſt underſtand *Preſto* was ſleepy, and made blunders and blots. Very pretty that I muſt be writing to young women in a morning freſh and faſting, faith. Well, good mor-

row to you; and ſo I go to buſineſs, and lay aſide this paper till night, ſirrahs.—At night. *Jack How* told *Harley*, that if there were a lower place in *Hell* than another, it was reſerved for his porter, who tells lies ſo gravely, and with ſo civil a manner. This porter I have had to deal with, going this evening at four to viſit Mr. *Harley*, by his own appointment. But the fellow told me no lie, though I ſuſpected every word he ſaid. He told me his maſter was juſt gone to dinner, with much company, and deſired I would come an hour hence, which I did, expecting to hear Mr. *Harley* was gone out; but they had juſt done dinner. Mr. *Harley* came out to me, brought me in, and preſented to me his ſon-in-law, lord *Doblane* * (or ſome ſuch name) and his own ſon, and, among others, *Will Penn* the quaker: we ſat two hours drinking as good wine as you do; and two hours more he and I alone; where he heard me tell my buſineſs; entered into it with all kindneſs; aſkt for my powers, and read them; and read likewiſe a memorial I had drawn up †, and put it in

* Lord *Dupplin*.

† See the collection of Letters printed for *Dodſley* and others, No. 30.

his pocket to ſhew the queen; told me the meaſures he would take; and, in ſhort, ſaid every thing I could wiſh: told me he muſt bring Mr. *St. John* (ſecretary of ſtate) and me acquainted; and ſpoke ſo many things of perſonal kindneſs and eſteem for me, that I am inclined half to believe what ſome friends have told me, That he would do every thing to bring me over. He has deſired to dine with me (what a comical miſtake was that) I mean he has deſired me to dine with him on *Tueſday*; and after four hours being with him, ſet me down at *St. James's Coffee-houſe*, in a hackney-coach. All this is odd and comical, if you conſider him and me. He knew my Chriſtian name very well. I could not forbear ſaying thus much upon this matter, although you will think it tedious. But I'll tell you; you muſt know, 'tis fatal to me to be a ſcoundrel and a prince the ſame day: for being to ſee him at four, I could not engage myſelf to dine at any friend's; ſo I went to *Tooke*, to give him a ballad and dine with him; but he was not at home: ſo I was forced to go to a blind chophouſe, and dine for ten-pence upon gill-ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence

to

to the firſt miniſter of ſtate. And now I am going in charity to ſend *Steele* a *Tatler*, who is very low of late. I think I am civiller than I uſed to be; and have not uſed the expreſſion of *(you in* Ireland) and *(we in* England) as I did when I was here before, to your great indignation.—They may talk of the *you know what* ‡; but, gad, if it had not been for that, I ſhould never have been able to get the acceſs I have had; and if that helps me to ſucceed, then that *ſame thing* will be ſerviceable to the church. But how far we muſt depend upon new friends, I have learnt by long practice, though I think among great miniſters, they are juſt as good as old ones. And ſo I think this important day has made a great hole in this ſide of the paper; and the fiddle faddles of to-morrow and *Monday* will make up the reſt; and, beſides, I ſhall ſee *Harley* on *Tueſday* before this letter goes.

‡ Theſe words ſeem to refer to the apprehenſion the miniſtry were under, that *Swift* would take part with their enemies, and therefore it was that *Harley* would do every thing to bring him over. It is certain, that after *Swift* had become intimate with the miniſtry, they freely acknowledged to him in converſation, that he was the only man in *England* they were afraid of.

8. I muſt tell you a great piece of refinement of *Harley*. He charged me to come to him often: I told him I was loth to trouble him in ſo much buſineſs as he had, and deſired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refuſed, and ſaid, That was not a place for friends to come to. 'Tis now but morning, and I have got a fooliſh trick, I muſt ſay ſomething to *MD* when I wake, and wiſh them a good morrow; for this is not a ſhaving-day, *Sunday*, ſo I have time enough: but get you gone, you rogues, I muſt go write: yes, 'twill vex me to the blood if any of theſe long letters ſhould miſcarry: if they do, I will ſhrink to half ſheets again; but then what will you do to make up the journal? there will be ten days of *Preſto*'s life loſt; and that will be a ſad thing, faith and troth.—At night. I was at a loſs to-day for a dinner, unleſs I would have gone a great way, ſo I dined with ſome friends that board hereabout, as a ſpunger; and this evening ſir *Andrew Fountain* would needs have me go to the tavern, where, for two bottles of wine, *Portugal* and *Florence*, among three of us, we had ſixteen ſhillings to pay; but if ever he catches me ſo again, I'll ſpend as many

pounds;

pounds; and therefore I have put it among my extraordinaries: but we had a neck of mutton dreſt *a la Maintenon*, that the dog could not eat: and it is now twelve o'clock, and I muſt go ſleep. I hope this letter will go before I have *MD*'s third. Do you believe me? and yet, faith, I long for *MD*'s third too: and yet I would have it to ſay, that I writ five for two. I am not fond at all of *St. James*'s *Coffee-houſe*, as I uſed to be. I hope it will mend in winter; but now they are all out of town at elections, or not come from their country houſes. Yeſterday I was going with Dr. *Garth* to dine with *Charles Main*, near the *Tower*, who has an employment there: he is of *Ireland*; the biſhop of *Clogher* knows him well: an honeſt good-natured fellow, a thorough hearty laugher, mightily beloved by the men of wit: his miſtreſs is never above a cook-maid. And ſo, good night, *&c.*

9. I dined to-day at ſir *John Stanley*'s; my lady *Stanley* is one of my favourites: I have as many here as the biſhop of *Killala* has in *Ireland*. I am thinking what ſcurvy company I ſhall be to *MD* when I come back: they know every thing of me already: I will tell you no more, or I ſhall have nothing

thing to ſay, no ſtory to tell, nor any kind of thing. I was very uneaſy laſt night with ugly, naſty, filthy wine, that turned ſour on my ſtomach. I muſt go to the tavern: oh, but I told you that before. To-morrow I dine at *Harley*'s, and will finiſh this letter at my return; but I can write no more now, becauſe of the archbiſhop: faith 'tis true; for I am going now to write to him an account of what I have done in the buſineſs with *Harley*: and, faith, young women, I'll tell you what you muſt count upon, that I never will write one word on the third ſide in theſe long letters.

10. Poor *MD*'s letter was lying ſo huddled up among papers I could not find it: I mean poor *Preſto*'s letter. Well, I dined with Mr. *Harley* to-day, and hope ſome things will be done; but I muſt ſay no more: and this letter muſt be ſent to the poſt-houſe, and not by the bell-man. I am to dine again there on *Sunday* next; I hope to ſome good iſſue. And ſo now, ſoon as ever I can in bed, I muſt begin my 6th to *MD*. as gravely as if I had not written a word this month: fine doings, faith. Methinks I don't write as I ſhould, becauſe I am not in bed: ſee

the

the ugly wide lines. God Almighty ever bleſs you, *&c.*

Faith, this is a whole treatiſe; I'll go reckon the lines on t'other ſides. I've reckoned them *.

LETTER VI.

London, Oct. 10, 1710.

SO, as I told you juſt now in the letter I ſent half an hour ago, I dined with Mr. *Harley* to-day, who preſented me to the attorney-general ſir *Simon Harcourt*, with much compliment on all ſides, *&c.* *Harley* told me he had ſhewn my memorial to the queen, and ſeconded it very heartily; and he deſires me to dine with him again on *Sunday*, when he promiſes to ſettle it with her majeſty, before ſhe names a governor; and I proteſt I am in hopes it will be done, all but the forms, by that time; for he loves the church: this is a popular thing, and he would not have a governor ſhare in it; and, beſides, I am told by all hands, he has a mind to gain me over. But in the letter I writ laſt poſt (yeſterday) to the archbiſhop,

* Seventy-three lines in folio upon one page, and in a very ſmall hand.

I did

I did not tell him a ſyllable of what Mr. *Harley* ſaid to me laſt night, becauſe he charged me to keep it ſecret; ſo I would not tell it to you, but that before this goes, I hope the ſecret will be over. I am now writing my poetical *Deſcription of a Shower in* London, and will ſend it to the *Tatler*. This is the laſt ſheet of a whole quire I have written ſince I came to town. Pray, now it comes into my head, will you, when you go to Mrs. *Walls*, contrive to know whether Mrs. *Weſley* be in town, and ſtill at her brother's, and how ſhe is in health, and whether ſhe ſtays in town. I writ to her from *Cheſter*, to know what I ſhould do with her note; and I believe the poor woman is afraid to write to me: ſo I muſt go to my buſineſs, *&c.*

11. To-day at laſt I dined with lord *Montrath*, and carried lord *Mountjoy* and ſir *Andrew Fountain* with me; and was looking over them at ombre till eleven this evening like a fool: they played running ombre half crowns; and ſir *Andrew Fountain* won eight guineas of Mr. *Coote:* ſo I am come home late, and will ſay but little to *MD* this night. I have gotten half a buſhel of coals, and *Patrick*, the extravagant whelp, had a fire ready

for

for me; but I pickt off the coals before I went to-bed. It is a ſign *London* is now an empty place, when it will not furniſh me with matter for above five or ſix lines in a day. Did you ſmoak in my laſt how I told you the very day and the place you were playing at ombre? But I interlined and altered a little, after I had received a letter from Mr. *Manley*, that ſaid you were at it in his houſe, while he was writing to me; but without his help I gueſs'd within one day. Your town is certainly much more ſociable than ours. I have not ſeen your mother yet, *&c.*

12. I dined to-day with Dr. *Garth* and Mr. *Addiſon*, at the *Devil* tavern by *Temple-bar*, and *Garth* treated; and 'tis well I dine every day, elſe I ſhould be longer making out my letters: for we are yet in a very dull ſtate, only enquiring every day after new elections, where the *Tories* carry it among the new members ſix to one. Mr. *Addiſon*'s election has paſſed eaſy and undiſputed; and I believe, if he had a mind to be choſen king, he would hardly be refuſed. An odd accident has happened at *Colcheſter:* one captain *Lavallin* coming from *Flanders* or *Spain*, found his wife with child by a clerk

of

of *Doctors Commons*, whoſe trade, you know, it is to prevent fornications: and this clerk was the very ſame fellow that made the diſcovery of *Dyet*'s counterfeiting the ſtamp paper. *Lavallin* has been this fortnight hunting after the clerk to kill him; but the fellow was conſtantly employed at the *Treaſury* about the diſcovery he made: the wife had made a ſhift to patch up the buſineſs, alledging that the clerk had told her her huſband was dead, and other excuſes; but t'other day ſomebody told *Lavallin* his wife had intrigues before he married her: upon which he goes down in a rage, ſhoots his wife through the head, then falls on his ſword; and, to make the matter ſure, at the ſame time diſcharges a piſtol through his own head, and died on the ſpot, his wife ſurviving him about two hours; but in what circumſtances of mind and body is terrible to imagine. I have finiſhed my poem on the *Shower*, all but the beginning, and am
N°238 going on with my *Tatler*. They have fixt about fifty things on me ſince I came: I have printed but three. One advantage I get by writing to you daily, or rather you get, is, that I ſhall remember not to write the ſame things twice; and yet I fear I have done

done it often already: but I'll mind and confine myſelf to the accidents of the day; and ſo get you gone to ombre, and be good girls, and ſave your money, and be rich againſt *Preſto* comes, and write to me now and then: I am thinking it would be a pretty thing to hear ſometimes from ſawcy *MD*; but don't hurt your eyes, *Stella*, I charge you.

13. O Lord, here's but a trifle of my letter written yet; what ſhall *Preſto* do for prittle prattle to entertain *MD?* The talk now grows freſher of the duke of *Ormond* for *Ireland*, though Mr. *Addiſon* ſays he hears it will be in commiſſion, and lord *Gallaway* one. Theſe letters of mine are a ſort of journal, where matters open by degrees; and, as I tell true or falſe, you will find by the event whether my intelligence be good; but I don't care two-pence whether it be or no.—At night. To-day I was all about *St. Paul*'s, and up at the top like a fool, with ſir *Andrew Fountain* and two more; and ſpent ſeven ſhillings for my dinner like a puppy: this is the ſecond time he has ſerved me ſo; but I'll never do it again, though all mankind ſhould perſuade me, unconſi-

dering puppies! There's a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, and about a year or two come from the univerſity, one *Harriſon*, a little pretty fellow, with a great deal of wit, good ſenſe, and good nature; has written ſome mighty pretty things; that in your 6th *Miſcellanea*, about the *Sprig of an Orange*, is his: he has nothing to live on but being governor to one of the duke of *Queenſbury*'s ſons for forty pounds a year. The fine fellows are always inviting him to the tavern, and make him pay his club. *Henley* is a great crony of his: they are often at the tavern at ſix or ſeven ſhillings reckoning, and always makes the poor lad pay his full ſhare. A colonel and a lord were at him and me the ſame way to-night: I abſolutely refuſed, and made *Harriſon* lag behind, and perſuaded him not to go to them. I tell you this, becauſe I find all rich fellows have that humour of uſing all people without any conſideration of their fortunes; but I'll ſee them rot before they ſhall ſerve me ſo. Lord *Halifax* is always teazing me to go down to his country houſe, which will coſt me a guinea to his ſervants, and twelve ſhillings coach hire; and he ſhall be hanged

firſt. Is not this a plaguy ſilly ſtory? But I am vext at the heart; for I love the young fellow, and am reſolved to ſtir up people to do ſomething for him: he is a *Whig*, and I'll put him upon ſome of my caſt *Whigs*; for I have done with them, and they have, I hope, done with this kingdom for our time. They were ſure of the four members for *London* above all places, and they have loſt three in the four. Sir *Richard Onſlow*, we hear, has loſt for *Surry*; and they are overthrown in moſt places. Lookee, gentlewomen, if I write long letters, I muſt write you news and ſtuff, unleſs I ſend you my verſes; and ſome I dare not; and thoſe on the *Shower in London* I have ſent to the *Tatler*, and you may ſee them in *Ireland*. I fancy you'll ſmoak me in the *Tatler* I am going to write; for I believe I have told you the hint. I had a letter ſent me to-night from ſir *Matthew Dudley*, and found it on my table when I came in. Becauſe it is extraordinary I will tranſcribe it from beginning to end. It is as follows [*Is the Devil* in you? *Oct.* 13, 1710.] I would have anſwered every particular paſſage in it, only I wanted time. Here's enough for to-night, ſuch as it is, *&c.*

14. Is that tobacco at the top of the paper *, or what? I don't remember I ſlobbered. Lord, I dreamt of *Stella*, &c. ſo confuſedly laſt night, and that we ſaw dean *Bolton* and *Sterne* go into a ſhop; and ſhe bid me call them to her, and they proved to be two parſons I know not; and I walked without till ſhe was ſhifting, and ſuch ſtuff, mixt with much melancholy and uneaſineſs, and things not as they ſhould be, and I know not how: and it is now an ugly gloomy morning.—At night. Mr. *Addiſon* and I dined with *Ned Southwell*, and walkt in the *Park*; and at the *Coffee-houſe* I found a letter from the biſhop of *Clogher*, and a pacquet from *MD*. I opened the biſhop's letter; but put up *MD*'s, and viſited a lady juſt come to town, and am now got into bed, and going to open your little letter: and God ſend I may find *MD* well, and happy, and merry, and that they love *Preſto* as they do fires. Oh, I won't open it yet! yes I will! no I won't; I am going; I can't ſtay till I turn over †: What ſhall I do?

* The upper part of the letter was a little beſmeared with ſome ſuch ſtuff; the mark is ſtill on it.

† That is, to the next page; for he is now within three lines of the bottom of the firſt.

My

My fingers itch; and now I have it in my left hand; and now I'll open it this very moment.—I have juſt got it, and am cracking the ſeal, and can't imagine what's in it; I fear only ſome letter from a biſhop, and it comes too late: I ſhall employ nobody's credit but my own. Well, I ſee though—Pſhaw, 'tis from ſir *Andrew Fountain*: What, another! I fancy this is from Mrs. *Barton*; ſhe told me ſhe would write to me; but ſhe writes a better hand than this: I wiſh you would enquire; it muſt be at *Dawſon*'s office at the *Caſtle*. I fear this is from *Patty Rolt*, by the ſcrawl. Well, I'll read *MD*'s letter. Ah, no; it is from poor lady *Berkeley*, to invite me to *Berkeley-caſtle* this winter; and now it grieves my heart: ſhe ſays ſhe hopes my lord is in a fair way of recovery; poor lady. Well, now I go to *MD*'s letter: faith, 'tis all right; I hoped it was wrong. Your letter, *N.* 3, that I have now received, is dated *Sept.* 26, and *Manley*'s letter, that I had five days ago, was dated *Oct.* 3, that's a fortnight difference: I doubt it has lain in *Steele*'s office, and he forgot. Well, there's an end of that: he is turned out of his place; and you muſt deſire thoſe who ſend me pacquets, to incloſe them in

a paper directed to Mr. *Addiſon*, at *St. James*'s *Coffee-houſe*: not common letters, but pacquets: the biſhop of *Clogher* may mention it to the archbiſhop when he ſees him. As for your letter, it makes me mad: ſlidikins, I have been the beſt boy in *Chriſtendom*, and you come with your two eggs a penny.—Well; but ſtay, I'll look over my book: adad, I think there was a *chaſm* between my *N.* 2 and *N.* 3. Faith, I won't promiſe to write to you every week; but I'll write every night, and when it is full I will ſend it; that will be once in ten days, and that will be often enough: and if you begin to take up the way of writing to *Preſto*, only becauſe it is *Tueſday*, a *Monday* bedad, it will grow a taſk; but write when you have a mind.—No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no—Agad, agad, agad, agad, agad, agad; no, poor *Stellakins*. Slids, I would the horſe were in your—chamber. Have not I ordered *Parviſol* to obey your directions about him? And han't I ſaid in my former letters, that you may pickle him, and boil him, if you will? What do you trouble me about your horſes for? Have I any thing to do with them?—Revolutions a hindrance to me in my buſineſs; Revolutions

tions—to me in my buſineſs? If it were not for the revolutions, I could do nothing at all; and now I have all hopes poſſible, though one is certain of nothing; but to-morrow I am to have an anſwer, and am promiſed an effectual one. I ſuppoſe I have ſaid enough in this and a former letter how I ſtand with new people; ten times better than ever I did with the old; forty times more careſſed. I am to dine to morrow at Mr. *Harley*'s; and if he continues as he has begun, no man has been ever better treated by another. What you ſay about *Stella*'s mother, I have ſpoken enough to it already. I believe ſhe is not in town; for I have not yet ſeen her. My lampoon is cried up to the ſkies; but nobody ſuſpects me for it, except ſir *Andrew Fountain*: at leaſt they ſay nothing of it to me. Did not I tell you of a great man who received me very coldly? That's he; but ſay nothing; 'twas only a little revenge: I'll remember to bring it over. The biſhop of *Clogher* has ſmoaked my *Tatler* about ſhortening of words, *&c.* But, God ſo*! *&c.* N°. 230

* This appears to be an interjection of ſurprize at the length of his journal.

15. I will write plainer if I can remember it; for *Stella* muſt not ſpoil her eyes, and *Dingley* can't read my hand very well; and I am afraid my letters are too long: then you muſt ſuppoſe one to be two, and read them at twice. I dined to-day with Mr. *Harley*: Mr. *Prior* dined with us. He has left my memorial with the queen, who has conſented to give the *Firſt Fruits* and *Twentieth Parts*, and will, we hope, declare it to-morrow in the cabinet. But I beg you to tell it to no perſon alive; for ſo I am ordered, till in publick: and I hope to get ſomething of greater value. After dinner came in lord *Peterborow*: we renewed our acquaintance, and he grew mightily fond of me. They began to talk of a paper of verſes called *Sid Hamet*. Mr. *Harley* repeated part, and then pulled them out, and gave them to a gentleman at the table to read, though they had all read them often: lord *Peterborow* would let nobody read them but himſelf: ſo he did; and Mr. *Harley* bobbed me at every line to take notice of the beauties. *Prior* rallied lord *Peterborow* for author of them; and lord *Peterborow* ſaid, he knew them to be his; and *Prior* then turned it upon me, and I on him. I

am not gueſſed at all in town to be the author; yet ſo it is: but that is a ſecret only to you. Ten to one whether you ſee them in *Ireland*; yet here they run prodigiouſly. *Harley* preſented me to lord preſident of *Scotland*, and Mr. *Benſon*, lord of the treaſury. *Prior* and I came away at nine, and ſat at the *Smyrna* till eleven, receiving acquaintance.

16. This morning early I went in a chair, and *Patrick* before it, to Mr. *Harley*, to give him another copy of my memorial; as he deſired; but he was full of buſineſs, going to the queen, and I could not ſee him; but he deſired I would ſend up the paper, and excuſed himſelf upon his hurry. I was a little baulkt; but they tell me it is nothing. I ſhall judge by next viſit. I tipt his porter with a half crown; and ſo I am well there for a time at leaſt. I dined at *Stratford*'s in the city, and had *Burgundy* and *Tockay*: came back afoot like a ſcoundrel; then went with Mr. *Addiſon* and ſupt with lord *Mountjoy*, which made me ſick all night. I forgot that I bought ſix pound of chocolate for *Stella*, and a little wooden box: and I have a great piece of *Brazil* tobacco for *Dingley*, and a bottle of palſy

water for *Stella*: all which, with the two handkerchiefs that Mr. *Sterne* has bought, and you muſt pay him for, will be put in the box directed to Mrs. *Curry*'s, and ſet by Dr. *Hawkſhaw*, whom I have not ſeen; but *Sterne* has undertaken it. The chocolate is a preſent, madam, for *Stella*. Don't read this, you little rogue, with your little eyes; but give it to *Dingley*, pray now; and I'll write as plain as the ſkies: and let *Dingley* write *Stella*'s part, and *Stella* dictate to her, when ſhe apprehends her eyes, *&c.*

17. This letter ſhould have gone this poſt, if I had not been taken up with buſineſs, and two nights being late out; ſo it muſt ſtay till *Thurſday*. I dined to-day with your Mr. *Sterne*, by invitation, and drank *Iriſh* wine *; but, before we parted, there came in the prince of puppies, colonel *Edgworth* †; ſo

* Claret.

† It is reported of this colonel *Ambroſe Edgworth*, that he once made a viſit to one of his brothers, who lived at the diſtance of about one day's journey from his houſe, and that he travelled to ſee him with his led horſe, portmantuas, *&c.* As ſoon as he arrived at his brother's, the portmantuas were unpacked, and three ſuits of fine cloaths, one finer than another, hung upon chairs in his bed-chamber, together with his night-gown, and ſhaving-plate, diſpoſed in their proper places. The next morning, upon his coming down to breakfaſt, with his boots on, his brother aſked him where

ſo I went away. This day came out the *Tatler* made up wholly of my *Shower*, and a preface to it. They ſay 'tis the beſt thing

where he propoſed riding before dinner: I am going directly home, ſaid the colonel. Lord! ſaid his brother, I thought you intended to ſtay ſome time with us. No, replied the colonel, I can't ſtay with you at preſent; I only juſt came to ſee you and my ſiſter, and muſt return home this morning. And accordingly his cloaths, *&c.* were packed up, and off he went.

But what merit ſoever the colonel might have had to boaſt of, his ſon *Talbot Edgworth* excelled him by at leaſt fifty bars length. *Talbot* never thought of any thing but fine cloaths, ſplendid furniture for his horſe, and exciting, as he flattered himſelf, univerſal admiration. In theſe purſuits he expended his whole income, which, at beſt, was very inconſiderable: in other reſpects he cared not how he lived. To do him juſtice, he was an exceeding handſome fellow, well ſhaped, and of a good heighth, rather tall than of the middle ſize. He began very early in his life, even before he was of age, to ſhine forth in the world, and continued to blaze during the whole reign of *George* the firſt. He bethought himſelf very happily of one extravagance, well ſuited to his diſpoſition: he inſiſted upon an excluſive right to one board at *Lucas*'s *Coffee-houſe*, where he might walk backwards and forwards, and exhibit his perſon to the gaze of all beholders; in which particular he was indulged almoſt univerſally: but now and then ſome arch fellow would uſurp on his privilege, take poſſeſſion of the board, meet him, and diſpute his right; and when this happened to be the caſe, he would chafe, bluſter, aſk the gentleman his name, and immediately ſet him down in his table-book, as a man that he would fight when he came to age. With regard to the female world, his common phraſe was, *They may look and die.* In ſhort, he was the jeſt of the men, and the contempt of the women.

I ever writ, and I think ſo too. I ſuppoſe the biſhop of *Clogher* will ſhew it you. Pray tell me how you like it. *Tooke* is going on with my *Miſcellany*. I'd give a penny the letter to the biſhop of *Killaloe* was in it: 'twould do him honour. Could not you contrive to ſay you hear they are printing my *Things* together; and that you wiſh the bookſeller had that letter among the reſt: but don't ſay any thing of it as from me. I forgot whether it was good or no; but only having heard it much commended, perhaps it may deſerve it. Well, I have to-morrow to finiſh this letter in, and then I'll ſend it next day. I am ſo vext that you ſhould write your third to me, when you had but my ſecond, and I had written five, which now I hope you have all: and ſo I tell you, you are ſawcy, little, pretty, dear rogues, *&c.*

18. To-day I dined, by invitation, with *Stratford* and others, at a young merchant's in the city, with *Hermitage* and *Tockay*, and ſtaid till nine, and am now come home. And that dog *Patrick* is abroad, and drinking, and I can't get my night-gown. I have a mind to turn that puppy away: he has been drunk ten times in three weeks. But

But I han't time to ſay more; ſo good night, *&c.*

19. I am come home from dining in the city with Mr. *Addiſon*, at a merchant's; and juſt now, at the *Coffee-houſe*, we have notice that the duke of *Ormond* was this day declared lord lieutenant, at *Hampton-court*, in council. I have not ſeen Mr. *Harley* ſince; but hope the affair is done about *Firſt-Fruits*. I will ſee him, if poſſible, to-morrow morning; but this goes to-night. I have ſent a box to Mr. *Sterne*, to ſend to you by ſome friend: I have directed it for Mr. *Curry*, at his houſe; ſo you have warning when it comes, as I hope it will ſoon. The handkerchiefs will be put in ſome friend's pocket, not to pay cuſtom. And ſo here ends my ſixth, ſent when I had but three of *MD*'s: now I am beforehand, and will keep ſo; and God Almighty bleſs dear-eſt *MD*, &c.

LETTER VII.

London, Oct. 19, 1710.

O Faith, I am undone! this paper is larger than t'other, and yet I am condemned to a ſheet; but ſince it is *MD*, I did not value

though

though I were condemned to a pair. I told you in my letter to-day where I had been, and how the day paſt; and ſo, *&c.*

20. To-day I went to Mr. *Lewis*, at the ſecretary's office, to know when I might ſee Mr. *Harley*; and by and by comes up Mr. *Harley* himſelf, and appoints me to dine with him to-morrow. I dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, and went to wait on the two lady *Butlers*; but the porter anſwered, They were not at home: the meaning was, the youngeſt, lady *Mary*, is to be married to-morrow to lord *Aſhburnham*, the beſt match now in *England*, twelve thouſand pounds a year, and abundance of money. Tell me how my *Shower* is liked in *Ireland:* I never knew any thing paſs better here. I ſpent the evening with *Wortley Mountague* and Mr. *Addiſon*, over a bottle of *Iriſh* wine. Do they know any thing in *Ireland* of my greatneſs among the *Tories?* Every body reproaches me of it here; but I value them not. Have you heard of the verſes about the *Rod of Sid Hamet?* Say nothing of them for your life. Hardly any body ſuſpects me for them, only they think no-body but *Prior* or I could write them. But I doubt they have not reached you. There is likewiſe a

Ballad

Ballad, full of puns, on the *Weſtminſter Election*, that coſt me half an hour: it runs, though it be good for nothing. But this is likewiſe a ſecret to all but *MD*. If you have them not, I'll bring them over.

21. I got *MD*'s fourth to-day at the *Coffee-houſe*. God Almighty bleſs poor dear *Stella*, and her eyes and head: What ſhall we do to cure them, poor dear life? Your diſorders are a pull-back for your good qualities. Would to heaven I were this minute ſhaving your poor dear head, either here or there. Pray do not write, nor read this letter, nor any thing elſe, and I will write plainer for *Dingley* to read, from henceforward, though my pen is apt to ramble when I think who I am writing to. I will not anſwer your letter until I tell you that I dined this day with Mr. *Harley*, who preſented me to the earl of *Sterling*, a *Scotch* lord; and in the evening came in lord *Peterborow*. I ſtaid till nine before Mr. *Harley* would let me go, or tell me any thing of my affair. He ſays, the queen has now granted the *Firſt-Fruits* and *Twentieth Parts*; but he will not yet give me leave to write to the archbiſhop, becauſe the queen deſigns to ſignify it to the biſhops in *Ireland* in form,

and to take notice, That it was done upon a memorial from me, which Mr. *Harley* tells me he does to make it look more reſpectful to me, *&c.* and I am to ſee him on *Tueſday*. I know not whether I told you, that in my memorial which was given to the queen, I begged for two thouſand pounds a year more, though it was not in my commiſſion; but that Mr. *Harley* ſays cannot yet be done, and that he and I muſt talk of it further: however, I have ſtarted it, and it may follow in time. Pray ſay nothing of the *Firſt-Fruits* being granted, unleſs I give leave at the bottom of this. I believe never any thing was compaſſed ſo ſoon, and purely done by my perſonal credit with Mr. *Harley*, who is ſo exceſſively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unleſs to ſhew the raſcals of the other party that they uſed a man unworthily, who had deſerved better. The memorial given to the Queen from me ſpeaks with great plainneſs of lord *Wharton*. I believe this buſineſs is as important to you as the *Convocation* diſputes from *Tiſdall* *.

I

* Theſe words, notwithſtanding their great obſcurity at preſent, were very clear and intelligible to Mrs. *Johnſon*: they referred to converſations, which paſſed between

I hope in a month or two all the forms of ſettling this matter will be over, and then I ſhall have nothing to do here. I will only add one fooliſh thing more, becauſe it is juſt come into my head. When this thing is made known, tell me impartially whether they give any of the merit to me, or no; for I am ſure I have ſo much, that I will never take it upon me.—Inſolent ſluts! becauſe I ſay *Dublin*, *Ireland*, therefore you muſt ſay *London*, *England*: that's *Stella*'s malice †.—Well, for that I won't anſwer your letter till to-morrow-day, and ſo and

between her and Dr. *Tiſdall* ſeven or eight years before; when the doctor, who was not only a learned and faithful Divine, but a zealous Church-Tory, frequently entertained her with convocation diſputes. This gentleman, in the years 1703 and 1704, paid his addreſſes to Mrs. *Johnſon*. Vide the firſt three Letters in *Dodſley*'s Collection of *Swift*'s Correſpondence, printed 1766, eſpecially Letter the 3d, which at preſent wants ſome annotations to clear up many obſcurities. If the reader be curious in theſe matters, he may conſult *An Eſſay upon the Life, Writings, and Character of Dr. Jonathan Swift*, chap. V. p. 87. printed by *Bathurſt* in the year 1755; where the above-mentioned Letters are referred to, and where he may ſee by what means the event of this courtſhip was finally determined.

† There is a particular compliment to *Stella* couched in theſe words. *Stella* was herſelf an *Engliſhwoman*, born at *Richmond* in *Surry*; nevertheleſs ſhe reſpected the intereſt and the honour of *Ireland*, where ſhe had lived for ſome years, with a generous patriotic ſpirit.

ſo:

ſo: I'll go write ſomething elſe, and it won't be much; for 'tis late.

22. I was this morning with Mr. *Lewis*, the under-ſecretary to lord *Dartmouth*, two hours talking politicks, and contriving to keep *Steele* in his office of ſtampt paper: he has loſt his place of *Gazetteer*, three hundred pounds a year, for writing a *Tatler*, ſome months ago, againſt Mr. *Harley*, who gave it him at firſt, and raiſed the ſalary from ſixty to three hundred pounds. This was deviliſh ungrateful; and *Lewis* was telling me the particulars: but I had a hint given me, that I might ſave him in the other employment; and leave was given me to clear matters with *Steele*. Well, I dined with Sir *Matthew Dudley*, and in the evening went to ſit with Mr. *Addiſon*, and offer the matter at diſtance to him, as the diſcreeter perſon; but found *Party* had ſo poſſeſſed him, that he talked as if he ſuſpected me, and would not fall in with any thing I ſaid. So I ſtopt ſhort in my overture, and we parted very dryly; and I ſhall ſay nothing to *Steele*, and let them do as they will; but if things ſtand as they are, he will certainly loſe it, unleſs I ſave him; and therefore I will not ſpeak to him, that I may not report

to

to his diſadvantage. Is not this vexatious? and is there ſo much in the proverb of proffered ſervice? When ſhall I grow wiſe? I endeavour to act in the moſt exact points of honour and conſcience, and my neareſt friends will not underſtand it ſo. What muſt a man expect from his enemies? This would vex me, but it ſhall not; and ſo I bid you good night, *&c.*

23. I know 'tis neither wit nor diverſion to tell you every day where I dine, neither do I write it to fill my letter; but I fancy I ſhall, ſome time or other, have the curioſity of ſeeing ſome particulars how I paſſed my life when I was abſent from *MD* this time; and ſo I tell you now that I dined to-day at *Moleſworth*'s, the *Florence* envoy, then went to the coffee-houſe, where I behaved myſelf coldly enough to Mr. *Addiſon*, and ſo came home to ſcribble. We dine together to-morrow and next day, by invitation; but I ſhall alter my behaviour to him, till he begs my pardon, or elſe we ſhall grow bare acquaintance. I am weary of friends, and friendſhips are all monſters, but *MD*'s.

24. I forgot to tell you, that laſt night I went to Mr. *Harley*'s, hoping—faith, I am blundering, for it was this very night at

ſix; and I hoped he would have told me all things were done and granted: but he was abroad, and come home ill, and was gone to bed, much out of order, unleſs the porter lied. I dined to-day at Sir *Matthew Dudley*'s with Mr. *Addiſon*, *&c.*

25. I was to-day to ſee the duke of *Ormond*; and coming out, met lord *Berkeley* of *Stratton*, who told me, that Mrs. *Temple*, the widow, died laſt *Saturday*, which, I ſuppoſe, is much to the outward grief and inward joy of the family. I dined to-day with Mr. *Addiſon* and *Steele*, and a ſiſter of Mr. *Addiſon*, who is married to one Monſr. *Sartre*, a *Frenchman*, *Prebendary* of *Weſtminſter*, who has a delicious houſe and garden; yet I thought it was a ſort of monaſtick life in thoſe cloiſters, and I liked *Laracor* better. *Addiſon*'s ſiſter is a ſort of a wit, very like him. I am not fond of her, *&c.*

26. I was to-day to ſee Mr. *Congreve*, who is almoſt blind with cataracts growing on his eyes; and his caſe is, that he muſt wait two or three years, until the cataracts are riper, and till he is quite blind, and then he muſt have them couched; and beſides he is never rid of the gout, yet he looks

looks young and freſh, and is as chearful as ever. He is younger by three years or more * than I, and I am twenty years younger than he. He gave me a pain in the great toe, by mentioning the gout. I find ſuch ſuſpicions frequently, but they go off again. I had a ſecond letter from Mr. *Morgan*; for which I thank you: I wiſh you were whipt for forgetting to ſend him that anſwer I deſired you in one of my former, that I could do nothing for him of what he deſired, having no credit at all, *&c.* Go, be far enough, you negligent baggages. I have had alſo a letter from *Parviſol*, with an account how my livings are ſet, and that they are fallen, ſince laſt year, ſixty pounds. A comfortable piece of news. He tells me plainly, that he finds you have no mind to part with the horſe, becauſe you ſent for him at the ſame time you ſent him my letter; ſo that I know not what muſt be done. 'Tis a ſad thing that *Stella* muſt have her own horſe, whether *Parviſol* will or no. So now to anſwer your letter that I had three or four days ago. I am not now in bed, but am come

* *Congreve* was born in the year 1672; conſequently he was between four and five yéars younger than Dr. *Swift*.

home by eight; and it being warm, I write up. I never writ to the biſhop of *Killala*, which, I ſuppoſe, was the reaſon he had not my letter. I have not time, there's the ſhort of it.—As fond as the dean is of my letter, he has not written to me. I would only know whether dean *Bolton* † paid him the twenty pounds; and for the reſt, he may kiſs ——. And that you may aſk him, becauſe I am in pain about it, that dean *Bolton* is ſuch a *whipſter*. 'Tis the moſt obliging thing in the world in dean *Sterne* to be ſo kind to you. I believe he knows it will pleaſe me, and makes up, that way, his other uſage. No, we have had none of your ſnow, but a little one morning; yet I think it was great ſnow for an hour or ſo, but no longer. I had heard of *Will Crowe*'s death before, but not the fooliſh circumſtance that haſtened his end. No, I have taken care that captain *Pratt* ſhall not ſuffer by lord *Angleſea*'s death. I'll try ſome contrivance to get a copy of my picture from *Jervas*. I'll make Sir *Andrew Fountain* buy one as

† This gentleman was afterwards promoted to the archbiſhoprick of *Caſhel*. He was one of the moſt eloquent ſpeakers of his time, and was a very learned man, eſpecially in Church Hiſtory.

for

for himſelf, and I'll pay him again and take it, that is, provided I have money to ſpare when I leave this.—Poor *John!* is he gone? and madam *Parviſol* has been in town? Humm. Why, *Tighe* and I, when he comes, ſhall not take any notice of each other; I would not do it much in this town, though we had not fallen out.—I was to-day at Mr. *Sterne*'s lodging; he was not within, and Mr. *Leigh* is not come to town, but I will do *Dingley*'s errand when I ſee him. What do I know whether china be dear or no? I once took a fancy of reſolving to grow mad for it, but now 'tis off; I ſuppoſe I told you ſo in ſome former letter. And ſo you only want ſome ſalad diſhes, and plates, and *&c.* Yes, yes, you ſhall. I ſuppoſe you have named as much as will coſt five pounds. — Now to *Stella*'s little poſtſcript; and I am almoſt crazed that you vex yourſelf for not writing. Can't you dictate to *Dingley*, and not ſtrain your little dear eyes? I am ſure 'tis the grief of my ſoul to think you are out of order. Pray be quiet, and if you will write, ſhut your eyes, and write juſt a line, and no more, thus [How do you do, Mrs. *Stella?*] That was written with my eyes ſhut. Faith, I think

it is better than when they are open *: and then *Dingley* may ſtand by, and tell you when you go too high or too low.—My letters of buſineſs, with pacquets, if there be any more occaſion for ſuch, muſt be incloſed to Mr. *Addiſon*, at *St. James's Coffee-houſe*: but I hope to hear, as ſoon as I ſee Mr. *Harley*, that the main difficulties are over, and that the reſt will be but form.—Make two or three nutgalls, make two or three—galls, ſtop your receipt in your —— I have no need on't. Here's a clutter! Well, ſo much for your letter, which I will now put up in my letter-partition in my cabinet, as I always do every letter as ſoon as I anſwer it. Method is good in all things. Order governs the world. The Devil is the author of confuſion. A general of an army, a miniſter of ſtate; to deſcend lower, a gardener, a weaver, *&c.* That may make a fine obſervation, if you think it worth finiſhing; but I have not time. Is not this a terrible long piece for one evening? I dined to-day with *Patty Rolt* at my couſin *Leach*'s, with a pox, in the city: he is a printer, and prints the *Poſtman*, oh ho, and is my couſin,

* It is actually better written, and in a plainer hand.

God

God knows how, and he married Mrs. *Baby Aires* of *Leiceſter*; and my couſin *Thompſon* was with us: and my couſin *Leach* offers to bring me acquainted with the author of the *Poſtman*; and ſays, he does not doubt but the gentleman will be glad of my acquaintance, and that he is a very ingenious man, and a great ſcholar, and has been beyond ſea. But I was modeſt, and ſaid, May be the gentleman was ſhy, and not fond of new acquaintance; and ſo put it off: and I wiſh you could hear me repeating all I have ſaid of this in its proper tone, juſt as I am writing it. 'Tis all with the ſame cadence with oh hoo, or 'as when little girls ſay, I have got an apple, miſs, and I won't give you ſome. 'Tis plaguy twelve-penny weather this laſt week, and has coſt me ten ſhillings in coach and chair hire. If the fellow that has your money will pay it, let me beg you to buy *Bank Stock* with it, which is fallen near thirty *per cent.* and pays eight pounds *per cent.* and you have the principal when you pleaſe: it will certainly ſoon riſe. I would to God lady *Giffard* would put in the four hundred pounds ſhe owes you, and take the five *per cent.* common intereſt, and

give you the remainder. I will ſpeak to your mother about it when I ſee her. I am reſolved to buy three hundred pounds of it for myſelf, and take up what I have in *Ireland*; and I have a contrivance for it, that I hope will do, by making a friend of mine buy it as for himſelf, and I'll pay him when I can get in my money. I hope *Stratford* will do me that kindneſs. I'll aſk him to-morrow or next day.

27. Mr. *Rowe* the poet deſired me to dine with him to-day. I went to his office (he is under-ſecretary in Mr. *Addiſon*'s place that he had in *England*) and there was Mr. *Prior*; and they both fell commending my *Shower* beyond any thing that has been written of the kind: there never was ſuch a *Shower* ſince *Danäe*'s, *&c.* You muſt tell me how 'tis liked among you. I dined with *Rowe*; *Prior* could not come: and after dinner we went to a blind tavern, where *Congreve*, Sir *Richard Temple*, *Eaſtcourt*, and *Charles Main* were over a bowl of bad punch. The knight ſent for ſix flaſks of his own wine for me, and we ſtaid till twelve. But now my head continues pretty well; I have left off my drinking, and only take a ſpoonful mixt with

with water, for fear of the gout, or ſome ugly diſtemper; and now, becauſe it is late, I will, *&c.*

28. *Garth* and *Addiſon* and I dined to-day at a hedge tavern; then I went to Mr. *Harley*, but he was denied, or not at home: ſo I fear I ſhall not hear my buſineſs is done before this goes. Then I viſited lord *Pembroke*, who is juſt come to town, and we were very merry talking of old things, and I hit him with one pun. Then I went to ſee the ladies *Butler*, and the ſon of a whore of a porter denied them: ſo I ſent them a threatening meſſage by another lady, for not excepting me always to the porter. I was weary of the *Coffee-houſe*, and *Ford* deſired me to ſit with him at next door, which I did, like a fool, chatting till twelve, and now am got into bed. I am afraid the new miniſtry is at a terrible loſs about money: the *Whigs* talk ſo, it would give one the ſpleen; and I am afraid of meeting Mr. *Harley* out of humour. They think he will never carry through this undertaking. God knows what will come of it. I ſhould be terribly vexed to ſee things come round again: it will ruin the church and clergy for ever; but I hope for better. I'll ſend this

this on *Tueſday*, whether I hear any further news of my affair or not.

29. Mr. *Addiſon* and I dined to-day with lord *Mountjoy*; which is all the adventures of this day. — I chatted a while to-night in the *Coffee-houſe*, this being a full night; and now am come home to write ſome buſineſs.

30. I dined to-day at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*'s, and ſent a letter to poor Mrs. *Long*, who writes to us, but is God knows where, and will not tell any body the place of her reſidence. I came home early, and muſt go write.

31. The month ends with a fine day; and I have been walking, and viſiting *Lewis*, and concerting where to ſee Mr. *Harley*. I have no news to ſend you. *Aire*, they ſay, is taken, though the *Whitehall* letters this morning ſay quite the contrary: 'tis good, if it be true. I dined with Mr. *Addiſon* and *Dick Stuart*, lord *Mountjoy*'s brother; a treat of *Addiſon*'s. They were half fuddled, but not I; for I mixt water with my wine, and left them together between nine and ten; and I muſt ſend this by the bell-man, which vexes me, but I will put it off no longer. Pray God it does not miſcarry. I ſeldom do ſo; but I can put off little

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tle *MD* no longer. Pray give the under note to Mrs. *Brent*.

I'm a pretty gentleman; and you loſe all your money at cards, ſirrah *Stella*. I found you out; I did ſo.

I'm ſtaying before I can fold up this letter, till that ugly *D* is dry in the laſt line but one. Don't you ſee it? O Lord, I'm loth to leave you, faith——but it muſt be ſo, till next time. Pox take that *D*; I'll blot it to dry it.

LETTER VIII.

London, October 31, 1710.

SO, now I have ſent my ſeventh to your fourth, young women; and now I'll tell you what I would not in my laſt, that this morning, ſitting in my bed, I had a fit of giddineſs: the room turned round for about a minute, and then it went off, leaving me ſickiſh, but not very: and ſo I paſt the day as I told you; but I would not end a letter with telling you this, becauſe it might vex you: and I hope in God I ſhall have no more of it. I ſaw Dr. *Cockburn* to-day, and he promiſes to ſend me the pills that did me good laſt year, and likewiſe has promiſed me

an

an oil for my ear, that he has been making for that ailment for ſomebody elſe.

Nov. 1. I wiſh *MD* a merry new year. You know this is the firſt day of it with us. I had no giddineſs to-day, but I drank brandy, and have bought a pint for two ſhillings. I ſat up the night before my giddineſs pretty late, and writ very much; ſo I will impute it to that. But I never eat fruit, nor drink ale, but drink better wine than you do, as I did to-day with Mr. *Addiſon* at lord *Mountjoy*'s: then went at five to ſee Mr. *Harley*, who could not ſee me for much company; but ſent me his excuſe, and deſired I would dine with him on *Friday*; and then I expect ſome anſwer to this buſineſs, which muſt either be ſoon done, or begun again; and then the duke of *Ormond* and his people will interfere for their honour, and do nothing. I came home at ſix, and ſpent my time in my chamber, without going to the *Coffee-houſe*, which I grow weary of; and I ſtudied at leiſure, writ not above forty lines, ſome inventions of my own, and ſome hints, and read not at all, and this becauſe I would take care of *Preſto*, for fear little *MD* ſhould be angry.

2. I took my four pills laſt night, and they lay an hour in my throat, and ſo they will do to-night. I ſuppoſe I could ſwallow four affronts as eaſily. I dined with Dr. *Cockburn* to-day, and came home at ſeven; but Mr. *Ford* has been with me till juſt now, and 'tis near eleven. I have had no giddineſs to-day. Mr. *Dopping* I have ſeen, and he tells me coldly, my *Shower* is liked well enough; there's your *Iriſh* judgment. I writ this poſt to the biſhop of *Clogher*. 'Tis now juſt a fortnight ſince I heard from you. I muſt have you write once a fortnight, and then I'll allow for wind and weather. How goes ombre? Does Mrs. *Walls* win conſtantly, as ſhe uſed to do; and Mrs. *Stoite?* I have not thought of her this long time; how does ſhe? I find we have a cargo of *Iriſh* coming for *London*: I am ſorry for it; but I never go near them. And *Tighe* is landed; but Mrs. *Weſley*, they ſay, is going home to her huſband, like a fool. Well, little monkies mine, I muſt go write; and ſo good night.

3. I ought to read theſe letters I write, after I have done; for looking over thus much I found two or three literal miſtakes, which ſhould not be when the hand is ſo bad.

bad. But I hope it does not puzzle little *Dingley* to read, for I think I mend: but methinks when I write plain, I don't know how, but we are not alone, all the world can ſee us. A bad ſcrawl is ſo ſnug, it looks like a *PMD* *. We have ſcurvy *Tatlers* of late: ſo pray do not ſuſpect me. I have one or two hints I deſign to ſend him, and never any more: he does not deſerve it. He is governed by his wife moſt abominably, as bad as —— I never ſaw her ſince I came; nor has he ever made me an invitation; either he dares not, or is ſuch a thoughtleſs *Tiſdall* fellow, that he never minds it. So what care I for his wit? for he is the worſt company in the world, till he has a bottle of wine in his head. I cannot write ſtraighter in bed, ſo you muſt be content.—At night in bed. Stay, let me ſee where's this letter to *MD* among theſe papers? Oh! here. Well, I'll go on now; but I am very buſy (ſmoak the new pen.) I dined with Mr. *Harley* to-day, and am invited there again on *Sunday*. I have now leave to write to the primate and archbiſhop of *Dublin*, that the

* *PMD*. This cypher ſtands for *Preſto*, *Stella*, and *Dingley*; as much as to ſay, it looks like us three quite retired from all the reſt of the world.

queen

queen has granted the *Firſt-Fruits*; but they are to take no notice of it, till a letter is ſent them by the queen's orders from lord *Dartmouth*, ſecretary of ſtate, to ſignify it. The biſhops are to be made a corporation to diſpoſe of the revenue, *&c.* and I ſhall write to the archbiſhop of *Dublin* to-morrow (I have had no giddineſs to-day) I know not whether they will have any occaſion for me longer to be here; nor can I judge till I ſee what letter the queen ſends to the biſhops, and what they will do upon it. If diſpatch be uſed, it may be done in ſix weeks; but I cannot judge. They ſent me to-day a new commiſſion, ſigned by the primate and archbiſhop of *Dublin* †, and promiſe me letters to the two archbiſhops here; but mine a— for it all. The thing is done, and has been ſo theſe ten days; though I had only leave to tell it to-day. I had this day likewiſe a letter from the biſhop of *Clogher*, who complains of my not writing; and what vexes me, ſays he knows you have long letters from me every week. Why do you tell him ſo? 'Tis not right, faith: but I won't be angry with *MD* at diſtance. I writ to him

† See Dodſley's collection, letter xxxiii.

laſt

laſt poſt, before I had his, and will write again ſoon, ſince I ſee he expects it, and that lord and lady *Mountjoy* put him off upon me to give themſelves eaſe. Laſtly, I had this day a letter from a certain naughty rogue called *MD*, and it was *N.* 5, which I ſhall not anſwer to-night, I thank you. No, faith, I have other fiſh to fry; but to-morrow or next day will be time enough. I have put *MD*'s commiſſions in a memorandum paper. I think I have done all before, and remember nothing but this to-day about glaſſes and ſpectacles and ſpectacle caſes. I have no commiſſion from *Stella*, but the chocolate and handkerchiefs; and thoſe are bought, and I expect they will be ſoon ſent. I have been with, and ſent to, Mr. *Sterne*, two or three times to know, but he was not within. Odds my life, what am I doing? I muſt go write and do buſineſs.

4. I dined to-day at *Kenſington*, with *Addiſon*, *Steele*, &c. came home, and writ a ſhort letter to the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, to let him know the queen has granted the thing, *&c.* I writ in the *Coffee-houſe*, for I ſtaid at *Kenſington* till nine, and am plaguy weary; for colonel *Proud* was very ill company, and I'll never be of a party with him again;

again; and I drank punch, and that and ill company has made me hot.

5. I was with Mr. *Harley* from dinner to ſeven this night, and went to the *Coffee-houſe*, where Dr. *D'Avenant* would fain have had me gone and drink a bottle of wine at his houſe hard by, with Dr. *Chamberlain*; but the puppy uſed ſo many words, that I was afraid of his company; and though we promiſed to come at eight, I ſent a meſſenger to him, that *Chamberlain* was going to a patient, and therefore we would put it off till another time: ſo he, and the comptroller, and I were prevailed on, by ſir *Matthew Dudley*, to go to his houſe, where I ſtaid till twelve, and left them. *D'Avenant* has been teazing me to look over ſome of his writings that he is going to publiſh; but the rogue is ſo fond of his own productions, that I hear he will not part with a ſyllable; and he has lately put out a fooliſh pamphlet, called, *The third Part of* Tom Double; to make his court to the *Tories*, whom he had left.

6. I was to-day gambling in the city to ſee *Patty Rolt*, who is going to *Kingſton*, where ſhe lodges; but to ſay the truth, I had a mind for a walk to exerciſe myſelf, and happened to be diſengaged: for dinners

are ten times more plentiful with me here than ever, or than in *Dublin*. I won't anſwer your letter yet, becauſe I am buſy. I hope to ſend this before I have another from *MD*: 'twould be a ſad thing to anſwer two letters together, as *MD* does from *Preſto*. But when the two ſides are full, away the letter ſhall go, that's certain, like it or not like it; and that will be about three days hence, for the anſwering night will be a long one.

7. I dined to-day at ſir *Richard Temple*'s, with *Congreve*, *Vanburg*, lieutenant general *Farington*, &c. *Vanburg*, I believe I told you, had a long quarrel with me about thoſe *Verſes on his Houſe*; but we were very civil and cold. Lady *Marlborough* uſed to teaze him with them, which had made him angry, though he be a good-natured fellow. It was a *Thankſgiving-day*, and I was at *Court*, where the queen paſt us by with all *Tories* about her; not one *Whig*: *Buckingham*, *Rocheſter*, *Leeds*, *Shrewsſbury*, *Berkeley* of *Stratton*, lord keeper *Harcourt*, Mr. *Harley*, lord *Pembroke*, &c. and I have ſeen her without one *Tory*. The queen made me a curtſy, and ſaid, in a ſort of familiar way to *Preſto*, *How does* MD? I conſidered ſhe was

a queen, and ſo excuſed her. I do not miſs the *Whigs* at *Court*; but have as many acquaintance there as formerly.

8. Here's ado and a clutter! I muſt now anſwer *MD*'s fifth; but firſt you muſt know I dined at the *Portugal* envoy's to-day, with *Addiſon*, *Vanburg*, admiral *Wager*, ſir *Richard Temple*, *Methuen*, &c. I was weary of their company, and ſtole away at five, and came home like a good boy, and ſtudied till ten, and had a fire; O ho! and now am in bed. I have no fire-place in my bed-chamber; but 'tis very warm weather when one's in bed. Your fine cap, madam *Dingley*, is too little, and too hot: I'll have that furr taken off; I wiſh it were far enough; and my old velvet cap is good for nothing. Is it velvet under the fur? I was feeling, but can't find: if it be, 'twill do without it, elſe I will face it; but then I muſt buy new velvet: but may be I may beg a piece. What ſhall I do? Well, now to rogue *MD*'s letter. God be thanked for *Stella*'s eyes mending; and God ſend it holds; but faith you writ too much at a time: better write leſs, or write it at ten times. Yes, faith, a long letter in a morning from a dear friend is a dear thing. I ſmoke a compliment,

little miſchievous girls, I do ſo. But who are thoſe *Wiggs* that think I am turned *Tory?* Do you mean *Whigs?* Which *Wiggs* and *wat* to you mean? I know nothing of *Raymond*, and only had one letter from him a little after I came here. [Pray remember *Morgan.*] *Raymond* is indeed like to have much influence over me in *London*, and to ſhare much of my converſation. I ſhall, no doubt, introduce him to *Harley*, and lord keeper, and the ſecretary of ſtate. The *Tatler* upon *Milton*'s *Spear* is not mine, madam. What a puzzle there was betwixt you and your judgment? In general you may be ſometimes ſure of things, as that about ſtyle, becauſe it is what I have frequently ſpoken of; but gueſſing is mine—and I defy mankind, if I pleaſe. Why, I writ a pamphlet when I was laſt in *London*, that you and a thouſand have ſeen, and never gueſt it to be mine. Could you have gueſt the *Shower in Town* to be mine? How chance you did not ſee that before your laſt letter went; but I ſuppoſe you in *Ireland* did not think it worth mentioning. Nor am I ſuſpected for the lampoon; only *Harley* ſaid he ſmoaked me, (have I told you ſo before?) and ſome others knew it. 'Tis called *The Rod of Sid Hamet.*

And

And I have written ſeveral other things that I hear commended, and nobody ſuſpects me for them; nor you ſhan't know till I ſee you again. What do you mean *That boards near me, that I dine with now and then?* I know no ſuch perſon: I don't dine with boarders. What the pox! You know whom I have dined with every day ſince I left you, better than I do. What do you mean, ſirrah? Slids, my ailment has been over theſe two months almoſt. Impudence, if you vex me, I'll give ten ſhillings a week for my lodging; for I am almoſt ſt—k out of this with the ſink, and it helps me to verſes in my *Shower*. Well, madam *Dingley*, what ſay you to the world to come? What *Ballad?* Why go look, it was not good for much: have patience till I come back: patience is a gay thing as, *&c.* I hear nothing of lord *Mountjoy*'s coming for *Ireland*. When is *Stella*'s *Birth-day?* in *March?* Lord bleſs me, my turn at *Chriſt-Church*; it is ſo natural to hear you write about that, I believe you have done it a hundred times; it is as freſh in my mind, the verger coming to you; and why to you? Would he have you preach for me? O, pox on your ſpelling of *Latin*, *Jonſonibus atque*, that's the way. How did the dean

get that name by the end? 'Twas you betrayed me: not I, faith; I'll not break his head. Your mother is ſtill in the country, I ſuppoſe, for ſhe promiſed to ſee me when ſhe came to town. I writ to her four days ago, to deſire her to break it to lady *Giffard*, to put ſome money for you in the *Bank*, which was then fallen thirty *per cent*. Would to God mine had been here, I ſhould have gained one hundred pounds, and got as good intereſt as in *Ireland*, and much ſecurer. I would fain have borrowed three hundred pounds; but money is ſo ſcarce here, there is no borrowing, by this fall of ſtocks. 'Tis riſing now, and I knew it would: it fell from one hundred and twenty-nine to ninety-ſix. I have not heard ſince from your mother. Do you think I would be ſo unkind not to ſee her, that you deſire me in a ſtyle ſo melancholy? Mrs. *Raymond* you ſay is with child: I am ſorry for it; and ſo is, I believe, her huſband. Mr. *Harley* ſpeaks all the kind things to me in the world; and, I believe, would ſerve me, if I were to ſtay here; but I reckon in time the duke of *Ormond* may give me ſome addition to *Laracor*. Why ſhould the *Whigs* think I came to *England* to leave them? Sure my journey was

no ſecret? I proteſt ſincerely, I did all I could to hinder it, as the dean can tell you, although now I do not repent it. But who the Devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations in the leaſt to any of them all? Rot 'em, for ungrateful dogs; I'll make them repent their uſage before I leave this place. They ſay here the ſame thing of my leaving the *Whigs*; but they own they cannot blame me, conſidering the treatment I have had. I will take care of your ſpectacles, as I told you before, and of the biſhop of *Killala*'s; but I will not write to him, I han't time. What do you mean by my fourth, madam *Dinglibus?* Does not *Stella* ſay you have had my fifth, goody Blunder? You frighted me till I lookt back. Well, this is enough for one night. (Pray give my humble ſervice to Mrs. *Stoyte* and her ſiſter, *Kate* is it or *Sarah?* I have forgot her name, faith.) I think I'll e'en (and to Mrs. *Walls* and the archdeacon) ſend this to-morrow: no, faith, that will be in ten days from the laſt. I'll keep it till *Saturday*, though I write no more. But what if a letter from *MD* ſhould come in the mean time? Why then I would only ſay, Madam, I have received your ſixth letter; your moſt

humble ſervant to command, *Preſto*; and ſo conclude. Well, now I'll write and think a little, and ſo to bed, and dream of *MD*.

9. I have my mouth full of water, and was going to ſpit it out, becauſe I reaſoned with myſelf, how could I write when my mouth was full. Han't you done things like that, reaſoned wrong at firſt thinking? Well, I was to ſee Mr. *Lewis* this morning, and am to dine a few days hence, as he tells me, with Mr. ſecretary *St. John*; and I muſt contrive to ſee *Harley* ſoon again, to haſten this buſineſs from the queen. I dined to-day at lord *Montrath*'s, with lord *Mountjoy*, &c. but the wine was not good, ſo I came away, ſtayed at the *Coffee-houſe* till ſeven, then came home to my fire, the maidenhead of my ſecond half-buſhel, and am now in bed at eleven, as uſual. 'Tis mighty warm; yet I fear I ſhould catch cold this wet weather, if I ſat an evening in my room after coming from warm places: and I muſt make much of myſelf, becauſe *MD* is not here to take care of *Preſto*; and I am full of buſineſs, writing, *&c.* and don't care for the *Coffee-houſe*; and ſo this ſerves for all together, not to tell it you over and over, as ſilly people do; but *Preſto* is a wiſer man,

man, faith, than ſo, let me tell you, gentlewomen. See, I am got to the third ſide; but, faith, I won't do that often; but I muſt ſay ſomething early to-day, till the letter is done, and on *Saturday* it ſhall go; ſo I muſt ſave ſomething till to-morrow, till to-morrow and next day.

10. O Lord, I would this letter was with you with all my heart: If it ſhould miſcarry, what a deal would be loſt? I forgot to leave a gap in the laſt line but one for the ſeal, like a puppy; but I ſhould have allowed for night, good night; but when I am taking leave, I can't leave a bit, faith; but I fancy the ſeal won't come there. I dined to-day at lady *Lucy*'s, where they ran down my *Shower*; and ſaid *Sid Hamet* was the ſilliеſt poem they ever read, and told *Prior* ſo, whom they thought to be author of it. Don't you wonder I never dined there before? But I am too buſy, and they live too far off; and, beſides, I don't like women ſo much as I did. [*MD* you muſt know, are not women.] I ſupped to-night at *Addiſon*'s, with *Garth*, *Steele*, and Mr. *Dopping*; and am come home late. *Lewis* has ſent to me to deſire I will dine with ſome company I ſhall like. I ſuppoſe it is

Mr.

Mr. ſecretary *St. John*'s appointment. I had a letter juſt now from *Raymond*, who is at *Briſtol*, and ſays he will be at *London* in a fortnight, and leave his wife behind him; and deſires any lodging in the houſe where I am: but that muſt not be. I ſhan't know what to do with him in town: to be ſure I will not preſent him to any acquaintance of mine, and he will live a delicate life, a parſon and a perfect ſtranger. Paaaſt twelvvve o'clock, and ſo good night, *&c.* Oh! but I forgot, *Jemmey Leigh* is come to town; ſays he has brought *Dingley*'s things, and will ſend them with the firſt convenience. My parcel I hear is not ſent yet. He thinks of going for *Ireland* in a month, *&c.* I cannot write to-morrow, becauſe—what, becauſe of the archbiſhop; becauſe I will ſeal my letter early; becauſe I am engaged from noon till night; becauſe of many kind of things; and yet I will write one or two words to-morrow morning, to keep up my journal conſtant, and at night I will begin the ninth.

11. Morning by candlelight. You muſt know that I am in my night-gown every morning between ſix and ſeven, and *Patrick* is forced to ply me fifty times before I can

get

get on my night-gown; and ſo now I'll take my leave of my own dear *MD* for this letter, and begin my next when I come home at night. God Almighty bleſs and protect deareſt *MD*. Farewel, *&c.*

This letter's as long as a ſermon, faith.

LETTER IX.

London, Nov. 11, 1710.

I DINED to-day, by invitation, with the ſecretary of ſtate Mr. *St. John*. Mr. *Harley* came in to us before dinner, and made me his excuſes for not dining with us, becauſe he was to receive people who came to propoſe advancing money to the government: there dined with us only Mr. *Lewis*, and Dr. *Freind* (that writ *Lord* Peterborow's *Actions in* Spain.) I ſtaid with them till juſt now between ten and eleven, and was forced again to give my eighth to the bell-man, which I did with my own hands, rather than keep it till next poſt. The ſecretary uſed me with all the kindneſs in the world. *Prior* came in after dinner; and, upon an occaſion, he [the ſecretary] ſaid, the beſt thing he ever read is not your's, but Dr. *Swift*'s on *Vanbrugh*; which I do not reckon ſo very good neither.

neither. But *Prior* was damped until I ſtuft him with two or three compliments. I am thinking what a veneration we uſed to have for ſir *William Temple*, becauſe he might have been ſecretary of ſtate at fifty; and here is a young fellow, hardly thirty, in that employment. His father is a man of pleaſure, that walks the *Mall*, and frequents *St. James's Coffee-houſe*, and the *Chocolate-houſes*, and the young ſon is principal ſecretary of ſtate. Is there not ſomething very odd in that? He told me, among other things, that Mr. *Harley* complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way ſo much of getting into him. I knew that was a refinement; and ſo I told him, and it was ſo: indeed it is hard to ſee theſe great men uſe me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in *Ireland* hardly regarding me: but there are ſome reaſons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet. At coming home I ſaw a letter from your mother, in anſwer to one I ſent her two days ago. It ſeems ſhe is in town; but cannot come out in a morning, juſt as you ſaid; and God knows when I ſhall be at leiſure in an afternoon: for if I ſhould ſend her a penny-poſt letter, and afterwards not be able to meet

meet her, it would vex me; and, beſides, the days are ſhort, and why ſhe cannot come early in a morning before ſhe is wanted, I cannot imagine. I will deſire her to let lady *Giffard* know that ſhe hears I am in town, and that ſhe would go to ſee me to enquire after you. I wonder ſhe will confine herſelf ſo much to that old *Beaſt*'s humour. You know I cannot in honour ſee lady *Giffard*, and conſequently not go into her houſe. This I think is enough for the firſt time.

12. And how could you write with ſuch thin paper? (I forgot to ſay this in my former) Can't you get thicker? Why, that's a common caution that writing-maſters give their ſcholars; you muſt have heard it a hundred times. 'Tis this,

If paper be thin,
Ink will ſlip in;
But if it be thick,
You may write with a ſtick.

I had a letter to-day from poor Mrs. *Long*, giving me an account of her preſent life, obſcure in a remote country town *, and how eaſy ſhe is under it. Poor creature! 'tis juſt ſuch an alteration in life, as if *Preſto*

* She was then at *Lynn* in *Norfolk*.

ſhould

ſhould be baniſhed from *MD*, and condemned to converſe with Mrs. *Raymond*. I dined to-day with *Ford*, ſir *Richard Levinge*, *&c.* at a place where they board, hard by. I was lazy, and not very well, ſitting ſo long with company yeſterday. I have been very buſy writing this evening at home, and had a fire: I am ſpending my ſecond half-buſhel of coals; and now am in bed, and 'tis late.

13. I dined to-day in the city, and then went to chriſten *Will Frankland*'s child; and lady *Falconbridge* was one of the godmothers: this is a daughter of *Oliver Cromwel*, and extremely like him by his pictures that I have ſeen. I ſtaid till almoſt eleven, and am now come home and gone to bed. My buſineſs in the city was to thank *Stratford* for a kindneſs he has done me, which now I will tell you. I found *Bank Stock* was fallen thirty-four in the hundred, and was mighty deſirous to buy it; but I was a little too late for the cheapeſt time, being hindred by buſineſs here; for I was ſo wiſe to gueſs to a day when it would fall. My project was this: I had three hundred pounds in *Ireland*; and ſo I writ to Mr. *Stratford* in the city, to deſire he would buy me three hundred

dred pounds in *Bank Stock*, and that he ſhould keep the papers, and that I would be bound to pay him for them; and if it ſhould riſe or fall, I would take my chance, and pay him intereſt in the mean time. I ſhewed my letter to one or two people, who underſtand thoſe things; and they ſaid, money was ſo hard to be got here, that no man would do it for me. However, *Stratford*, who is the moſt generous man alive, has done it: but it coſts one hundred pounds and a half, that is ten ſhillings, ſo that three hundred pounds coſts me three hundred pounds and thirty ſhillings. This was done about a week ago, and I can have five pounds for my bargain already. Before it fell it was one hundred and thirty pounds, and we are ſure it will be the ſame again. I told you I writ to your mother, to deſire that lady *Giffard* would do the ſame with what ſhe owes you; but ſhe tells your mother ſhe has no money. I would to God all you had in the world was there. Whenever you lend money take this rule, to have two people bound, who have both viſible fortunes; for they will hardly die together; and when one dies, you fall upon the other, and make him add another ſecurity:

rity: and if *Rathburn* (now I have his name) pays you in your money, let me know, and I will direct *Parviſol* accordingly: however, he ſhall wait on you and know. So, ladies, enough of buſineſs for one night. Paaaaaſt twelvvve o'clock. I muſt only add, that after a long fit of rainy weather, it has been fair two or three days, and is this day grown cold and froſty; ſo that you muſt give poor little *Preſto* leave to have a fire in his chamber, morning and evening too, and he'll do as much for you.

14. What, has your chancellor loſt his ſenſes, like *Will Crowe?* I forgot to tell *Dingley*, that I was yeſterday at *Ludgate*, beſpeaking the ſpectacles at the great ſhop there, and ſhall have them in a day or two. This has been an inſipid day. I dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, and came gravely home, after juſt viſiting the *Coffee-houſe*. Sir *Richard Cox*, they ſay, is ſure of going over lord chancellor, who is as arrant a puppy as ever eat bread: but the duke of *Ormond* has a natural affection to puppies, which is a thouſand pities, being none himſelf. I have been amuſing myſelf at home till now, and in bed bid you good night.

15. I

15. I have been viſiting this morning, but nobody was at home, ſecretary *St. John*, ſir *Thomas Hanmer*, ſir chancellor *Cox*-comb, *&c.* I attended the duke of *Ormond* with about fifty other *Iriſh* gentlemen at *Skinners-hall*, where the *Londonderry Society* laid out three hundred pounds to treat us and his grace with a dinner. Three great tables with the deſſert laid in mighty figure. Sir *Richard Levinge* and I got diſcreetly to the head of the ſecond table, to avoid the crowd at the firſt: but it was ſo cold, and ſo confounded a noiſe with the trumpets and hautboys, that I grew weary, and ſtole away before the ſecond courſe came on; ſo I can give you no account of it, which is a thouſand pities. I called at *Ludgate* for *Dingley*'s glaſſes, and ſhall have them in a day or two; and I doubt it will coſt me thirty ſhillings for a microſcope, but not without *Stella*'s permiſſion; for I remember ſhe is a *virtuoſo*. Shall I buy it or no? 'Tis not the great bulky ones, nor the common little ones, to impale a louſe (ſaving your preſence) upon a needle's point; but of a more exact ſort, and clearer to the ſight, with all its equipage in a little trunk that you may carry in your pocket. Tell me, ſirrah, ſhall

I buy it or not for you? I came home ſtraight, *&c.*

16. I dined to-day in the city with Mr. *Manley*, who invited Mr. *Addiſon* and me, and ſome other friends, to his lodging, and entertained us very handſomely. I returned with Mr. *Addiſon*, and loitered till nine in the *Coffee-houſe*, where I am hardly known by going ſo ſeldom. I am here ſoliciting for *Trounce*; you know him: he was gunner in the former yacht, and would fain be ſo in the preſent one: if you remember him, a good luſty freſh-coloured fellow. Shall I ſtay till I get another letter from *MD* before I cloſe up this? Mr. *Addiſon* and I meet a little ſeldomer than formerly, although we are ſtill at bottom as good friends as ever; but differ a little about party.

17. To-day I went to *Lewis* at the ſecretary's office, where I ſaw and ſpoke to Mr. *Harley*, who promiſed, in a few days, to finiſh the reſt of my buſineſs. I reproached him for putting me on the neceſſity of minding him of it, and rallied him, *&c.* which he took very well. I dined to-day with one Mr. *Gore*, elder brother to a young merchant of my acquaintance, and *Stratford*, and my other friend merchants

dined

dined with us, where I ſtaid late, drinking claret and burgundy, and am juſt got to bed, and will ſay no more, but that it now begins to be time to have a letter from my own little *MD*; for the laſt I had above a fortnight ago, and the date was old too.

18. To-day I dined with *Lewis* and *Prior* at an eating-houſe, but with *Lewis*'s wine. *Lewis* went away, and *Prior* and I ſat on, where we complimented one another for an hour or two upon our mutual wit and poetry. Coming home at ſeven, a gentleman unknown ſtopt me in the *Pall-mall*, and aſkt my advice; ſaid he had been to ſee the queen (who was juſt come to town) and the people in waiting would not let him ſee her; that he had two hundred thouſand men ready to ſerve her in the war; that he knew the queen perfectly well, and had an apartment at *Court*, and if ſhe heard he was there, ſhe would ſend for him immediately; that ſhe owed him two hundred thouſand pounds, *&c.* and he deſired my opinion whether he ſhould go try again whether he could ſee her; or becauſe, perhaps, ſhe was weary after her journey, whether he had not better ſtay till to-morrow. I had a mind to get rid of my companion, and begged

him of all love to go and wait on her immediately; for that, to my knowledge, the queen would admit him; that this was an affair of great importance, and required diſpatch: and I inſtructed him to let me know the ſucceſs of his buſineſs, and come to the *Smyrna Coffee-houſe*, where I would wait for him till midnight; and ſo ended this adventure. I would have fain given the man half a crown; but was afraid to offer it him, leſt he ſhould be offended; for beſide his money, he ſaid he had a thouſand pounds a year. I came home not early, and ſo, madams both, good night, *&c.*

19. I dined to-day with poor lord *Mountjoy*, who is ill of the gout; and this evening I chriſtened our coffee-man *Elliot*'s child, where the rogue had a moſt noble ſupper, and *Steele* and I ſat among ſome ſcurvy company over a bowl of punch, ſo that I am come home late, young women, and can't ſtay to write to little rogues.

20. I loitered at home, and dined with ſir *Andrew Fountain* at his lodging, and then came home: a ſilly day.

21. I was viſiting all this morning, and then went to the ſecretary's office, and found Mr. *Harley*, with whom I dined; and

ſecretary

ſecretary *St. John*, &c. and *Harley* promiſed in a very few days to finiſh what remains of my buſineſs. *Prior* was of the company, and we all dine at the ſecretary's to-morrow. I ſaw *Stella*'s mother this morning: ſhe came early, and we talked an hour. I wiſh you would propoſe to lady *Giffard* to take the three hundred pounds out of her hands, and give her common intereſt for life, and ſecurity that you will pay her: the biſhop of *Clogher*, or any friend, would be ſecurity for you, if you gave them counter-ſecurity; and it may be argued, that it will paſs better to be in your hands than hers in caſe of mortality, *&c.* Your mother ſays, if you write ſhe'll ſecond it; and you may write to your mother, and then it will come from her. She tells me lady *Giffard* has a mind to ſee me, by her diſcourſe; but I told her what to ſay, with a *vengeance*. She told lady *Giffard* ſhe was going to ſee me: ſhe looks extremely well. I am writing in my bed like a tyger, and ſo good night, *&c.*

22. I dined with ſecretary *St. John*; and lord *Dartmouth*, who is t'other ſecretary, dined with us, and lord *Orrery* and *Prior*, &c. *Harley* called, but could not dine with us, and would have had me away while I

was at dinner; but I did not like the company he was to have. We ſtayed till eight, and I called at the *Coffee-houſe*, and looked where the letters lie; but no letter directed for Mr. *Preſto:* at laſt I ſaw a letter to Mr. *Addiſon*, and it looked like a rogue's hand, ſo I made the fellow give it me, and opened it before him, and ſaw three letters all for myſelf: ſo, truly, I put them in my pocket, and came home to my lodging. Well, and ſo you ſhall hear: well, and ſo I found one of them in *Dingley*'s hand, and t'other in *Stella*'s, and the third in *Domville*'s. Well, ſo you ſhall hear; So, ſaid I to myſelf, what now, two letters from *MD* together? But I thought there was ſomething in the wind; ſo I opened one, and I opened t'other; and ſo you ſhall hear, one was from *Walls*. Well, but t'other was from own dear *MD*; yes it was. O faith, have you received my ſeventh, young women, already; then I muſt ſend this to-morrow, elſe there will be old doings at our houſe, faith.—Well, I won't anſwer your letter in this: no faith, catch me at that, and I never ſaw the like. Well; but as to *Walls*, tell him (with ſervice to him and wife, *&c.)* that I have no imagination of Mr. *Pratt*'s loſing his place: and

while

while *Pratt* continues *Clements* is in no danger; and I have already engaged lord *Hyde* he ſpeaks of, for *Pratt* and twenty others; but, if ſuch a thing ſhould happen, I will do what I can. I have above ten buſineſſes of other people's now on my hands, and, I believe, ſhall miſcarry in half. It is your ſixth I now have received. I writ laſt poſt to the biſhop of *Clogher* again. Shall I ſend this to-morrow? Well, I will to oblige *MD*. Which would you rather, a ſhort letter every week, or a long one every fortnight? A long one; well, it ſhall be done, and ſo good night. Well, but is this a long one? No, I warrant you: too long for naughty girls.

23. I only aſk, have you got both the ten pounds, or only the firſt; I hope you mean both. Pray be good houſewives; and I beg you to walk when you can for health. Have you the horſe in town? and do you ever ride him? how often? Confeſs. Ahhh, ſirrah, have I caught you? Can you contrive to let Mrs. *Fenton* know, that the requeſt ſhe has made me in her letter, I will uſe what credit I have to bring about, although I hear it is very difficult, and I doubt I ſhall not ſucceed. *Cox* is not to be your chan-

cellor: all joined againſt him. I have been ſupping with lord *Peterborow*, at his houſe, with *Prior*, *Lewis*, and Dr. *Freind*. 'Tis the ramblingeſt lying rogue on earth. Dr. *Raymond* is come to town: 'tis late, and ſo I bid you good night.

24. I tell you pretty management: *Ned Southwell* told me t'other day, he had a letter from the biſhops of *Ireland*, with an addreſs to the duke of *Ormond*, to intercede with the queen, to take off the *Firſt-Fruits*. I dined with him to-day, and ſaw it, with another letter to him from the biſhop of *Kildare*, to call upon me for the papers, *&c.* and I had laſt poſt one from the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, telling me the reaſon of this proceeding; that upon hearing the duke of *Ormond* was declared lord lieutenant, they met, and the biſhops were for this project, and talkt coldly of my being ſolicitor, as one that was favoured by t'other party, *&c.* but deſired that I would ſtill ſolicit. Now the wiſdom of this is admirable; for I had given the archbiſhop an account of my reception from Mr. *Harley*, and how he had ſpoken to the queen, and promiſed it ſhould be done; but Mr. *Harley* ordered me to tell no perſon alive. Some

time

time after he gave me leave to let the primate and archbiſhop know that the queen had remitted the *Firſt-Fruits*; and that in a ſhort time they ſhould have an account of it in form from lord *Dartmouth*, ſecretary of ſtate. So while their letter was on the road to the duke of *Ormond* and *Southwell*, mine was going to them with an account of the thing being done. I writ a very warm anſwer to the archbiſhop immediately, and ſhewed my reſentments, as I ought, againſt the biſhops, only in good manners, excepting himſelf. I wonder what they will ſay when they hear the thing is done. I was yeſterday forced to tell *Southwell* ſo, that the queen had done it, *&c.* for he ſaid, my lord duke would think of it ſome months hence when he was going for *Ireland*; and he had it three years in doing formerly, without any ſucceſs. I give you free leave to ſay, on occaſion, that it is done, and that Mr. *Harley* prevailed on the queen to do it, *&c.* as you pleaſe. As I hope to live, I deſpiſe the credit of it, out of an exceſs of pride, and deſire you will not give me the leaſt merit when you talk of it; but I would vex the biſhops, and have it ſpread that Mr. *Harley* had done it: pray do ſo. Your

mother ſent me laſt night a parcel of wax candles, and a band-box full of ſmall plum-cakes. I thought it had been ſomething for you; and, without opening them, ſent anſwer by the maid that brought them, that I would take care to ſend the things, *&c.* but I will write her thanks. Is this a long letter, ſirrahs? Now, are you ſatisfied? I have had no fit ſince the firſt: I drink brandy every morning, and take pills every night. Never fear, I an't vexed at this puppy buſineſs of the biſhops, although I was a little at firſt. I'll tell you my reward: Mr. *Harley* will think he has done me a favour; the duke of *Ormond*, perhaps, that I have put a neglect on him; and the biſhops in *Ireland*, that I have done nothing at all. So goes the world. But I have got above all this, and, perhaps, I have better reaſon for it than they know: and ſo you ſhall hear no more of *Firſt-Fruits*, dukes, *Harleys*, archbiſhops, and *Southwells*.

I have ſlipt off *Raymond* upon ſome of his countrymen to ſhew him the town, *&c.* and I lend him *Patrick*. He deſires to ſit with me in the evenings; upon which I have given *Patrick* poſitive orders that I am not within at evenings.

LETTER X.

London, Nov. 25, 1710.

I'LL tell you ſomething that's plaguy ſilly: I had forgot to ſay on the 23d in my laſt, where I dined; and becauſe I had done it conſtantly, I thought it was a great omiſſion, and was going to interline it; but at laſt the ſillineſs of it made me cry, Pſhah, and I let it alone. I was to-day to ſee the *Parliament* meet; but only ſaw a great crowd: and *Ford* and I went to ſee the tombs at *Weſtminſter*, and ſauntered ſo long I was forced to go to an eating-houſe for my dinner. *Bromley* is choſen ſpeaker, *nemine contradicente:* Do you underſtand thoſe two words? And *Pompey*, colonel *Hill*'s *Black*, deſigns to ſtand ſpeaker for the footmen. I am engaged to uſe my intereſt for him, and have ſpoken to *Patrick* to get him ſome votes. We are now all impatient for the queen's ſpeech, what ſhe will ſay about removing the miniſtry, *&c.* I have got a cold, and I don't know how; but got it I have, and am hoarſe: I don't know whether it will grow better or worſe. What's that to you? I won't anſwer your letter to-night.

night. I'll keep you a little longer in ſuſpenſe: I can't ſend it. Your mother's cakes are very good, and one of them ſerves me for a breakfaſt, and ſo I'll go ſleep like a good boy.

26. I have got a cruel cold, and ſtaid within all this day in my night-gown, and dined on ſix-pennyworth of victuals, and read and writ, and was denied to every body. Dr. *Raymond* called often, and I was denied; and at laſt, when I was weary, I let him come up, and aſked him, without conſequence, How *Patrick* denied me, and whether he had the art of it? So by this means he ſhall be uſed to have me denied to him; otherwiſe he would be a plaguy trouble and hindrance to me: he has ſat with me two hours, and drank a pint of ale coſt me five pence, and ſmoakt his pipe, and 'tis now paſt eleven that he is juſt gone. Well, my eighth is with you now, young women, and your ſeventh to me is ſomewhere in a poſt-boy's bag; and ſo go to your gang of deans, and *Stoytes*, and *Walls*, and loſe your money; go, ſauce-boxes, and ſo good night and be happy, dear rogues. Oh, but your box was ſent to Dr. *Hawkſhaw*

by

by *Sterne*, and you will have it with *Hawkſhaw*, and ſpectacles, *&c. &c.*

27. To-day Mr. *Harley* met me in the court of requeſts, and whiſpered me to dine with him. At dinner I told him what thoſe biſhops had done, and the difficulty I was under. He bid me never trouble myſelf; he would tell the duke of *Ormond* the buſineſs was done, and that he need not concern himſelf about it. So now I am eaſy, and they may hang themſelves for a parcel of inſolent ungrateful raſcals. I ſuppoſe I told you in my laſt, how they ſent an addreſs to the duke of *Ormond*, and a letter to *Southwell*, to call on me for the papers, after the thing was over, but they had not received my letter; though the archbiſhop might, by what I writ to him, have expected it would be done. Well, there's an end of that; and in a little time the queen will ſend them notice, *&c.* And ſo the methods will be ſettled; and then I ſhall think of returning, although the baſeneſs of thoſe biſhops makes me love *Ireland* leſs than I did.

28. Lord *Hallifax* ſent to invite me to dinner, where I ſtaid till ſix, and croſt him in all his *Whig* talk, and made him often come over to me. I know he makes court

to

to the new men, although he affects to talk like a *Whig*. I had a letter to-day from the biſhop of *Clogher*; but I writ to him lately, that I would obey his commands to the duke of *Ormond*. He ſays I bid him read the *London Shaver*, and that you both ſwore it was *Shaver*, and not *Shower*. You all lie, and you are puppies, and can't read *Preſto*'s hand. The biſhop is out entirely in his conjectures of my ſhare in the *Tatlers*.—I have other things to mind, and of much greater importance *, elſe I have little to do to be acquainted with a new miniſtry, who conſider me a little more than *Iriſh* biſhops do.

29. Now for your ſaucy good dear letter: let me ſee, what does it ſay? come then. I dined to-day with *Ford*, and went home early; he debauched me to his chamber again with a bottle of wine till twelve: ſo good night. I can't write an anſwer now, you rogues.

30. To-day I have been viſiting, which I had long neglected; and I dined with Mrs. *Barton* alone; and ſauntered at the *Coffee-houſe* till paſt eight, and have been buſy till

* He was writing the *Examiner* at this time.

eleven,

eleven, and now I'll anſwer your letter, ſauce-box. Well, let me ſee now again. My wax candle's almoſt out, but however I'll begin. Well then, don't be ſo tedious, Mr. *Preſto*; what can you ſay to *MD*'s letter? Make haſte, have done with your preambles—Why, I ſay I am glad you are ſo often abroad; your mother thinks it is want of exerciſe hurts you, and ſo do I. (She called here to-night, but I was not within, that's by the bye.) Sure you don't deceive me, *Stella*, when you ſay you are in better health than you were theſe three weeks; for Dr. *Raymond* told me yeſterday, that *Smyth* of the *Blind-Quay* had been telling Mr. *Leigh*, that he left you extreamly ill; and in ſhort, ſpoke ſo, that he almoſt put poor *Leigh* into tears, and would have made me run diſtracted; though your letter is dated the 11th inſtant, and I ſaw *Smyth* in the city above a fortnight ago, as I paſt by in a coach. Pray, pray, don't write, *Stella*, until you are mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty well in your eyes, and are ſure it won't do you the leaſt hurt. Or come, I'll tell you what; you, miſtreſs *Stella*, ſhall write your ſhare at five or ſix ſittings, one ſitting a day; and then comes

Dingley

Dingley all together, and then *Stella* a little crumb towards the end, to let us ſee ſhe remembers *Preſto*; and then conclude with ſomething handſome and genteel, as your moſt humblecumdumble, or, *&c.* O Lord! does *Patrick* write word of my not coming till *ſpring?* Inſolent man! he know my ſecrets? No; as my lord *Mayer* ſaid, No; if I thought my ſhirt knew, *&c.* Faith, I will come as ſoon as it is any way proper for me to come; but, to ſay the truth, I am at preſent a little involved with the preſent miniſtry in ſome certain things (which I tell you as a ſecret) and ſoon as ever I can clear my hands, I will ſtay no longer: for I hope the *firſt-fruit* buſineſs will be ſoon over in all its forms. But, to ſay the truth, the preſent miniſtry have a difficult taſk, and want me, *&c.* Perhaps they may be juſt as grateful as others: but, according to the beſt judgment I have, they are purſuing the true intereſt of the publick; and therefore I am glad to contribute what is in my power. For God's ſake, not a word of this to any alive.—Your chancellor? Why, madam, I can tell you he has been dead this fortnight. Faith, I could hardly forbear our little language about a naſty dead chancellor,

cellor, as you may ſee by the blot*. Plough-ing? A pox plough them; they'll plough me to nothing. But have you got your money, both the ten pounds? How durſt he pay you the ſecond ſo ſoon? Pray, be good huſwifes.—Aye, well, and *Joe*; why, I had a letter lately from *Joe*, deſiring I would take ſome care of their poor town †, who, he ſays, will loſe their liberties. To which I deſired Dr. *Raymond* would return anſwer; That the town had behaved themſelves ſo ill to me, ſo little regarded the advice I gave them, and diſagreed ſo much among themſelves, that I was reſolved never to have more to do with them; but that whatever perſonal kindneſs I could do to *Joe*, ſhould be done. Pray, when you happen to ſee *Joe*, tell him this, leſt *Raymond* ſhould have blundered or forgotten.—Poor Mrs. *Weſley*—Why theſe poligyes‡ for being abroad? Why ſhould you be at home at

* To make this intelligible, it is neceſſary to obſerve, that the words *this fortnight*, in the preceding ſentence, were firſt written in what he calls their little language, and afterwards ſcratched out and written plain. It muſt be confeſſed this little language, which paſſed current between *Swift* and *Stella*, has occaſioned infinite trouble in the reviſal of theſe papers.

† *Trim.*

‡ So written for apol-gies.

all, until *Stella* is quite well?—So, here is miſtreſs *Stella* again with her two eggs, *&c.* My *Shower* admired with You; why, the biſhop of *Clogher* ſays, he has ſeen ſomething of mine of the ſame ſort, better than the *Shower*. I ſuppoſe he means *The Morning*; but it is not half ſo good. I want your judgment of things, and not your country's. How does *MD* like it? and do they taſte it *all? &c.* § I am glad dean *Bolton* has paid the twenty pounds. Why ſhould not I chide the biſhop of *Clogher* for writing to the archbiſhop of *Caſhel*, without ſending the letter firſt to me? It does not ſignify a ——; for he has no credit at court. Stuff—they are all puppies. I'll break your head in good earneſt, young woman, for your naſty jeſt about Mrs. *Barton*. Unlucky ſluttikin, what a word is there? Faith, I was thinking yeſterday, when I was with her, whether ſhe could break them or no ‖, and it quite ſpoiled my imagination. Mrs. *Walls*, does *Stella* win as ſhe pretends? No indeed, *doctor*; ſhe loſes always, and will play ſo *ver-*

§ He certainly means the ridicule of *triplets* in particular.

‖ This jeſt is loſt, whatever it was, for want of *MD*'s letter.

terſomely,

terſomely, how can ſhe win? See here now; an't you an impudent lying ſlut? Do, open *Domvile*'s letter; what does it ſignify, if you have a mind? Yes, faith, you write ſmartly with your eyes ſhut; all was well but the *w*. See how I can do it; *Madam Stella, your humble ſervant* ¶. O, but one may look whether one goes crooked or no, and ſo write on. I'll tell you what you may do; you may write with your eyes half ſhut, juſt as when one is going to ſleep: I have done ſo for two or three lines now; 'tis but juſt ſeeing enough to go ſtraight.—Now, madam *Dingley*, I think I bid you tell Mr. *Walls*, that in caſe there be occaſion, I will ſerve his friend as far as I can; but I hope there will be none. Yet I believe you will have a new *Parliament*; but I care not whether you have or no a better. You are miſtaken in all your conjectures about the *Tatlers*. I have given him one or two hints, and you have heard me talk about the *Shilling*. Faith, theſe anſwering letters are very long ones: you have taken up almoſt the room of a week in journals; and I'll tell

¶ Here he writ with his eyes ſhut, and the writing is ſomewhat crooked, although as well in other reſpects as if his eyes had been open.

you what, I ſaw fellows wearing croſſes to-day *, and I wondered what was the matter; but juſt this minute I recollect it is little *Preſto*'s *birth-day*; and I was reſolved theſe three days to remember it when it came, but could not. Pray, drink my health to-day at dinner; do, you rogues. Do you like *Sid Hamet's Rod?* Do you underſtand it all? Well, now at laſt I have done with your letter, and ſo I'll lay me down to ſleep, and about fair maids; and I hope merry maids all.

Dec. 1. Morning. I wiſh *Smyth* were hanged. I was dreaming the moſt melancholy things in the world of poor *Stella*, and was grieving and crying all night.—Pſhoh, 'tis fooliſh: I'll riſe and divert myſelf; ſo good morrow, and God of his infinite mercy keep and protect you. The biſhop of *Clogher*'s letter is dated *Nov.* 21. He ſays, you thought of going with him to *Clogher*. I am heartily glad of it, and wiſh you would ride there, and *Dingley* go in a coach. I have had no fit ſince my firſt, although ſometimes my head is not quite in good order.—At night. I was this morn-

* St. *Andrew*'s day.

ing

ing to viſit Mr. *Pratt*, who is come over with poor ſick lord *Shelburn*; they made me dine with them, and there I ſtaid, like a booby, till eight, looking over them at ombre, and then came home. Lord *Shelburn*'s giddineſs is turned into a cholick, and he looks miſerably.

2. *Steele*, the rogue, has done the impudenteſt thing in the world: he ſaid ſomething in a *Tatler*, that we ought to uſe the word *Great Britain*, and not *England*, in common converſation, as, *The fineſt lady in Great Britain, &c.* Upon this, *Rowe*, *Prior*, and I ſent him a letter, turning this into ridicule. He has to-day printed the letter, and ſigned it J. S. M. P. and N. R. the firſt letters of all our names. *Congreve* told me to-day, he ſmoakt it immediately. *Congreve* and I and Sir *Charles Wager* dined to-day at *Delaval*'s, the *Portugal* envoy; and I ſtaid there till eight, and came home, and am now writing to you before I do buſineſs, becauſe that dog *Patrick* is not at home, and the fire is not made, and I am not in my gear. Pox take him!—I was looking by chance at the top of this ſide, and find I make plaguy miſtakes in words; ſo that you muſt fence againſt that as well as bad writing.

ting. Faith, I can't nor won't read what I have written. (Pox of this puppy!) Well, I'll leave you till I am got to bed, and then I'll ſay a word or two.—Well, 'tis now almoſt twelve, and I have been buſy ever ſince, by a fire too, (I have my coals by half a buſhel at a time, I'll aſſure you) and now I am got to bed. Well, and what have you to ſay to *Preſto* now he is a-bed? Come now, let us hear your ſpeeches. No, 'tis a lie, I an't ſleepy yet. Let us ſit up a little longer, and talk. Well, where have you been to-day, that you are but juſt this minute come home in a coach? What have you loſt? Pay the coachman, *Stella*. No, faith, not I, he'll grumble.—What new acquaintance have you got? come, let us hear. I have made *Delaval* promiſe to ſend me ſome *Brazil* tobacco from *Portugal* for you, madam *Dingley*. I hope you'll have your chocolate and ſpectacles before this comes to you.

3. Pſhaw, I muſt be writing to theſe dear ſaucy brats every night, whether I will or no, let me have what buſineſs I will, or come home ever ſo late, or be ever ſo ſleepy; but an old ſaying, and a true one, Be you lords, or be you earls, you muſt write to naughty

naughty girls. I was to-day at *Court*, and ſaw *Raymond* among the *Beef-eaters*, ſtaying to ſee the queen: ſo I put him in a better ſtation, made two or three dozen of bows, and went to church, and then to *Court* again, to pick up a dinner, as I did with Sir *John Stanley*, and then we went to viſit lord *Mountjoy*, and juſt now left him, and 'tis near eleven at night, young women, and methinks this letter comes pretty near to the bottom, and 'tis but eight days ſince the date, and don't think I'll write on t'other ſide, I thank you for nothing. Faith, if I would uſe you to letters on ſheets as broad as this room, you would always expect them from me. Oh, faith, I know you well enough; but an old ſaying, *&c.* Two ſides in a ſheet, and one in a ſtreet. I think that's but a ſilly old ſaying, and ſo I'll go to ſleep, and do you ſo too.

4. I dined to-day with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, and then came home, and ſtudied till evening. No adventure at all to-day.

5. So I went to the court of requeſts (we have had the Devil and all of rain by the bye) to pick up a dinner; and *Henley* made me go dine with him and one colonel *Brag* at a tavern, coſt me money, faith. *Con-*

greve was to be there, but came not. I came with *Henley* to the *Coffee-houſe*, where lord *Saliſbury* ſeemed mighty deſirous to talk with me; and while he was wriggling himſelf into my favour, that dog *Henley* aſked me aloud, whether I would go to ſee lord *Somers*, as I had promiſed (which was a lie) and all to vex poor lord *Saliſbury*, who is a high *Tory*. He played two or three other ſuch tricks, and I was forced to leave my lord, and I came home at ſeven, and have been writing ever ſince, and will now go to bed. T'other day I ſaw *Jack Temple* in the court of requeſts: it was the firſt time of ſeeing him; ſo we talked two or three careleſs words, and parted. Is it true that your recorder and mayor, and fanatick * aldermen, a month or two ago, at a ſolemn feaſt, drank Mr. *Harley*'s, lord *Rocheſter*'s, and other *Tory* healths? Let me know; it was confidently ſaid here.—The ſcoundrels! It ſhan't do, *Tom*.

6. When is this letter to go, I wonder: hearkee, young women, tell me that. *Sa-*

* The aldermen of *Dublin* were fanatical in thoſe days; but for theſe eight or ten years paſt, the proteſtant party have ſo far prevailed, that they have kept out fanaticks of all denominations, and ſeem determined never to admit one more into their body.

turday

turday next for certain, and not before: then it will be juſt a fortnight; time enough for naughty girls, and long enough for two letters, faith. *Congreve* and *Delaval* have at laſt prevailed on Sir *Godfrey Kneller* to intreat me to let him draw my picture for nothing; but I know not yet when I ſhall ſit. —It is ſuch monſtrous rainy weather, that there is no doing with it. Secretary *St. John* ſent to me this morning, that my dining with him to-day was put off till to-morrow; ſo I peaceably ſat with my neighbour *Ford*, dined with him, and came home at ſix, and am now in bed as uſual; and now it is time to have another letter from *MD*, yet I would not have it till this goes; for that would look like two letters for one. Is it not whimſical that the dean has never once written to me? And I find the archbiſhop very ſilent to that letter I ſent him with an account that the buſineſs was done. I believe he knows not what to write or ſay; and I have ſince written twice to him, both times with a vengeance. Well, go to bed, ſirrahs, and ſo will I. But have you loſt today? Three ſhillings. O fye, O fye.

7. No, I won't ſend this letter to-day, nor till *Saturday*, faith; and I'm ſo afraid of one

one from *MD* between this and that: if it comes, I'll juſt ſay I received a letter, and that's all. I dined to-day with Mr. ſecretary *St. John*, where were lord *Angleſea*, Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, *Prior*, *Freind*, *&c.* and then made a debauch after nine at *Prior*'s houſe, and have eaten cold pye, and I hate the thoughts of it, and I am full, and I don't like it, and I'll go to bed, and it is late, and ſo good night.

8. To-day I dined with Mr. *Harley* and *Prior*; but Mr. *St. John* did not come, though he promiſed: he chid me for not ſeeing him oftener. Here's a damned libellous pamphlet come out againſt lord *Wharton*, giving the character firſt, and then telling ſome of his actions: the character is very well, but the facts indifferent. It has been ſent by dozens to ſeveral gentlemen's lodgings, and I had one or two of them, but nobody knows the author or printer. We are terribly afraid of the plague; they ſay it is at *Newcaſtle*. I begged Mr. *Harley* for the love of God to take ſome care about it, or we are all ruined. There have been orders for all ſhips from the *Baltick* to paſs their quarantain before they land; but they neglect

neglect it. You remember I have been afraid these two years.

9. O faith, you're a saucy rogue. I have had your sixth letter just now, before this is gone; but I won't answer a word of it, only that I never was giddy since my first fit, but I have had a cold just a fortnight, and cough with it still morning and evening; but it will go off. It is, however, such abominable weather that no creature can walk. They say here three of your commissioners will be turned out, *Ogle*, *South*, and *St. Quintain*, and that *Dick Stuart* and *Ludlow* will be two of the new ones. I am a little soliciting for another; 'tis poor lord *Abercorn*, but that is a secret, I mean, that I befriend him, is a secret; but I believe it is too late, by his own fault and ill fortune. I dined with him to-day. I am heartily sorry you don't go to *Clogher*, faith, I am; and so God Almighty protect poor dear, dear, dear, dearest *MD*. Farewel till to-night. I'll begin my eleventh to-night; so I am always writing to little *MD*.

LETTER XI.

London, Dec. 9, 1710.

SO, young women, I have juſt ſent my tenth to the poſt-office, and, as I told you, have received your ſeventh (faith I'm afraid I miſtook, and ſaid your ſixth, and then we ſhall be all in confuſion this month.) Well, I told you I dined with lord *Abercorn* to-day, and that's enough till by and bye; for I muſt go write idle things; and twittle twattle, What's here to do with your little *MD*'s? and ſo I put this by for a while.—'Tis now late, and I can only ſay *MD*'s a dear ſaucy rogue, and what then? *Preſto* loves them the better.

10. This ſon of a b— *Patrick* is out of the way, and I can do nothing; am forced to borrow coals: 'tis now ſix o'clock, and I am come home after a pure walk in the *Park*; delicate weather, begun only to-day. A terrible ſtorm laſt night: we hear one of your pacquet-boats is caſt away, and young *Beau Swift* in it, and general *Sankey*: I know not the truth; you will before me. *Raymond* talks of leaving the town in a few days, and going in a month to *Ireland*, for fear

fear his wife ſhould be too far gone, and forced to be brought to-bed here. I think he is in the right; but perhaps this pacquet-boat will fright him. He has no reliſh for *London*; and I do not wonder at it. He has got ſome *Templars* from *Ireland* that ſhew him the town. I do not let him ſee me above twice a week, and that only while I am dreſſing in the morning.—So, now the puppy's come in, and I have got my own ink, but a new pen; and ſo now you are rogues and ſauce-boxes till I go to bed; for I muſt go ſtudy, ſirrahs. Now I think of it, tell the biſhop of *Clogher* he ſhall not cheat me of one inch of my *Bell Metal*. You know it is nothing but to ſave the town money; and *Eniſkilling* can afford it better than *Laracor*: he ſhall have but one thouſand five hundred weight. I have been reading, *&c.* as uſual, and am now going to bed; and I find this day's article is long enough: ſo get you gone till to-morrow and then. I dined with ſir *Matthew Dudley*.

11. I am come again as yeſterday, and the puppy had again lockt up my ink, notwithſtanding all I ſaid to him yeſterday; but he came home a little after me, ſo all is well: they are lighting my fire, and I'll go ſtudy.

The

The fair weather is gone again, and it has rained all day. I do not like this open weather, though ſome ſay it is healthy. They ſay it is a falſe report about the plague at *Newcaſtle*. I have no news to-day: I dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, to deſire them to buy me a ſcarf; and lady *Abercorn* is to buy me another, to ſee who does beſt: mine is all in rags. I ſaw the duke of *Richmond* yeſterday at *Court* again; but would not ſpeak to him: I believe we are fallen out. I am now in bed; and it has rained all this evening, like wild-fire: Have you ſo much rain in your town? *Raymond* was in a fright, as I expected, upon the news of this ſhipwreck; but I perſuaded him, and he leaves this town in a week. I got him acquainted with ſir *Robert Raymond*, the ſolicitor general, who owns him to be of his family; and I believe it may do him a kindneſs, by being recommended to your new lord chancellor.—I had a letter from Mrs. *Long*, that has quite turned my ſtomach againſt her: no leſs than two naſty jeſts in it with daſhes to ſuppoſe them. She is corrupted in that country town * with vile converſation.—I

* *Lynn-Regis.*

won't

won't anſwer your letter till I have leiſure: ſo let this go on as it will, what care I? what cares ſaucy *Preſto?*

12. I was to-day at the ſecretary's office with *Lewis*, and in came lord *Rivers*, who took *Lewis* out and whiſpered him; and then came up to me to deſire my acquaintance, *&c.* ſo we bowed and complimented a while, and parted; and I dined with *Phil. Savage* †, and his *Iriſh Club*, at their boarding place; and, paſſing an evening ſcurvily enough, did not come home till eight. Mr. *Addiſon* and I hardly meet once a fortnight; his *Parliament* ‡ and my different friendſhips keep us aſunder. Sir *Matthew Dudley* turned away his butler yeſterday morning, and at night the poor fellow died ſuddenly in the ſtreets: Was not it an odd event? But what care you; but then I knew the butler.—Why, it ſeems your pacquet-boat is not loſt: pſhah, how ſilly that is, when I had already gone through the forms, and ſaid it was a ſad thing, and that I was ſorry for it. But when muſt I anſwer this letter of our *MD*'s? Here it is, it lies between this paper on t'other ſide the leaf: one of

† Chancellor of the *Exchequer* in *Ireland.*

‡ *i. e.* his attendance in parliament.

theſe

theſe odd-come-ſhortly's I'll conſider, and ſo good night.

13. Morning. I am to go traping with lady *Kerry* and Mrs. *Pratt* to ſee ſights all this day: they engaged me yeſterday morning at tea. You hear the havock making in the army: *Meredyth*, *Macartney*, and colonel *Honeywood*, are obliged to ſell their commands at half value, and leave the army, for drinking Deſtruction to the preſent miniſtry, and dreſſing up a hat on a ſtick, and calling it *Harley*; then drinking a glaſs with one hand, and diſcharging a piſtol with the other at the maukin, wiſhing it were *Harley* himſelf; and a hundred other ſuch pretty tricks, as enflaming their ſoldiers, and foreign miniſters, againſt the late changes at *Court*. *Cadogan* has had a little paring: his mother told me yeſterday he had loſt the place of envoy; but I hope they will go no further with him, for he was not at thoſe mutinous meetings. Well, theſe ſaucy jades take up ſo much of my time, with writing to them in a morning; but faith I am glad to ſee you whenever I can: a little ſnap and away; and ſo hold your tongue, for I muſt riſe: not a word for your life. How nowww? So, very well; ſtay till I come

home, and then, perhaps, you may hear further from me. And where will you go to-day, for I can't be with you for theſe ladies? It is a rainy ugly day. I'd have you ſend for *Walls*, and go to the dean's; but don't play ſmall games when you loſe. You'll be ruined by *Manilio*, *Baſto*, the *Queen*, and two ſmall *Trumps* in red. I confeſs 'tis a good hand againſt the player: but then there are *Spadilio*, *Punto*, the *King*, ſtrong *Trumps* againſt you, which, with one *Trump* more, are three tricks ten ace: for, ſuppoſe you play your *Manilio*—Oh, ſilly, how I prate and can't get away from this *MD* in a morning. Go, get you gone, dear naughty girls, and let me riſe. There, *Patrick* lockt up my ink again the third time laſt night: the rogue gets the better of me; but I will riſe in ſpite of you, ſirrahs.—At night. Lady *Kerry*, Mrs. *Pratt*, Mrs. *Cadogan*, and I, in one coach; lady *Kerry*'s ſon and his governor, and two gentlemen, in another; maids and miſſes, and little maſter (lord *Shelburn*'s children) in a third, all hackneys, ſet out at ten o'clock this morning from lord *Shelburn*'s houſe in *Piccadilly* to the *Tower*, and ſaw all the ſights, lions, *&c.* then to *Bedlam*; then dined at

the *Chop-houſe* behind the *Exchange*; then to *Greſham College* (but the keeper was not at home) and concluded the night at the *Puppet-Shew*, whence we came home ſafe at eight, and I left them. The ladies were all in mobbs; how do you call it? undreſt; and it was the rainieſt day that ever dript; and I'm weary, and 'tis now paſt eleven.

14. Stay, I'll anſwer ſome of your letter this morning in bed: let me ſee; come and appear, little letter. Here I am, ſays he, and what ſay you to Mrs. *MD* this morning freſh and faſting? Who dares think *MD* negligent? I allow them a fortnight, and they give it me. I could fill a letter in a week; but it is longer every day, and ſo I keep it a fortnight, and then 'tis cheaper by one half. I have never been giddy, dear *Stella*, ſince that morning: I have taken a whole box of pills, and keckt at them every night, and drank a pint of brandy at mornings.—Oh then, you kept *Preſto*'s little *Birth-day*: would to God I had been with you. I forgot it, as I told you before. Rediculous, madam; I ſuppoſe you mean Ridiculous: let me have no more of that; 'tis the author of the *Atalantis*'s ſpelling. I have mended it in your letter. And can

Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes? O, faith, I'm afraid not. Have a care of thoſe eyes, pray, pray, pretty *Stella*. —'Tis well enough what you obſerve, That if I writ better, perhaps you would not read ſo well, being uſed to this manner; 'tis an alphabet you are uſed to: you know ſuch a pothook makes a letter; and you know what letter, and ſo, and ſo.—I'll ſwear he told me ſo, and that they were long letters too; but I told him it was a *Gaſconnade* of yours, *&c.* I am talking of the biſhop of *Clogher*, how he forgot. *Turn over* *. I had not room on t'other ſide to ſay that, ſo I did it on this: I fancy that's a good *Iriſh* blunder. Ah, why don't you go down to *Clogher* nautinautinautideargirls; I dare not ſay nauti without dear: O, faith, you govern me. But, ſeriouſly, I'm ſorry you don't go, as far as I can judge at this diſtance. No, we would get you another horſe; I will make *Parviſol* get you one. I always doubted that horſe of yours: prythee ſell him, and let it be a preſent to me. My heart akes when I think you ride him. Order *Parviſol*

* He ſeems to have written theſe words in a whim, for the ſake of what follows.

to ſell him, and that you are to return me the money: I ſhall never be eaſy until he is out of your hands. Faith, I have dreamt five or ſix times of horſes ſtumbling ſince I had your letter. If he can't ſell him, let him run this *Winter*. Faith, if I was near you, I would whip your — to ſome tune, for your grave ſaucy anſwer about the dean and *Jonſonibus*; I would, young women. And did the dean preach for me? Very well. Why, would they have me ſtand here and preach to them? No, the *Tatler* of the *Shilling* was not mine, more than the hint, and two or three general heads for it. I have much more important buſineſs on my hands: and, beſides, the miniſtry hate to think that I ſhould help him, and have made reproaches on it; and I frankly told them, I would do it no more. This is a ſecret though, Madam *Stella*. You win eight ſhillings; you win eight fiddle-ſticks. Faith, you ſay nothing of what you loſe, young women.—I hope *Manley* is in no great danger; for *Ned Southwell* is his friend, and ſo is ſir *Thomas Frankland*; and his brother *John Manley* ſtands up heartily for him. On t'other ſide, all the gentlemen of *Ireland* here are furiouſly againſt him. Now, Miſ-

treſs

treſs *Dingley*, an't you an impudent ſlut to expect a letter next pacquet from *Preſto*, when you confeſs yourſelf, that you had ſo lately two letters in four days? Unreaſonable baggage! No, little *Dingley*, I am always in bed by twelve; I mean my candle's out by twelve, and I take great care of myſelf. Pray let every body know, upon occaſion, that Mr. *Harley* got the *Firſt-Fruits* from the queen for the clergy of *Ireland*, and that nothing remains but the forms, *&c.* So you ſay the dean and you dined at *Stoyte*'s, and Mrs. *Stoyte* was in raptures that I remembered her. I muſt do it but ſeldom, or it will take off her rapture.—But, what now, you ſaucy ſluts, all this written in a morning, and I muſt riſe and go abroad. Pray ſtay till night: don't think I'll ſquander mornings upon you, pray good Madam. Faith, if I go on longer in this trick of writing in the morning, I ſhall be afraid of leaving it off, and think you expect it, and be in awe. Good morrow, ſirrahs, I will riſe.—At night. I went to-day to the court of requeſts (I will not anſwer the reſt of your letter yet, that by the way) in hopes to dine with Mr. *Harley:* but lord *Dupplin*, his ſon-in-law, told me he did not dine at home;

ſo I was at a loſs, until I met with Mr. ſecretary *St. John*, and went home and dined with him, where he told me of a good bite. Lord *Rivers* told me two days ago, that he was reſolved to come *Sunday* fortnight next to hear me preach before the queen. I aſſured him the day was not yet fixt, and I knew nothing of it. To-day the ſecretary told me, that his father, ſir *Harry St. John*, and lord *Rivers*, were to be at *St. James*'s church, to hear me preach there; and were aſſured I was to preach: ſo there will be another bite; for I know nothing of the matter, but that Mr. *Harley* and *St. John* are reſolved I muſt preach before the queen, and the ſecretary of ſtate has told me he will give me three weeks warning; but I deſired to be excuſed, which he will not. *St. John*, "you ſhall not be excuſed:" however, I hope they will forget it; for if it ſhould happen, all the puppies hereabouts will throng to hear me, and expect ſomething wonderful, and be plaguily baulkt; for I ſhall preach plain honeſt ſtuff*. I ſtaid with *St. John* till eight,

* The miniſtry never could prevail upon the doctor to preach before the queen.

and

and then came home, and *Patrick* desired leave to go abroad, and by and by comes up the girl to tell me, a gentleman was below in a coach who had a bill to pay me; so I let him come up, and who should it be but Mr. *Addison* and *Sam Dopping*, to haul me out to supper, where I have staid till twelve. If *Patrick* had been at home I should have scaped this; for I have taught him to deny me almost as well as Mr. *Harley*'s porter.—Where did I leave off in *MD*'s letter: let me see. So, now I have it. You are pleased to say, Madam *Dingley*, that those that go for *England*, can never tell when to come back. Do you mean this as a reflection upon *Presto*, Madam? Sauce-boxes, I'll come back as soon as I can, as hope saved, and I hope with some advantage, unless all ministries be alike, as perhaps they may. I hope *Hawkshaw* is in *Dublin* before now, and that you have your things, and like your spectacles: if you do not, you shall have better. I hope *Dingley*'s tobacco did not spoil *Stella*'s chocolate, and that all is safe: pray let me know. Mr. *Addison* and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off, by this damned business of party: he

cannot bear ſeeing me fall in ſo with this miniſtry; but I love him ſtill as well as ever, though we ſeldom meet.—Huſſy, *Stella*, you jeſt about poor *Congreve*'s eyes; you do ſo, huſſy; but I'll bang your bones, faith.—Yes, *Steele* was a little while in priſon, or at leaſt in a ſpunging-houſe, ſome time before I came, but not ſince.—Pox on your convocations, and your *Lamberts*; they write with a vengeance! I ſuppoſe you think it a piece of affectation in me to wiſh your *Iriſh* folks would not like my *Shower*; but you are miſtaken. I ſhould be glad to have the general applauſe there as I have here (though I ſay it) but I have only that of one or two, and therefore I would have none at all, but let you all be in the wrong. I don't know, this is not what I would ſay; but I am ſo toſticated with ſupper and ſtuff that I can't expreſs myſelf—What you ſay of *Sid Hamet* is well enough; that an enemy ſhould like it, and a friend not; and that telling the author would make both change their opinions. Why did not you tell *Griffyth* that you fancied there was ſomething in it of my manner; but firſt ſpur up his commendation to the height, as we ſerved my poor uncle about the ſconce that I

mended.

mended. Well, I desired you to give what I intended for an answer to Mrs. *Fenton*, to save her postage, and myself trouble; and I hope I have done it, if you han't.

15. Lord, what a long day's writing was yesterday's answer to your letter, sirrahs? I dined to-day with *Lewis* and *Ford*, whom I have brought acquainted. *Lewis* told me a pure thing. I had been hankering with Mr. *Harley* to save *Steele* his other employment, and have a little mercy on him, and I had been saying the same thing to *Lewis*, who is Mr. *Harley*'s chief favourite. *Lewis* tells Mr. *Harley* how kindly I should take it, if he would be reconciled to *Steele*, &c. Mr. *Harley*, on my account, falls in with it, and appoints *Steele* a time to let him attend him, which *Steele* accepts with great submission, but never comes, nor sends any excuse. Whether it was blundering, sullenness, insolence, or rancor of party, I cannot tell; but I shall trouble myself no more about him. I believe *Addison* hindered him out of meer spight, being grated to the soul to think he should ever want my help to save his friend; yet now he is soliciting me to make another of his friends queen's secretary at *Geneva*;

and

and I'll do it if I can, it is poor *Paſtoral Philips*.

16. O, why did you leave my picture behind you at t'other lodgings; forgot it? Well; but pray remember it now, and don't roll it up, d'ye hear, but hang it carefully in ſome part of your room, where chairs and candles, and mop-ſticks won't ſpoil it, ſirrahs. No truly, I will not be godfather to goody *Walls* this bout, and I hope ſhe'll have no more. There will be no quiet nor cards for this child. I hope it will dye the day after the chriſtening. Mr. *Harley* gave me a paper, with an account of the ſentence you ſpeak of againſt the lads that defaced the ſtatue *, and that *Ingoldſby* reprieved that

* An equeſtrian ſtatue of king *William* the IIId, in *College-Green*, *Dublin*. It was common in the days of party, for wild young ſtudents of the univerſity of *Dublin* to play ſeveral tricks with this ſtatue. Sometimes in their frolicks they would ſet a mawkin behind the effigies of the king; ſometimes dreſs up the horſe and rider with bows and ſheaves of ſtraw; but their infernal ſin was that of whipping the truncheon out of the rider's hand, and thereby leaving the poor ſtatue defenceleſs. For theſe and the like freaks, many young gentlemen were in former days expelled the univerſity. But, in after-times, there was ample amends made to the ſtatue for theſe affronts; if wheeling round its pedeſtal with all gravity and ſolemnity, then alighting from coaches, falling down upon the knees, and drinking

that part of it of ſtanding before the ſtatue. I hope it was never executed. We have got your *Broderick* out; *Doyne* is to ſucceed him, and *Cox Doyne*. And ſo there's an end of your letter; 'tis all anſwered, and now I muſt go on upon my own ſtock; go on, did I ſay? Why, I have written enough; but this is too ſoon to ſend it yet, young women; faith I dare not uſe you to it, you'll always expect it; what remains ſhall be only ſhort journals of a day, and ſo I'll riſe; for this morning.—At night. I dined with my oppoſite neighbour, *Darteneuf*, and I was ſoliciting this day, to preſent the biſhop of *Clogher Vice-Chancellor* *; but it won't do; they are all ſet againſt him, and the

ing to the glorious and immortal memory of the dead, with eyes lifted up to the ſtatue, could expreſs the gratitude and devotion of its adorers. It is ſaid, that what originally gave the ſtudents offence, was the ſite of the ſtatue; the front of it being directed to the city, and the back diametrically oppoſite to the great and beautiful entrance of the college; which is certainly a great deformity: and beſides, it cauſes ſo very aukward an interruption in the paſſage to the univerſity, and is generally ſo bedaubed with filth and dirt, that every man of taſte would be glad it were removed either to *St. Stephen's-Green*, the *Barracks*, or ſome other place, where it might ſhew to advantage. If that were done, how beautiful would appear the noble and majeſtick front of that learned univerſity!

* Of the Univerſity of *Dublin*.

duke

duke of *Ormond*, they ſay, has reſolved to diſpoſe of it ſomewhere elſe. Well; little ſaucy rogues, don't ſtay out too late to-night, becauſe it is *Saturday* night, and young women ſhould come home ſoon then.

17. I went to *Court* to ſeek a dinner, but the queen was not at church, ſhe has got a touch of the gout; ſo the *Court* was thin, and I went to the *Coffee-houſe*; and Sir *Thomas Frankland*, and his eldeſt ſon and I went and dined with his ſon *William*. I talk'd a great deal to Sir *Thomas* about *Manley*, and find he is his good friend, and ſo has *Ned Southwell* been, and I hope he will be ſafe, though all the *Iriſh* folks here are his mortal enemies. There was a deviliſh bite to-day. They had it, I know not how, that I was to preach this morning at *St. James's Church*, an abundance went, among the reſt lord *Radnor*, who never is abroad till three in the afternoon. I walk'd all the way home from *Hatton-Garden* at ſix, by moon-light, a delicate night. *Raymond* called at nine, but I was denied, and now I am in bed between eleven and twelve, juſt going to ſleep, and dream of my own dear roguiſh impudent pretty *MD*.

18. You

18. You will now have ſhort days works, juſt a few lines to tell you where I am, and what I am doing; only I will keep room for the laſt day to tell you news, if there be any worth ſending. I have been ſometimes like to do it at the top of my letter, until I remark it would be old before it reached you. I was hunting to dine with Mr. *Harley* to-day, but could not find him; and ſo I dined with honeſt Dr. *Cockburn*, and came home at ſix, and was taken out to next door by *Dopping* and *Ford*, to drink bad claret and oranges, and we let *Raymond* come to us, who talks of leaving the town to-morrow, but I believe will ſtay a day or two longer. It is now late, and I will ſay no more, but end this line with bidding my own dear ſaucy *MD* good night, &c.

19. I am come down proud ſtomach in one inſtance, for I went to-day to ſee the duke of *Buckingham*; but came too late; then I viſited Mrs. *Barton*, and thought to have dined with ſome of the miniſtry; but it rained, and Mrs. *Vanhomrigh* was nigh, and I took the opportunity of paying her for a ſcarf ſhe bought me, and dined there; at four I went to congratulate with lord *Shelburn*, for the death of poor lady *Shelburn* dowager;

dowager; he was at his country houſe; and returned while I was there, and had not heard of it, and he took it very well. I am now come home before ſix, and find a pacquet from the biſhop of *Clogher*, with one incloſed to the duke of *Ormond*, which is ten days earlier dated than another I had from *Parviſol*; however, 'tis no matter, for the duke has already diſpoſed of the vice chancellorſhip to the archbiſhop of *Tuam* *, and I could not help it, for it is a thing wholly you know in the duke's power; and I find the biſhop has enemies about the duke. I write this while *Patrick* is folding up my ſcarf, and doing up the fire (for I keep a fire, it coſts me twelve-pence a week) and ſo be quiet till I am gone to bed, and then ſit down by me a little, and we'll talk a few words more. Well; now *MD* is at my bed-ſide; and now what ſhall we ſay? How does Mrs. *Stoite?* What had the dean for ſupper? How much did Mrs. *Walls* win? poor lady *Shelburn:* well, go get you to bed, ſirrahs.

20. Morning. I was up this morning early, and ſhaved by candle-light, and write

* Dr. *Veſey*.

this

this by the fire-ſide. Poor *Raymond* juſt came in and took his leave of me; he is ſummoned by high order from his wife, but pretends he has had enough of *London*. I was a little melancholy to part with him; he goes to *Briſtol*, where they are to be with his merchant brother, and now thinks of ſtaying till *May*; ſo ſhe muſt be brought to bed in *England*. He was ſo eaſy and manageable, that I almoſt repent I ſuffered him to ſee me ſo ſeldom. But he is gone, and will ſave *Patrick* ſome lies in a week; *Patrick* is grown admirable at it, and will make his fortune. How now, ſirrah, muſt I write in a morning to your impudence? Stay till night, And then I'll write In black and white, By candle-light Of wax ſo bright, It helps the ſight, A bite a bite — Marry come up, miſtreſs Boldface. — At night. Dr. *Raymond* came back, and goes to-morrow. I did not come home till eleven, and found him here to take leave of me. I went to the court of requeſts, thinking to find Mr. *Harley* and dine with him, and refuſed *Henley*, and every body, and at laſt knew not where to go, and met *Jemmy Leigh* by chance, and he was juſt in the ſame way, ſo I dined at his lodging on a beef-ſteak, and

drank

drank your health, then left him and went to the tavern with *Ben Tooke* and *Portlack*, the duke of *Ormond*'s ſecretary, drinking naſty white-wine till eleven. I am ſick, and aſhamed of it, &c.

21. I met that beaſt *Ferris*, lord *Berkeley*'s ſteward formerly; I walkt with him a turn in the *Park*, and that ſcoundrel dog is as happy as an emperor, has married a wife with a conſiderable eſtate in land and houſes about this town, and lives at his eaſe at *Hammerſmith*. See your confounded ſect. — Well; I had the ſame luck to-day with Mr. *Harley*; 'twas a lovely day, and went by water into the city, and dined with *Stratford* at a merchant's houſe, and walkt home with as great a dunce as *Ferris*, I mean honeſt colonel *Caufield*, and came home by eight, and now am in bed, and going to ſleep for a wager, and will ſend this letter on *Saturday*, and ſo; but firſt I'll wiſh you a merry *Chriſtmas* and a happy *New-Year*, and pray God we may never keep them aſunder again.

22. Morning. I am going now to Mr. *Harley*'s *Levee* on purpoſe to vex him; I'll ſay I had no other way of ſeeing him, &c. *Patrick* ſays, it is a dark morning, and that

the duke of *Argyle* is to be knighted to-day, the booby means inſtalled at *Windſor*. But I muſt riſe, for this is a ſhaving-day, and *Patrick* ſays, there is a good fire; I wiſh *MD* were by it, or I by *MD*'s. — At night. I forgot to tell you, madam *Dingley*, that I payed nine ſhillings for your glaſs and ſpectacles, of which three were for the biſhop's caſe: I am ſorry I did not buy you ſuch another caſe; but if you like it, I will bring one over with me, pray tell me: the glaſs to read was four ſhillings, the ſpectacles two. And have you had your chocolate? *Leigh* ſays, he ſent the petticoat by one Mr. *Spencer*. Pray have you no further commiſſions for me? I paid the glaſsman but laſt night, and he would have made me a preſent of the microſcope worth thirty ſhillings, and would have ſent it home along with me; I thought the deuce was in the man: he ſaid I could do him more ſervice than that was worth, &c. I refuſed his preſent, but promiſed him all ſervice I could do him; and ſo now I am obliged in honour to recommend him to every body. — At night. I went to Mr. *Harley*'s *Levee*; he came and aſked me, what had I to do there, and bid me come and dine with him on a

family dinner; which I did, and it was the firſt time I ever ſaw his lady and daughter; at five my lord keeper came in: I told Mr. *Harley*, he had formerly preſented me to ſir *Simon Harcourt*, but now muſt to my lord keeper, ſo he laughed, &c.

23. Morning. This letter goes to-night without fail; I hope there is none from you yet at the *Coffee-houſe*; I'll ſend and ſee by and bye; and let you know, and ſo and ſo. *Patrick* goes to ſee for a letter: what will you lay, Is there one from *MD* or no? No, I ſay; done for ſix-pence. Why has the dean never once written to me? I won ſix-pence; I won ſix-pence; there's not one letter to *Preſto*. Good morrow, dear ſirrahs: *Stratford* and I dine to-day with lord *Mountjoy*. God Almighty preſerve and bleſs you; farewell, &c.

I have been dining at lord *Mountjoy*'s; and am come to ſtudy; our news from *Spain* this poſt takes off ſome of our fears. The *Parliament* is prorogued to-day, or adjourned rather till after the *Holy-days*. Bank ſtock is 105, ſo I may get 12 *l.* for my bargain already. *Patrick* the puppy is abroad, and how ſhall I ſend this letter? Good night little dears both, and be happy, and remember

member your poor *Preſto*, that wants you ſadly, as hope ſaved. Let me go ſtudy, naughty girls, and don't keep me at the bottom of the paper. O faith, if you knew what lies on my hands conſtantly, you would wonder to ſee how I could write ſuch long letters; but we'll talk of that ſome other time *. Good night again, and God bleſs dear *MD* with his beſt bleſſings, yes, yes, and *Dingley* and *Stella* and me too, &c.

Aſk the biſhop of *Clogher* about the pun I ſent him of lord *Stawell*'s brother; 'twill be a pure bite. This letter has 199 lines in it, beſide all poſtſcripts; I had a curioſity to reckon.

There's a long letter for you.

It is longer than a ſermon, faith.

I had another letter from Mrs. *Fenton*, who ſays you were with her; I hope you did not go on purpoſe. I will anſwer her letter ſoon; it is about ſome money in lady *Giffard*'s hands.

They ſay you have had eight pacquets due to you; ſo pray, madams, don't blame *Preſto*, but the *Wind*.

My humble ſervice to Mrs. *Walls* and Mrs. *Stoite*; I miſs'd the former a good while.

* Writing the *Examiner*.

LETTER XII.

London, Dec. 23, 1710.

I Have ſent my 11th to-night as uſual, and begin the dozenth, and I told you I dined with *Stratford* at lord *Mountjoy*'s, and I'll tell you no more at preſent, gueſs for why; becauſe I am going to mind things, and mighty affairs, not your naſty *Firſt-Fruits*: I let them alone till Mr. *Harley* gets the queen's letter, but other things of greater moment, that you ſhall know one day, when the ducks have eaten up all the dirt. So ſit ſtill a while juſt by me while I am ſtudying, and don't ſay a word, I charge you, and when I am going to bed, I'll take you along, and talk with you a little while, ſo there, ſit there. — Come then, let us ſee what we have to ſay to theſe ſaucy brats, that will not let us go ſleep at paſt eleven. Why, I am a little impatient to know how you do; but that I take it for a ſtanding maxim, that when you are ſilent, all is pretty well, becauſe that is the way I will deal with you; and if there was any thing you ought to know now, I would write by the firſt poſt, although I had written but the day before.

Remember this, young women, and God Almighty preſerve you both, and make us happy together; and tell me how accounts ſtand between us, that you may be paid long before it is due, not to want. I will return no more money while I ſtay, ſo that you need not be in pain to be paid; but let me know at leaſt a month before you can want. Obſerve this, d'ye hear, little dear ſirrahs, and love *Preſto* as *Preſto* loves *MD*, &c.

24. You will have a merryer *Chriſtmas-Eve* than we here. I went up to *Court* before church, and in one of the rooms, there being but little company, a fellow in a red coat without a ſword came up to me, and after words of courſe aſkt me how the ladies did. I aſkt, what ladies? He ſaid, Mrs. *Dingley* and Mrs. *Johnſon:* Very well, ſaid I, when I heard from them laſt: And pray when came you from thence, ſir? he ſaid, I never was in *Ireland*; and juſt at that word lord *Winchelſea* comes up to me, and the man went off: as I went out I ſaw him again, and recollected him, it was *Vedeau* with a pox: I then went and made my apologies that my head was full of ſomething I had to ſay to lord *Winchelſea*, &c. and I aſkt after his wife, and ſo all was well, and

he enquired after my lodging, becauſe he had ſome favour to deſire of me in *Ireland*, to recommend ſomebody to ſomebody, I know not what it is. When I came from church I went up to *Court* again, where ſir *Edmond Bacon* told me the bad news from *Spain*, which you will hear before this reaches you; as we have it now, we are undone there, and it was odd to ſee the whole countenances of the *Court* changed ſo in two hours. Lady *Mountjoy* carried me home to dinner, where I ſtaid not long after, and came home early, and now am got into bed, for you muſt always write to your *MDs* in bed, that's a maxim. Mr. *White* and Mr. *Red*, Write to *MD* when abed; Mr. *Black* and Mr. *Brown*, Write to *MD* when you're down; Mr. *Oak* and Mr. *Willow*, Write to *MD* on your pillow. — What's this? faith I ſmell fire; what can it be; this houſe has a thouſand ſ—ks in it. I think to leave it on *Thurſday*, and lodge over the way. Faith I muſt riſe, and look at my chimney, for the ſmell grows ſtronger, ſtay — I have been up, and in my room, and found all ſafe, only a mouſe within the fender to warm himſelf, which I could not catch. I ſmelt nothing there, but now in my

my bed-chamber I ſmell it again; I believe I have ſinged the woolen curtain, and that's all, though I cannot ſmoak it. *Preſto*'s plaguy ſilly to-night, an't he? Yes, and ſo he be. Aye, but if I ſhould wake and ſee fire. Well; I'll venture; ſo good night, &c.

25. Pray, young women, if I write ſo much as this every day, how will this paper hold a fortnight's work, and anſwer one of yours into the bargain? You never think of this, but let me go on like a ſimpleton. I wiſh you a merry *Chriſtmas*, and many, many a one with poor *Preſto* at ſome pretty place. I was at church to-day by eight, and received the ſacrament, and came home by ten; then went to *Court* at two, it was a *Collar-day*, that is, when the knights of the garter wear their collars; but the queen ſtay'd ſo late at ſacrament, that I came back, and dined with my neighbour *Ford*, becauſe all people dine at home on this day. This is likewiſe a *Collar-day* all over *England* in every houſe, at leaſt where there is *Brawn:* that's very well — I tell you a good pun; a fellow hard by pretends to cure *Agues*, and has ſet out a ſign, and ſpells it *Egoes*; a gentleman and I obſerving

it, ſaid, How does that fellow pretend to cure *Agues?* I ſaid, I did not know, but I was ſure it was not by a *Spell.* That's admirable. And ſo you aſkt the biſhop about that pun of lord *Stawell*'s brother. Bite. Have I caught you, young women? Muſt you pretend to aſk after roguiſh puns, and *Latin* ones too? Oh but you ſmoakt me, and did not aſk the biſhop. Oh but you are a fool, and you did. I met *Vedeau* again at *Court* to-day, and I obſerved he had a ſword on; I fancy he was broke, and has got a commiſſion, but I never aſkt him. *Vedeau* I think his name is, yet *Parviſol*'s man is *Vedel*, that's true. Bank ſtock will fal like ſtock-fiſh by this bad news, and two days ago I could have got 112 *l.* by my bargain; but I don't intend to ſell, and in time it will riſe. 'Tis odd, that my lord *Peterborow* foretold this loſs two months ago, one night at Mr. *Harley*'s, when I was there; he bid us count upon it, that *Stanhope* would loſe *Spain* before *Chriſtmas*, that he would venture his head upon it, and gave us reaſons; and though Mr. *Harley* argued the contrary, he ſtill held to his opinion. I was telling my lord *Angleſea* this at *Court* this morning, and a gentleman by

ſaid,

ſaid, he had heard my lord *Peterborow* affirm the ſame thing. I have heard wiſe folks ſay, An ill tongue may do much. And 'tis an odd ſaying, Once I gueſt right, And I got credit by't; Thrice I gueſt wrong, And I kept my credit on. No, 'tis you are ſorry, not I.

26. By the lord *Harry* I ſhall be undone here with *Chriſtmas* boxes. The rogues at the *Coffee-houſe* have raiſed their tax, every one giving a crown, and I gave mine for ſhame, beſides a great many half-crowns to great mens porters, *&c.* I went to-day by water into the city, and dined with no leſs a man than the city printer. There is an intimacy between us, built upon reaſons that you ſhall know when I ſee you; but the rain caught me within twelve-penny length of home. I called at Mr. *Harley*'s, who was not within, dropt my half-crown with his porter, drove to the *Coffee-houſe*, where the rain kept me till nine. I had letters to-day from the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, and Mr. *Bernage*; the latter ſends me a melancholy account of lady *Shelburn*'s death, and his own diſappointments, and would gladly be a captain; if I can help him I will.

27. Morning.

27. Morning. I beſpoke a lodging over the way for to-morrow, and the dog let it yeſterday to another; I gave him no earneſt, ſo it ſeems he could do it; *Patrick* would have had me give him earneſt to bind him; but I would not. So I muſt go ſaunter to-day for a lodging ſomewhere elſe. Did you ever ſee ſo open a winter in *England?* We have not had two froſty days; but it pays it off in rain: we have not had three fair days theſe ſix weeks. O faith I dreamt mightily of *MD* laſt night; but ſo confuſed I can't tell a word. I have made *Ford* acquainted with *Lewis*, and to-day we dined together; in the evening I called at one or two neighbour's, hoping to ſpend a *Chriſtmas* evening; but none were at home, they were all gone to be merry with others. I have often obſerved this, That in merry times every body is abroad: where the duce are they? So I went to the *Coffee-houſe*, and talkt with Mr. *Addiſon* an hour, who at laſt remembered to give me two letters, which I can't anſwer to-night, nor to-morrow neither, I can aſſure you, young women, count upon that. I have other things to do than to anſwer naughty girls, an old ſaying and true. Letters from *MDs* Muſt not

be

be anſwered in ten days: 'tis but bad rhyme, *&c.*

28. To-day I had a meſſage from ſir *Thomas Hanmer* to dine with him, the famous Dr. *Smallridge* was of the company, and we ſat till ſix, and I came home to my new lodgings in *St. Alban Street*, where I pay the ſame rent (eight ſhillings a week) for an apartment two pair of ſtairs; but I have the uſe of the parlour to receive perſons of quality, and I am got into my new bed, *&c.*

29. Sir *Andrew Fountain* has been very ill this week; and ſent to me early this morning to have prayers, which you know is the laſt thing. I found the doctors and all in deſpair about him. I read prayers to him, found he had ſettled all things; and when I came out, the nurſe aſkt me, whether I thought it poſſible he could live; for the doctors thought not. I ſaid, I believed he would live; for I found the ſeeds of life in him, which I obſerve ſeldom fail; (and I found them in poor deareſt *Stella*, when ſhe was ill many years ago) and to-night I was with him again, and he was mightily recovered, and I hope he will do well, and the doctor approved my reaſons; but if he ſhould die, I ſhould come off ſcurvily. The

ſecretary

ſecretary of ſtate (Mr. *St. John*) ſent to me to dine with him; Mr. *Harley* and lord *Peterborow* dined there too, and at night came lord *Rivers*. Lord *Peterborow* goes to *Vienna* in a day or two: he has promiſed to make me write to him. Mr. *Harley* went away at ſix, but we ſtaid till ſeven. I took the ſecretary aſide, and complained to him of Mr. *Harley*, that he had got the queen to grant the *Firſt-Fruits*, promiſed to bring me to her, and get her letter to the biſhops in *Ireland*; but the laſt part he had not done in ſix weeks, and I was in danger to loſe reputation, *&c.* He took the matter right, deſired me to be with him on *Sunday* morning, and promiſes me to finiſh the affair in four days; ſo I ſhall know in a little time what I have to truſt to.——It is nine of clock, and I muſt go ſtudy, you little rogues; and ſo good night, *&c.*

30. Morning. The weather grows cold, you ſauce-boxes. Sir *Andrew Fountain*, they bring me word, is better. I'll go riſe, for my hands are ſtarving while I write in bed. —Night. Now Sir *Andrew Fountain* is recovering, he deſires to be at eaſe; for I called in the morning to read prayers, but he had given orders not to be diſturbed. I have loſt

a legacy

a legacy by his living; for he told me he had left me a picture and ſome books, *&c.* I called to ſee my *quondam* neighbour *Ford* (do you know what *quondam* is? though) and he engaged me to dine with him; for he always dines at home on *Opera*-days. I came home at ſix, writ to the archbiſhop, then ſtudied till paſt eleven, and ſtole to bed, to write to *MD* theſe few lines to let you know I am in good health at the preſent writing hereof, and hope in God *MD* is ſo too. I wonder I never write politicks to you: I could make you the profoundeſt politician in all the lane.—Well, but when ſhall we anſwer this letter N. 8. of *MD*'s? Not till next year, faith. O Lord—bo—but that will be a *Monday* next. Cod's ſo, is it; and ſo it is: never ſaw the like.—I made a pun t'other day to *Ben Portlack* about a pair of drawers. Poh, ſaid he, that's mine a——ſ all over. Pray, pray, *Dingley*, let me go ſleep; pray, pray, *Stella*, let me go ſlumber, and put out my wax candle.

31. Morning. It is now ſeven, and I have got a fire, but am writing a-bed in my bed-chamber. 'Tis not ſhaving-day, ſo I ſhall be ready early to go before church to Mr. *St. John*, and to-morrow I will anſwer our *MD*'s

MD's letter. Would you anſwer *MD*'s letter, On *New-year*'s-day you'll do it better: For when the year with *MD* 'gins, It without *MD* never lins. (Theſe Proverbs have always old words in them; *lins* is leaves off.) But if on New-year you write nones, *MD* then will bang your bones.—But *Patrick* ſays I muſt riſe.—Night. I was early this morning with ſecretary *St. John*, and gave him a memorial to get the queen's letter for the *Firſt-Fruits*, who has promiſed to do it in a very few days. He told me he had been with the duke of *Marlborough*, who was lamenting his former wrong ſteps in joining with the *Whigs*, and ſaid he was worn out with age, fatigues, and misfortunes. I ſwear it pityed me; and I really think they will not do well in too much mortifying that man, although indeed it is his own fault. He is covetous as *Hell*, and ambitious as the *Prince* of it: he would fain have been general for life, and has broken all endeavours for Peace, to keep his greatneſs and get money. He told the queen, he was neither covetous nor ambitious. She ſaid, if ſhe could have conveniently turned about, ſhe would have laughed, and could hardly forbear it in his face. He fell

ſell in with all the abominable meaſures of the late miniſtry, becauſe they gratified him for their own deſigns. Yet he has been a ſucceſsful general, and I hope he will continue his command. O Lord, ſmoak the politicks to *MD*. Well; but if you like them, I will ſcatter a little now and then, and mine are all freſh from the chief hands. Well, I dined with Mr. *Harley*, and came away at ſix: there was much company, and I was not merry at all. Mr. *Harley* made me read a paper of verſes of *Prior*'s. I read them plain without any fine manner, and *Prior* ſwore I ſhould never read any of his again; but he would be revenged, and read ſome of mine as bad. I excuſed myſelf, and ſaid, I was famous for reading verſes the worſt in the world *, and that every body ſnatcht them from me when I offered to begin. So we laughed.—Sir *Andrew Fountain* ſtill continues ill. He is plagued with ſome ſort of bile.

Jan. 1. Morning. I wiſh my deareſt pretty *Dingley* and *Stella* a happy new-year, and health, and mirth, and good ſtomachs, and *Fr*'s company. Faith, I did not know

* Although it be ſaid in jeſt, there is ſome truth in this.

how

how to write *Fr.* I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write *pdfr* †. *Patrick* wiſhes me a happy New-year, and deſires I would riſe, for it is a good fire, and faith 'tis cold. I was ſo politick laſt night with *MD*, never ſaw the like. Get the *Examiners*, and read them; the laſt nine or ten are full of the reaſons for the late change, and of the abuſes of the laſt miniſtry; and the great men aſſure me they are all true. They are written by their encouragement and direction. I muſt riſe and go ſee Sir *Andrew Fountain*; but perhaps to-night I may anſwer *MD*'s letter: ſo good morrow, my miſtreſſes all, good morrow. I wiſh you both a merry New-year, Roaſt beef, minced pyes, and good ſtrong beer, And me a ſhare of your good cheer. That I was there, or you were here, And you're a little ſaucy dear.—Good morrow again, dear ſirrahs; one cannot riſe for your play.—At night. I went this morning to viſit lady *Kerry* and lord *Shelburn*, and they made me dine with them. Sir *Andrew Fountain* is better. And now let us come and ſee what this ſaucy dear letter of *MD*

† *Preſto.*

ſays.

ſays. Come out, letter, come out from between the ſheets; here it is underneath, and it won't come out. Come out again, I ſay: ſo there. Here it is. What ſays *Preſto* to me, pray? ſays it. Come, and let me anſwer for you to your ladies. Hold up your head then, like a good letter. There. Pray, how have you got up with *Preſto?* madam *Stella*. You write your eighth when you receive mine: now I write my twelfth, when I receive your eighth. Don't you allow for what are upon the road, ſimpleton? What ſay you to that? And ſo you kept *Preſto*'s little birth-day, I warrant: would to God I had been at the health rather than here, where I have no manner of pleaſure, nothing but eternal buſineſs upon my hands. I ſhall grow wiſe in time; but no more of that: only I ſay *Amen* with my heart and vitals, that we may never be aſunder again ten days together while poor *Preſto* lives. ——————————————— I can't be merry ſo near any ſplenetick talk; ſo I made that long line, and now all's well again. Yes, you are a pretending ſlut, indeed, with your fourth and fifth in the margin, and your journal, and every thing. Wind—we ſaw no wind here, nothing at

all extraordinary at any time. We had it once when you had it not. But an old ſaying and a true; I hate all wind, Before and behind, From cheeks with eyes, or from blind ——. Your chimney fall down! God preſerve you. I ſuppoſe you only mean a brick or two: but that's a damn'd lie of your chimney being carried to the next houſe with the wind. Don't put ſuch things upon us; thoſe matters won't paſs here: keep a little to poſſibilities. My lord *Hertford* would have been aſhamed of ſuch a ſtretch. You ſhould take care of what company you converſe with: when one gets that faculty, 'tis hard to break one's ſelf of it. *Jemmy Leigh* talks of going over; but *quando?* I don't know when he'll go. O, now you have had my ninth, now you are come up with me; marry come up with you, indeed. I know all that buſineſs of lady *S*——. Will nobody cut that *D*——*y*'s throat? Five hundred pounds do you call poor pay for living three months the life of a king? They ſay ſhe died with grief, partly, being forced to appear as witneſs in *Court* about ſome ſquabble among their ſervants.——The biſhop of *Clogher* ſhewed you a pamphlet. Well, but you muſt not

give your mind to believe thoſe things; people will ſay any thing. The character is here reckoned admirable, but moſt of the facts are trifles. It was firſt printed privately here; and then ſome bold cur ventured to do it publickly, and ſold two thouſand in two days: who the author is muſt remain uncertain. Do you pretend to know, impudence? How durſt you think ſo? Pox on your parliaments: the archbiſhop has told me of it; but we do not vouchſafe to know any thing of it here. No, no, no more giddineſs yet; thank you, *Stella*, for aſking after it; thank you; God Almighty bleſs you for your kindneſs to poor *Preſto*. You write to lady *Giffard* and your mother upon what I adviſe when it is too late. But yet I fancy this bad news will bring down ſtocks ſo low, that one might buy to great advantage. I deſign to venture going to ſee your mother ſome day when lady *Giffard* is abroad. Well, keep your *Rathburn* and ſtuff. I thought he was to pay in your money upon his houſes to be flung down about the what d'ye call it.—Well, madam *Dingley*, I ſent your incloſed to *Briſtol*, but have not heard from *Raymond* ſince he went. Come, come, young

women, I keep a good fire; it coſts me twelve-pence a week, and I fear ſomething more; vex me, and I'll have one in my bed-chamber too. No, did not I tell you but juſt now, we have no high winds here. Have you forgot already?—Now you're at it again, ſilly *Stella*; why does your mother ſay, my candles are ſcandalous? They are good ſixes in the pound, and ſhe ſaid, I was extravagant enough to burn them by day-light. I never burn fewer at a time than one. What would people have? The D— burſt *Hawkſhaw*. He told me he had not the box, and the next day *Sterne* told me he had ſent it a fortnight ago; *Patrick* could not find him t'other day, but he ſhall to-morrow: Dear life and heart, do you teaze me? does *Stella* teaze *Preſto?* That palſy-water was in the box; it was too big for a pacquet, and I was afraid of its breaking. *Leigh* was not in town then, or I would not have truſted it to *Sterne*, whom yet I have befriended enough to do me more kindneſs than that. I'll never reſt till you have it, or till it is in a way for you to have it. Poor dear rogue, naughty to think it teazes me; How could I ever forgive myſelf for neglecting

any

any thing that related to your health? Sure I were a *Devil* if I did?———————————
———————————————————————See how far I am forced to ſtand from *Stella*, becauſe I am afraid ſhe thinks poor *Preſto* has not been careful about her little things; I am ſure I bought them immediately according to order, and packt them up with my own hands, and ſent them to *Sterne*, and was ſix times with him about ſending them away. I am glad you are pleaſed with your glaſſes. I have got another velvet cap, a new one lord *Herbert* bought and preſented me one morning I was at breakfaſt with him, where he was as merry and eaſy as ever I ſaw him, yet had received a challenge half an hour before, and half an hour after fought a duel. It was about ten days ago. You are miſtaken in your gueſſes about *Tatlers:* I did neither write that on *Noſes* nor *Religion*, nor do I ſend him of late any hints at all.—Indeed, *Stella*, when I read your letter, I was not uneaſy at all; but when I came to anſwer the particulars, and found that you had not received your box, it grated me to the heart, becauſe I thought through your little words, that you imagined I had not taken the care I ought. But there has

been ſome blunder in this matter, which I will know to-morrow, and write to *Sterne*, for fear he ſhould not be within.—And pray, pray *Preſto*, pray now do.—No, *Raymond* was not above four times with me while he ſtaid, and then only while I was dreſſing. Mrs. *Fenton* * has written me another letter about ſome money of hers in lady *Giffard*'s hands, that is intruſted to me by my mother, not to come to her huſband. I ſend my letters conſtantly every fortnight, and if you will have them oftener you may, but then they will be the ſhorter. Pray, let *Parviſol* ſell the horſe. I think I ſpoke to you of it in a former letter: I am glad you are rid of him, and was in pain while I thought you rode him; but if he would buy you another, or any body elſe, and that you could be often able to ride, why don't you do it?

2. I went this morning early to the ſecretary of ſtate, Mr. *St. John*, and he told me from Mr. *Harley*, that the warrant was now drawn, in order for a patent for the *Firſt-Fruits*: it muſt paſs through ſeveral offices, and take up ſome time, becauſe in

* Mrs. *Fenton* was ſiſter to Dr. *Swift*.

things

things the queen gives they are always conſiderate; but that he aſſures me 'tis granted and done, and paſt all diſpute, and deſires I will not be in any pain at all. I will write again to the archbiſhop to-morrow, and tell him this, and I deſire you will ſay it on occaſion. From the ſecretary I went to Mr. *Sterne*, who ſaid he would write to you to-night, and that the box muſt be at *Cheſter*, and that ſome friend of his goes very ſoon, and will carry it over. I dined with Mr. ſecretary *St. John*, and at ſix went to *Darteneuf*'s houſe to drink punch with him, and Mr. *Addiſon*, and little *Harriſon*, a young poet whoſe fortune I am making. *Steele* was to have been there, but came not, nor never did twice, ſince I knew him, to any appointment. I ſtaid till paſt eleven, and am now in bed. *Steele*'s laſt *Tatler* came out to-day. You will ſee it before this comes to you, and how he takes leave of the world. He never told ſo much as Mr. *Addiſon* of it, who was ſurprized as much as I; but, to ſay the truth, it was time, for he grew cruel dull and dry. To my knowledge he had ſeveral good hints to go upon; but he was ſo lazy and weary of the work, that he would not improve them. I think

I'll ſend this after * to-morrow: Shall I before 'tis full, *Dingley?*

3. Lord *Peterborow* yeſterday called me into a barber's ſhop, and there we talkt deep politicks: he deſired me to dine with him to day at the *Globe* in the *Strand*; he ſaid he would ſhew me ſo clearly how to get *Spain*, that I could not poſſibly doubt it. I went to-day accordingly, and ſaw him among half a dozen lawyers and attornies and hang-dogs, ſigning of deeds and ſtuff before his journey; for he goes to-morrow to *Vienna*. I ſat among that ſcurvy company till after four, but heard nothing of *Spain*; only I find, by what he told me before, that he fears he ſhall do no good in his preſent journey. We are to be mighty conſtant correſpondents. So I took my leave of him, and called at Sir *Andrew Fountain*'s, who mends much. I came home, and pleaſe you, at ſix, and have been ſtudying till now paſt eleven.

4. Morning. Morrow, little dears. O, faith, I have been dreaming; I was to be put in priſon, I don't know why, and I was ſo afraid of a black dungeon; and then all

* *After* is interlined.

I had

I had been enquiring yeſterday of Sir *Andrew Fountain*'s ſickneſs I thought was of poor *Stella*. The worſt of dreams is, that one wakes juſt in the humour they leave one. Shall I ſend this to-day? With all my heart: it is two days within the fortnight; but may be *MD* are in haſte to have a round dozen, and then how are you come up to me with your eighth, young women? But you indeed ought to write twice ſlower than I, becauſe there are two of you; I own that.—Well then, I'll ſeal up this letter by my morning candle, and carry it into the city with me, where I go to dine, and put it in the poſt-office with my own fair hands. So, let me ſee whether I have any news to tell *MD*. They ſay, they will very ſoon make ſome enquiries into the corruptions of the late miniſtry; and they muſt do it, to juſtify their turning them out. *Atterbury* we think is to be dean of *Chriſt-Church* in *Oxford*; but the *College* would rather have *Smallridge*. —What's all this to you? What care you for *Atterburys* and *Smallridges?* No, you care for nothing but *Preſto*, faith. So I'll riſe, and bid you farewel; yet I'm loth to do ſo, becauſe there is a great bit of paper yet to talk upon; but *Dingley* will have it ſo:

Yes,

Yes, ſays ſhe, make your journals ſhorter, and ſend them oftener; and ſo I will. And I have cheated you another way too; for this is clipt paper, and holds at leaſt ſix lines leſs than the former ones. I'll tell you a good thing I ſaid to my lord *Carteret*. So, ſays he, my lord —— came up to me, and aſkt me, *&c.* No, ſaid I, my lord —— never did, nor ever can *come up* to you. We all pun here ſometimes. Lord *Carteret* ſet down *Prior* t'other day in his chariot, and *Prior* thanked him for his *Charity*; that was fit for *Dilly* *. I don't remember I heard one good one from the miniſtry, which is really a ſhame. *Henley* is gone to the country for *Chriſtmas*. The puppy comes here without his wife, and keeps no houſe, and would have me dine with him at eating-houſes; but I have only done it once, and will do it no more. He had not ſeen me for ſome time in the *Coffee-houſe*, and aſking after me, deſired lord *Herbert* to tell me, I was a *Beaſt* for ever after the order of *Melchiſedec*. Did you ever read the *Scripture?* It is only changing the word *Prieſt* to *Beaſt*. —I think I am bewitched to write ſo much

* *Dillon Aſhe.*

in

in a morning to you, little *MD*. Let me go, will you? and I'll come again to-night in a fine clean ſheet of paper; but I can nor will ſtay no longer now; no, I won't, for all your wheedling: no, no, look off, don't ſmile at me, and ſay, Pray, pray, *Preſto*, write a little more. Ah! you're a wheedling ſlut, you be ſo. Nay, but prithee turn about, and let me go, do; 'tis a good girl, and do. O faith, my morning-candle is juſt out, and I muſt go now in ſpight of my teeth; for my bed-chamber is dark with curtains, and I'm at the wrong ſide. So farewel, *&c. &c.*

I am in the dark almoſt: I muſt have another candle, when I am up, to ſeal this; but I'll fold it up in the dark, and make what you can of this, for I can only ſee this paper I am writing upon. Service to Mrs. *Walls* and Mrs. *Stoite*.

God Almighty bleſs you, *&c.* What I am doing I can't ſee; but I'll fold it up, and not look on it again.

LETTER XIII.

London, January 4, 1710-11.

I WAS going into the city (where I dined) and put my 12th, with my own fair hands, into the poſt-office as I came back, which was not till nine this night. I dined with people that you never heard of, nor is it worth your while to know; an authoreſs and a printer. I walked home for exerciſe, and at eleven got to bed, and all the while I was undreſſing my ſelf, there was I ſpeaking monkey things in air, juſt as if *MD* had been by, and did not recollect myſelf till I got into bed. I writ laſt night to the archbiſhop, and told him the warrant was drawn for the *Firſt-Fruits*, and I told him lord *Peterborow* was ſet out for his journey to *Vienna*; but it ſeems the lords have addreſſed to have him ſtay to be examined about *Spaniſh* affairs, upon this defeat there, and to know where the fault lay, *&c.* So I writ to the archbiſhop a lie; but I think it was not a ſin.

5. Mr. ſecretary *St. John* ſent for me this morning ſo early that I was forced to go without ſhaving, which put me quite out

out of method: I called at Mr. *Ford*'s, and deſired him to lend me a ſhaving, and ſo made a ſhift to get into order again. Lord! here's an impertinence: Sir *Andrew Fountain*'s mother and ſiſter are come above a hundred miles from *Worceſter* to ſee him before he died. They got here but yeſterday, and he muſt have been paſt hopes, or paſt fears, before they could reach him. I fell a ſcolding when I heard they were coming; and the people about him wondered at me, and ſaid what a mighty content it would be on both ſides to die when they were with him. I knew the mother; ſhe is the greateſt Overdo upon earth, and the ſiſter, they ſay, is worſe; the poor man will relapſe again among them. Here was the ſcoundrel brother always crying in the outer room till Sir *Andrew* was in danger, and the dog was to have all his eſtate if he died; and 'tis an ignorant, worthleſs, ſcoundrel rake: and the nurſes were comforting him, and deſiring he would not take on ſo. I dined to-day the firſt time with *Ophy Butler* and his wife; and you ſupped with the dean, and loſt two and twenty pence at cards. And ſo Mrs. *Walls* is brought to-bed of a girl, who died two days after it was chriſtened;

tened; and betwixt you and me, ſhe is not very ſorry: ſhe loves her eaſe and diverſions too well to be troubled with children. I'll go to bed.

6. Morning. I went laſt night to put ſome coals on my fire after *Patrick* was gone to bed; and there I ſaw in a cloſet a poor linnet he has bought to bring over to *Dingley*: it coſt him ſix-pence, and is as tame as a dormouſe. I believe he does not know he is a bird: where you put him, there he ſtands, and ſeems to have neither hope nor fear; I ſuppoſe in a week he will die of the ſpleen. *Patrick* adviſed with me before he bought him. I laid fairly before him the greatneſs of the ſum, and the raſhneſs of the attempt; ſhewed how impoſſible it was to carry him ſafe over the ſalt ſea: but he would not take my counſel, and he'll repent it. 'Tis very cold this morning in bed, and I hear there is a good fire in the room without, what do you call it, the dining-room. I hope it will be good weather, and ſo let me riſe, ſirrahs, do ſo.—At night. I was this morning to viſit the dean, or Mr. *Prolocutor*, I think you call him, don't you? Why ſhould not I go to the dean's as well as you? A little black man of pretty

near

near fifty? Aye, the ſame. A good pleaſant man? Aye, the ſame. Cunning enough? Yes. One that underſtands his own intereſts? As well as any body. How comes it *MD* and I don't meet there ſometimes? A very good face, and abundance of wit; do you know his lady? O Lord! * whom do you mean? I mean Dr. *Atterbury*, dean of *Carliſle* and *Prolocutor*. Pſhaw, *Preſto*, you are a fool: I thought you had meant our dean of *St. Patrick*'s.—Silly, ſilly, ſilly, you are ſilly, both are ſilly, every kind of thing is ſilly. As I walked into the city, I was ſtopt with cluſters of boys and wenches buzzing about the cake-ſhops like flies. There had the fools let out their ſhops two yards forward into the ſtreets, all ſpread with great cakes frothed with ſugar, and ſtuck with ſtreamers of tinſel. And then I went to *Bateman*'s the bookſeller, and laid out eight and forty ſhillings for books. I bought three little volumes of *Lucian* in *French* for our *Stella*, and ſo and ſo. Then I went to *Garraway*'s to meet *Stratford* and dine with him; but it was an idle day with

* Dr. *Sterne*, dean of *St. Patrick*'s, was not a married man, which ſeems to have been the cauſe of this ſurprize in *MD*.

the merchants, and he was gone to our end of the town: ſo I dined with Sir *Thomas Frankland* at the poſt-office, and we drank your *Manley*'s health. It was in a news-paper that he was turned out; but ſecretary *St. John* told me it was falſe, only that news-writer is a plaguy *Tory*. I have not ſeen one bit of *Chriſtmas* merriment.

7. Morning. Your new lord chancellor ſets out to-morrow for *Ireland:* I never ſaw him. He carries over one *Trap* a parſon as his chaplain, a ſort of pretender to wit, a ſecond-rate pamphleteer for the cauſe, whom they pay by ſending him to *Ireland*. I never ſaw *Trap* neither. I met *Tighe* and your *Smyth* of *Lovet*'s yeſterday by the *Exchange*. *Tighe* and I took no notice of each other; but I ſtopt *Smyth*, and told him of the box that lies for you at *Cheſter*, becauſe he ſays he goes very ſoon to *Ireland*, I think this week: and I will ſend this morning to *Sterne*, to take meaſures with *Smyth*; ſo good morrow, ſirrahs, and let me riſe, pray. I took up this paper when I came in at evening, I mean this minute, and then ſaid I, No, no, indeed, *MD*, you muſt ſtay, and then was laying it aſide, but could not for my heart, though I am very buſy, till I juſt aſk

aſk you how you do ſince morning; by and bye we ſhall talk more, ſo let me leave you ſoftly down, little paper, till then; ſo there —now to buſineſs; there, I ſay, get you gone; no, I won't puſh you neither, but hand you on one ſide—So—Now I am got into bed, I'll talk with you. Mr. ſecretary *St. John* ſent for me this morning in all haſte; but I would not loſe my ſhaving, for fear of miſſing church. I went to *Court*, which is of late always very full, and young *Manley* and I dined at Sir *Matthew Dudley*'s. —I muſt talk politicks. I proteſt I am afraid we ſhall all be embroiled with parties. The *Whigs*, now they are fallen, are the moſt malicious toads in the world. We have had now a ſecond misfortune, the loſs of ſeveral *Virginia* ſhips. I fear people will begin to think that nothing thrives under this miniſtry: and if the miniſtry can once be rendered odious to the people, the *parliament* may be choſen *Whig* or *Tory* as the queen pleaſes. Then I think our friends preſs a little too hard on the duke of *Marlborough*. The country members * are violent to have paſt faults enquired into, and they have rea-

* Thoſe were afterwards called the *October Club*.

ſon; but I do not obſerve the miniſtry to be very fond of it. In my opinion we have nothing to ſave us but a *Peace*, and I am ſure we cannot have ſuch a one as we hoped, and then the *Whigs* will bawl what they would have done had they continued in power. I tell the miniſtry this as much as I dare, and ſhall venture to ſay a little more to them, eſpecially about the duke of *Marlborough*, who, as the *Whigs* give out, will lay down his command; and I queſtion whether ever any wiſe ſtate laid aſide a general who had been ſucceſsful nine years together, whom the enemy ſo much dread; and his own ſoldiers cannot but believe muſt always conquer; and you know that in war opinion is nine parts in ten. The miniſtry hear me always with appearance of regard, and much kindneſs; but I doubt they let perſonal quarrels mingle too much with their proceedings. Mean time, they ſeem to value all this as nothing, and are as eaſy and merry as if they had nothing in their hearts or upon their ſhoulders, like phyſicians, who endeavour to cure, but feel no grief, whatever the patient ſuffers.—Pſhaw, what's all this? Do you know one thing, that I find I can write politicks to you much eaſier than

than to any body alive. But I ſwear my head is full, and I wiſh I were at *Laracor* with dear charming *MD*, *&c.*

8. Morning. Methinks, young women, I have made a great progreſs in four days, at the bottom of this ſide already, and no letter yet come from *MD*. (that word interlined is morning.) I find I have been writing ſtate affairs to *MD*. How do they reliſh it? Why, any thing that comes from *Preſto* is welcome; though really, to confeſs the truth, if they had their choice, not to diſguiſe the matter, they had rather, *&c.* Now, *Preſto*, I muſt tell you, you grow ſilly, ſays *Stella*. That's but one body's opinion, madam. I promiſed to be with Mr. ſecretary *St. John* this morning; but I am lazy and won't go, becauſe I had a letter from him yeſterday to deſire I would dine there to-day. I ſhall be chid; but what care I? —Here has been Mrs. *South* with me, juſt come from Sir *Andrew Fountain*, and going to market. He is ſtill in a fever, and may live or die. His mother and ſiſter are now come up and in the houſe, ſo there's a lurry. I gave Mrs. *South* half a piſtole for a New-year's gift. So good morrow, dears both, till anon.—At night. Lord, I have been with

Mr. Secretary from dinner till eight; and though I drank wine and water, I am ſo hot! Lady *Stanley* came to viſit Mrs. *St. John*, and ſent up for me, to make up a quarrel with Mrs. *St. John*, whom I never yet ſaw; and do you think that devil of a ſecretary would let me go, but kept me by main force, though I told him I was in love with his lady, and it was a ſhame to keep back a lover, *&c.* But all would not do; ſo at laſt I was forced to break away, but never went up, it was then too late; and here I am, and have a great deal to do to-night, though it be nine o'clock; but one muſt ſay ſomething to theſe naughty *MDs*, elſe there will be no quiet.

9. To-day *Ford* and I ſet apart to go into the city to buy books; but we only had a ſcurvy dinner at an alehouſe, and he made me go to the tavern, and drink *Florence*, four and ſix-pence a flaſk; damned wine! ſo I ſpent my money, which I ſeldom do, and paſt an inſipid day, and ſaw no-body, and 'tis now ten o'clock, and I have nothing to ſay, but that 'tis a fortnight to-morrow ſince I had a letter from *MD*, but if I have it time enough to anſwer here, 'tis well enough, otherwiſe wo betide you, faith;

I'll

I'll go to the toyman's, here juſt in *Pall-mall*, and he ſells great hugeous battoons; yes, faith, and ſo he does. Does not he, *Dingley?* Yes, faith. Don't loſe your money this *Chriſtmas*.

10. I muſt go this morning to Mr. ſecretary *St. John*. I promiſed yeſterday, but failed, ſo can't write any more till night to poor dear *MD*.——At night. O faith, *Dingley*, I had company in the morning, and could not go where I deſigned; and I had a baſket from *Raymond* at *Briſtol*, with ſix bottles of wine and a pound of chocolate, and ſome tobacco to ſnuff; and he writ under, the carriage was paid; but he lied, or I am cheated, or there is a miſtake; and he has written to me ſo confuſedly about ſome things, that *Lucifer* could not underſtand him. This wine is to be drank with *Harley*'s brother and Sir *Robert Raymond*, ſolicitor-general, in order to recommend the doctor to your new lord chancellor, who left this place on *Monday*, and *Raymond* ſays he is haſting to *Cheſter* to go with him.—I ſuppoſe he leaves his wife behind; for when he left *London* he had no thoughts of ſtirring till *Summer*. So I ſuppoſe he will be with you before this. *Ford* came and deſired I

would dine with him, becauſe it was *Opera-day*, which I did, and ſent excuſes to lord *Shelburn* who had invited me.

11. I am ſetting up a new *Tatler*, little *Harriſon*, whom I have mentioned to you. Others have put him on it, and I encourage him; and he was with me this morning and evening, ſhewing me his firſt, which comes out on *Saturday*. I doubt he will not ſucceed, for I do not much approve his manner; but the ſcheme is Mr. ſecretary *St. John*'s and mine, and would have done well enough in good hands. I recommended him to a printer, whom I ſent for, and ſettled the matter between them this evening. *Harriſon* has juſt left me, and I am tired with correcting his traſh.

12. I was this morning upon ſome buſineſs with Mr. ſecretary *St. John*, and he made me promiſe to dine with him, which otherwiſe I would have done with Mr. *Harley*, whom I have not been with theſe ten days. I cannot but think they have mighty difficulties upon them; yet I always find them as eaſy and diſengaged as ſchoolboys on a holiday. *Harley* has the procuring of five or ſix millions on his ſhoulders, and the *Whigs* will not lend a groat;

groat; which is the only reaſon of the fall of ſtocks: for they are like quakers and fanaticks, that will only deal among themſelves, while all others deal indifferently with them. Lady *Marlborough* offers, if they will let her keep her employments, never to come into the queen's preſence. The *Whigs* ſay the duke of *Marlborough* will ſerve no more; but I hope and think otherwiſe. I would to Heaven I were this minute with *MD* at *Dublin*; for I am weary of politicks, that give me ſuch melancholy proſpects.

13. O faith, I had an ugly giddy fit laſt night in my chamber, and I have got a new box of pills to take, and hope I ſhall have no more this good while. I would not tell you before, becauſe it would vex you, little rogues; but now it is over. I dined to-day with lord *Shelburn*, and to-day little *Harriſon*'s new *Tatler* came out: there is not much in it, but I hope he will mend. You muſt underſtand that upon *Steele*'s leaving off, there were two or three ſcrub *Tatlers* came out, and one of them holds on ſtill, and to-day it advertiſed againſt *Harriſon*'s; and ſo there muſt be diſputes which are genuine, like the ſtraps for razors. I am

afraid the little toad has not the true vein for it. I'll tell you a copy of verſes. When Mr. *St. John* was turned out from being ſecretary at war, three years ago, he retired to the country: there he was talking of ſomething he would have written over his *ſummer-houſe*, and a gentleman gave him theſe verſes;

From buſineſs and the noiſy world retir'd,
Nor vex'd by love, nor by ambition fir'd;
Gently I wait the call of *Charon*'s boat,
Still drinking like a fiſh, and —— like a ſtoat.

He ſwore to me he could hardly bear the jeſt; for he pretended to retire like a philoſopher, though he was but twenty-eight years old: and I believe the thing was true; for he had been a thorough rake. I think the three grave lines do introduce the laſt well enough. Od ſo, but I'll go ſleep; I ſleep early now.

14. O faith, young women, I want a letter from *MD*; 'tis now nineteen days ſince I had the laſt: and where have I room to anſwer it, pray? I hope I ſhall ſend this away without any anſwer at all; for I'll haſten it, and away it goes on *Tueſday*, by

which time this ſide will be full. I'll ſend it two days ſooner on purpoſe out of ſpight, and the very next day after, you muſt know, your letter will come, and then 'tis too late, and I'll ſo laugh, never ſaw the like! 'Tis *Spring* with us already. I ate aſparagus t'other day. Did you ever ſee ſuch a froſtleſs winter? Sir *Andrew Fountain* lies ſtill extreamly ill; it coſts him ten guineas a day to doctors, ſurgeons, and apothecaries, and has done ſo theſe three weeks. I dined to-day with Mr. *Ford*; he ſometimes chuſes to dine at home, and I am content to dine with him; and at night I called at the *Coffee-houſe*, where I had not been in a week, and talk'd coldly a while with Mr. *Addiſon*; all our friendſhip and dearneſs are off: we are civil acquaintance, talk words of courſe, of when we ſhall meet, and that's all. I have not been at any houſe with him theſe ſix weeks: t'other day we were to have dined together at the comptroller's; but I ſent my excuſes, being engaged to the ſecretary of ſtate. Is not it odd? But I think he has uſed me ill, and I have uſed him too well, at leaſt his friend *Steele*.

15. It has coſt me three guineas to-day for a periwig. I am undone! It was made by

a *Leiceſter* lad, who married Mr. *Worrall*'s daughter, where my mother lodged; ſo I thought it would be cheap, and eſpecially ſince he lives in the city. Well, *London* lick-penny: I find it true. I have given *Harriſon* hints for another *Tatler* to-morrow. The jackanapes wants a right taſte; I doubt he won't do. I dined with my friend *Lewis* of the ſecretary's office, and am got home early, becauſe I have much buſineſs to do; but before I begin I muſt needs ſay ſomething to *MD*, faith—No, faith, I lie, it is but nineteen days to-day ſince my laſt from *MD*. I have got Mr. *Harley* to promiſe, that whatever changes are made in the council, the biſhop of *Clogher* ſhall not be removed, and he has got a memorial accordingly. I will let the biſhop know ſo much in a poſt or two. This is a ſecret; but I know he has enemies, and they ſhall not be gratified, if they deſigned any ſuch thing, which perhaps they might; for ſome changes there will be made. So drink up your claret, and be quiet, and don't loſe your money.

16. Morning. Faith I'll ſend this letter to-day to ſhame you, if I han't one from *MD* before night, that's certain. Won't you grumble for want of the third ſide, pray

pray now? Yes, I warrant you; yes, yes, you ſhall have the third, you ſhall ſo, when you can catch it, ſome other time; when you be writing girls —— O faith, I think I won't ſtay till night, but ſeal up this juſt now, and carry it in my pocket, and whip it into the poſt-office as I come home at evening. I am going out early this morning.—*Patrick*'s bills for coals and candles, *&c.* come ſometimes to three ſhillings a week; I keep very good fires, though the weather be warm. *Ireland* will never be happy till you get ſmall coal likewiſe; nothing ſo eaſy, ſo convenient, ſo cheap, ſo pretty for lighting a fire. My ſervice to Mrs. *Stoite* and *Walls*, has ſhe a boy or a girl? A girl, hmm; and died in a week, hmmm, and was poor *Stella* forced to ſtand for godmother?—Let me know how accounts ſtand, that you may have your money betimes. There's four months for my lodging, that muſt be thought on too: and ſo go dine with *Manley*, and loſe your money, do extravagant fluttikin, but don't fret. —It will be juſt three weeks when I have the next letter, that's to-morrow. Farewel, deareſt beloved *MD*, and love poor, poor *Preſto*, who has not had one happy day

ſince

ſince he left you, as hope ſaved. —It is the laſt ſally I will ever make, but I hope it will turn to ſome account. I have done more for theſe, and I think they are more honeſt than the laſt; however, I will not be diſappointed. I would make *MD* and me eaſy; and I never deſired more.—Farewel, *&c. &c.*

LETTER XIV.

London, Jan. 16, 1710-11.

O Faith, young women, I have ſent my letter *N.* 13, without one crumb of an anſwer to any of *MD*'s, there's for you now; and yet *Preſto* ben't angry faith, not a bit, only he will begin to be in pain next *Iriſh* poſt, except he ſees *MD*'s little hand writing in the glaſs-frame at the bar of *St. James's Coffee-houſe*, where *Preſto* would never go but for that purpoſe. *Preſto*'s at home, God help him, every night from ſix till bed-time, and has as little enjoyment or pleaſure in life at preſent as any body in the world, although in full favour with all the miniſtry. As hope ſaved, nothing gives *Preſto* any ſort of dream of happineſs but a letter now and then from his own deareſt *MD*. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come,

come, I comfort myſelf, that I have it yet to be happy with. Yes faith, and when I write to *MD*, I am happy too; it is juſt as if methinks you were here and I prating to you, and telling you where I have been: Well, ſays you, *Preſto*, come, where have you been to-day? come, let's hear now. And ſo then I anſwer; *Ford* and I were viſiting Mr. *Lewis*, and Mr. *Prior*, and *Prior* has given me a fine *Plautus*, and then *Ford* would have had me dine at his lodgings, and ſo I would not; and ſo I dined with him at an eating-houſe; which I have not done five times ſince I came here; and ſo I came home, after viſiting Sir *Andrew Fountain*'s mother and ſiſter, and Sir *Andrew Fountain* is mending, though ſlowly.

17. I was making, this morning, ſome general viſits, and at twelve I called at the *Coffee-houſe* for a letter from *MD*; ſo the man ſaid, he had given it to *Patrick*; then I went to the court of requeſts and treaſury, to find Mr. *Harley*, and after ſome time ſpent in mutual reproaches, I promiſed to dine with him; I ſtaid there till ſeven, then called at *Sterne*'s and *Leigh*'s to talk about your box, and to have it ſent by *Smyth*; *Sterne* ſays, he has been making enquiries,

and

and will ſet things right as ſoon as poſſible. I ſuppoſe it lies at *Cheſter*, at leaſt I hope ſo, and only wants a lift over to you. Here has little *Harriſon* been to complain, that the printer I recommended to him for his *Tatler*, is a coxcomb; and yet to ſee how things will happen; for this very printer is my couſin, his name is *Dryden Leach*; did you never hear of *Dryden Leach*, he that prints the *Poſt-man?* He acted *Oronoko*, he's in love with Miſs *Croſſe*. — Well, ſo I came home to read my letter from *Stella*, but the dog *Patrick* was abroad; at laſt he came, and I got my letter; I found another hand had ſuperſcribed it; when I opened it, I found it written all in *French*, and ſubſcribed *Bernage*: faith I was ready to fling it at *Patrick*'s head. *Bernage* tells me, he had been to deſire your recommendation to me to make him a captain, and your cautious anſwer, "*That he had as much power* "*with me as you*," was a notable one; if you were here I would preſent you to the miniſtry as a perſon of ability. *Bernage* ſhould let me know where to write to him; this is the ſecond letter I have had without any direction; however, I beg I may not have a third, but that you will aſk him, and

ſend

ſend me how I ſhall direct to him. In the mean time, tell him, that if regiments are to be raiſed here, as he ſays, I will ſpeak to *George Granville*, ſecretary at war, to make him a captain; and uſe what other intereſt I conveniently can. I think that is enough, and ſo tell him, and don't trouble me with his letters, when I expect them from *MD*; do you hear, young women, write to *Preſto*.

18. I was this morning with Mr. ſecretary *St. John*, and we were to dine at Mr. *Harley*'s alone, about ſome buſineſs of importance; but there were two or three gentlemen there. Mr. ſecretary and I went together from his office to Mr. *Harley*'s, and thought to have been very wiſe; but the deuce a bit, the company ſtaid, and more came, and *Harley* went away at ſeven, and the ſecretary and I ſtaid with the reſt of the company till eleven; I would then have had him come away, but he was in for't; and though he ſwore he would come away at that flaſk, there I left him. I wonder at the civility of theſe people; when he ſaw I would drink no more, he would always paſs the bottle by me, and yet I could not keep the toad from drinking himſelf, nor he would

would not let me go neither, nor *Maſham*, who was with us. When I got home, I found a parcel directed to me, and opening it, I found a pamphlet written entirely againſt myſelf, not by name, but againſt ſomething I writ: it is pretty civil, and affects to be ſo, and I think I will take no notice of it; 'tis againſt ſomething written very lately; and indeed I know not what to ſay, nor do I care; and ſo you are a ſawcy rogue for loſing your money to day at *Stoite*'s; to let that bungler beat you, fye *Stella*, an't you aſhamed? Well, I forgive you this once, never do ſo again; no, noooo. Kiſs and be friends, firrah. —— Come, let me go ſleep, I go earlier to bed than formerly; and have not been out ſo late theſe two months; but the ſecretary was in a drinking humour. So good night myownlittledearſawcyinſolentrogues.

19. Then you read that long word in the laſt line, no * faith han't you. Well, when will this letter come from our *MD?* tomorrow or next day without fail; yes faith, and ſo it is coming. This was an inſipid ſnowy day, no walking day, and I dined

* In that word there were ſome puzzling characters.

gravely

gravely with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, and came home, and am now got to bed a little after ten; I remember old *Culpepper*'s maxim. Would you have a ſettled *head*, You muſt early go to bed: I tell you and I tell't again, You muſt be in bed at ten.

20. And ſo I went to-day with my new wig, o hoao, to viſit lady *Worſley*, whom I had not ſeen before, although ſhe was near a month in town; then I walkt in the *Park* to find Mr. *Ford*, whom I had promiſed to meet, and coming down the *Mall*, who ſhould come towards me but *Patrick*, and gives me five letters out of his pocket. I read the ſuperſcription of the firſt, Pſhoh, ſaid I; of the ſecond, Pſhoh again; of the third, Pſhah, Pſhah, Pſhah; of the fourth, A Gad, A Gad, A Gad, I'm in a rage; of the fifth and laſt, O hoooa; aye marry this is ſomething, this is our *MD*, ſo truly we opened it, I think immediately, and it began the moſt impudently in the world, thus; *Dear Preſto*, We are even thus far. Now we are even, quoth *Stephen*, when he gave his wife ſix blows for one. I received your ninth four days after I had ſent my thirteenth. But I'll reckon with you anon about that, young women. Why did not you

recant at the end of your letter when you got my eleventh, tell me that huzzies baſe, were we even then, were we, ſirrah? But I won't anſwer your letter now, I'll keep it for another time. We had a great deal of ſnow to-day, and 'tis terrible cold. I dined with *Ford*, becauſe it was his *Opera-day* and ſnowed, ſo I did not care to ſtir further. I'll ſend to-morrow to *Smyth*.

21. Morning. It has ſnowed terribly all night, and is vengeance cold. I am not yet up, but cannot write long; my hands will freeze. Is there a good fire, *Patrick?* Yes, Sir; then I'll riſe, come take away the candle. You muſt know I write on the dark ſide of my bed-chamber, and am forced to have a candle till I riſe, for the bed ſtands between me and the window, and I keep the curtains ſhut this cold weather. So pray let me riſe, and, *Patrick*, here take away the candle. — At night. We are now here in high froſt and ſnow, the largeſt fire can hardly keep us warm. It is very ugly walking, a baker's boy broke his thigh yeſterday. I walk ſlow, make ſhort ſteps, and never tread on my heel. 'Tis a good proverb the *Devonſhire* people have; Walk faſt in ſnow, In froſt walk ſlow, And ſtill as

you

you go, Tread on your toe: When froſt and ſnow are both together, Sit by the fire and ſpare ſhoe-leather. I dined to-day with Dr. *Cockburn*, but will not do ſo again in haſte, he has generally ſuch a parcel of *Scots* with him.

22. Morning. Starving, ſtarving, Uth, uth, uth, uth, uth. — Don't you remember I uſed to come into your chamber, and turn *Stella* out of her chair, and rake up the fire in a cold morning, and cry Uth, uth, uth? *&c.* O faith I muſt riſe, my hand is ſo cold I can write no more. So good morrow, ſirrahs. —— At night. I went this morning to lady *Giffard*'s houſe, and ſaw your mother, and made her give me a pint bottle of palſey water, which I brought home in my pocket; and ſealed and tyed up in a paper, and ſent it to Mr. *Smyth*, who goes to-morrow for *Ireland*, and ſent a letter to him to deſire his care of it, and that he would enquire at *Cheſter* about the box. He was not within, ſo the bottle and letter were left for him at his lodgings, with ſtrict orders to give them to him; and I will ſend *Patrick* in a day or two, to know whether it was given, *&c.* Dr. *Stratford* and I dined to-day with Mr. *Stratford* in the city, by

appointment; but I choſe to walk there for exerciſe in the froſt. But the weather had *given* a little, as you women call it, ſo it was ſomething ſlobbery. I did not get home till nine, And now I'm in bed To break your head.

23. Morning. They tell me it freezes again, but 'tis not ſo cold as yeſterday: ſo now I will anſwer a bit of your letter. — At night. O faith, I was juſt going to anſwer ſome of our *MD*'s letter this morning, when a printer came in about ſome buſineſs, and ſtaid an hour; ſo I roſe, and then came in *Ben Tooke*, and then I ſhaved and ſcribbled, and it was ſuch a terrible day I could not ſtir out till one, and then I called at Mrs. *Barton*'s, and we went to lady *Worſley*'s, where we were to dine by appointment. The earl of *Berkeley* is going to be married to lady *Louiſa Lenox*, the duke of *Richmond*'s daughter. I writ this night to dean *Sterne*, and bid him tell you all about the bottle of palſey water by *Smyth*, and to-morrow morning I will ſay ſomething to your letter.

24. Morning. Come now to your letter. As for your being even with me, I have ſpoken to that already. So now, my dearly

beloved,

beloved, let us proceed to the next. You are always grumbling that you han't letters faſt enough, ſurely we ſhall have your tenth *; and yet before you end your letter, you own you have my eleventh. — And why did not *MD* go into the country with the biſhop of *Clogher?* faith ſuch a journey would have done you good; *Stella* ſhould have rode, and *Dingley* gone in the coach. The biſhop of *Kilmore* I know nothing of; he is old and may dye; he lives in ſome obſcure corner, for I never hear of him. As for my old friends, if you mean the *Whigs*, I never ſee them, as you may find by my journals, except lord *Halifax*, and him very ſeldom; lord *Somers* never ſince the firſt viſit, for he has been a falſe deceitful raſcal. My new friends are very kind, and I have promiſes enough, but I do not count upon them, and beſides my pretences are very young to them. However, we will ſee what may be done, and if nothing at all, I ſhall not be diſappointed; although perhaps poor *MD* may, and then I ſhall be ſorryer for their ſakes than my own. — Talk of a merry *Chriſtmas* (why did you write it ſo

* Theſe are the words of *MD*.

then, young women? ſawce for the gooſe is ſawce for the gander) I have wiſht you all that two or three letters ago. Good lack; and your news, that Mr. *St. John* is going to *Holland*; he has no ſuch thoughts to quit the great ſtation he is in, nor if he had, could I be ſpared to go with him. So faith, politick Madam *Stella*, you come with your two eggs a penny, *&c.* Well, Madam *Dingley*, and ſo Mrs. *Stoite* invites you, and ſo you ſtay at *Donnybrook* †, and ſo you could not write. You are plaguy exact in your journals from *Dec.* 25, to *Jan.* 4th. Well, *Smyth* and the palſey water I have handled already, and he does not lodge (or rather did not, for poor man, now he is gone) at Mr. *Jeſſe*'s, and all that ſtuff; but we found his lodging, and I went to *Stella*'s mother on my own head, for I never remembered it was in the letter to deſire another bottle; but I was ſo fretted, ſo toſticated, and ſo impatient, that *Stella* ſhould have her water (I mean decently, don't be rogues) and ſo vext with *Sterne*'s careleſſneſs. — Pray God *Stella*'s illneſſes may not return. If they come ſeldom, they begin to be weary; I

† About a mile from *Dublin.*

judge

judge by myſelf; for when I ſeldom viſit, I grow weary of my acquaintance.—Leave a good deal of my tenth unanſwered!—Impudent ſlut, when did you ever anſwer my tenth, or ninth, or any other number? or who deſires you to anſwer, provided you write? I defy the D— to anſwer my letters: ſometimes there may be one or two things I ſhould be glad you would anſwer, but I forget them, and you never think of them. I ſhall never love anſwering letters again, if you talk of anſwering. Anſwering, quotha; pretty anſwerers truly. —— As for the pamphlet you ſpeak of, and call it ſcandalous, and that one Mr. *Preſto* is ſaid to write it, hear my anſwer. Fye, child, you muſt not mind what every idle body tells you. — I believe you lie, and that the dogs were not crying it when you ſaid ſo; come, tell truth. I am ſorry you go to *St. Mary*'s ‡ ſo ſoon, you'll be as poor as rats; that place will drain you with a vengeance: beſides, I would have you think of being in the country in *Summer*. Indeed, *Stella*, pippins produced plentifully; *Parviſol* could not ſend from *Laracor*: there were about

‡ *MD*'s lodgings oppoſite to *St. Mary*'s Church in *Stafford-Street*.

half a ſcore, I would be glad to know whether they were good for any thing.— Mrs. *Walls* at *Donnybrook* with you; why is not ſhe brought to bed? Well, well, well, *Dingley*, pray be ſatisfied; you talk as if you were angry about the biſhop's not offering you conveniencies for the journey; and ſo he ſhould. —— What ſort of *Chriſtmas?* Why I have had no *Chriſtmas* at all; and has it really been *Chriſtmas* of late? I never once thought of it. My ſervice to Mrs. *Stoite*, and *Catherine*, and let *Catherine* get the coffee ready againſt I come, and not have ſo much care on her countenance; for all will go well.——Mr. *Bernage*, Mr. *Bernage*, Mr. *Fiddlenage*, I have had three letters from him now ſucceſſively; he ſends no directions, and how the D— ſhall I write to him? I would have burnt his laſt, if I had not ſeen *Stella*'s hand at the bottom; his requeſt is all nonſenſe. How can I aſſiſt him in buying? and if he be ordered to go to *Spain*, go he muſt, or elſe ſell, and I believe one can hardly ſell in ſuch a juncture. If he had ſtaid, and new regiments raiſed, I would have uſed my endeavour to have had him removed; although I have no credit that way, or very little: but if the

regiment

regiment goes, he ought to go too; he has had great indulgence, and opportunities of ſaving; and I have urged him to it a hundred times. What can I do? whenever it lies in my power to do him a good office, I will do it. Pray draw up this into a handſome ſpeech, and repreſent it to him from me, and that I would write, if I knew where to direct to him; and ſo I have told you, and deſired you would tell him, fifty times. Yes, Madam *Stella*, I think I can read your long concluding word, but you can't read mine after bidding you good night. And yet, methinks, I mend extremely in my writing; but when *Stella*'s eyes are well, I hope to write as bad as ever. — So now I have anſwered your letter, and mine is an anſwer; for I lay yours before me, and I look and write, and write and look, and look and write again. — So good morrow, Madams both, and I'll go riſe, for I muſt riſe; for I take pills at night, and ſo I muſt riſe early, I don't know why. ——

25. Morning. I did not tell you how I paſt my time yeſterday, nor bid you good night, and there was good reaſon. I went in the morning to ſecretary *St. John* about ſome buſineſs; he had got a great *Whig* with him;

him; a creature of the duke of *Marlborough*, who is a *Go-between* to make peace between the duke and the miniſtry; ſo he came out of his cloſet; and after a few words, deſired I would dine with him at three, but Mr. *Lewis* ſtaid till ſix before he came; and there we ſat talking, and the time ſlipt ſo, that at laſt, when I was poſitive to go, it was paſt two of clock; ſo I came home and went ſtraight to bed. He would never let me look at his watch, and I could not imagine it above twelve when we went away. So I bid you good night for laſt night, and now I bid you good morrow, and I am ſtill in bed, though it be near ten, but I muſt riſe. ——

26, 27, 28, 29, 30. I have been ſo lazy and negligent theſe laſt four days that I could not write to *MD*. My head is not in order, and yet it is not abſolutely ill, but giddyiſh, and makes me liſtleſs; I walk every day, and take drops of Dr. *Cockburn*, and I have juſt done a box of pills, and to-day lady *Kerry* ſent me ſome of her bitter drink, which I deſign to take twice a day, and hope I ſhall grow better. I wiſh I were with *MD*, I long for *Spring* and good weather, and then I will come over. My

riding

riding in *Ireland* keeps me well. I am very temperate, and eat of the eaſieſt meats as I am directed, and hope the malignity will go off; but one fit ſhakes me a long time. I dined to-day with lord *Mountjoy*, yeſterday at Mr. *Stone*'s in the city, on *Sunday* at *Vanhomrigh*'s, *Saturday* with *Ford*, and *Friday* I think at *Vanhomrigh*'s, and that's all the journal I can ſend *MD*, for I was ſo lazy while I was well, that I could not write. I thought to have ſent this to-night, but 'tis ten, and I'll go to bed, and write on t'other ſide to *Parviſol* to-morrow, and ſend it on *Thurſday*; and ſo good night my dears, and love *Preſto*, and be healthy, and *Preſto* will be ſo too, *&c.*

Cut off theſe notes handſomely, d'ye hear, ſirrahs, and give Mrs. *Brent* hers, and keep yours till you ſee *Parviſol*, and then make up the letter to him, and ſend it him by the firſt opportunity, and ſo God Almighty bleſs you both, here and ever, and poor *Preſto*.

What, I warrant you thought at firſt that theſe laſt lines were another letter.

Dingley, Pray pay *Stella* ſix Fiſhes, and place them to the account of your humble ſervant, *Preſto*.

Stella, Pray pay *Dingley* ſix Fiſhes, and place them to the account of your humble ſervant, *Preſto*.

There's Bills of Exchange for you.

LETTER XV.

London, Jan. 31, 1710-11.

I AM to ſend you my fourteenth to-morrow, but my head having ſome little diſorders, confounds all my journals. I was early this morning with Mr. ſecretary *St. John* about ſome buſineſs, ſo I could not ſcribble my morning lines to *MD*. They are here intending to tax all little printed penny papers a half-penny every half-ſheet, which will utterly ruin *Grubſtreet*, and I am endeavouring to prevent it. Beſides, I was forwarding an impeachment againſt a certain great perſon; that was two of my buſineſſes with the ſecretary, were they not worthy ones? It was *Ford*'s *Birth-day*, and I refuſed the ſecretary and dined with *Ford*. We are here in as ſmart a froſt for the time as I have ſeen; delicate walking weather, and the *Canal* and *Roſamond*'s *Pond* full of the rabble ſliding and with ſkates, if you know what

what thoſe are. *Patrick*'s bird's water freezes in the gally-pot, and my hands in bed.

Feb. 1. I was this morning with poor lady *Kerry*, who is much worſe in her head than I. She ſends me bottles of her bitter, and we are ſo fond of one another, becauſe our ailments are the ſame; don't you know that, Madam *Stella?* Han't I ſeen you conning ailments with *Joe*'s wife *, and ſome others, ſirrah? I walkt into the city to dine, becauſe of the walk, for we muſt take care of *Preſto*'s health you know, becauſe of poor little *MD*. But I walkt plaguy carefully, for fear of ſliding againſt my will; but I am very buſy.

2. This morning Mr. *Ford* came to me to walk into the city, where he had buſineſs, and then to buy books at *Bateman*'s; and I laid out one pound five ſhillings for a *Strabo* and *Ariſtophanes*, and I have now got books enough to make me another ſhelf, and I will have more, or it ſhall coſt me a fall; and ſo as we came back, we drank a flaſk of right *French* wine at *Ben Tooke*'s chamber; and when I had got home, Mrs. *Vanhomrigh* ſent me word her eldeſt daugh-

* Mrs. *Beaumont*.

ter

ter was taken ſuddenly very ill, and deſired I would come and ſee her; I went, and found it was a ſilly trick of Mrs. *Armſtrong*, lady *Lucy*'s ſiſter, who, with *Moll Stanhope*, was viſiting there: however I rattled off the daughter.

3. To-day I went and dined at lady *Lucy*'s, where you know I have not been this long time; they are plaguy *Whigs*, eſpecially the ſiſter *Armſtrong*, the moſt inſupportable of all women pretending to wit, without any taſte. She was running down the laſt *Examiner*, the prettieſt I had read, with a character of the preſent miniſtry.—I left them at five, and came home. But I forgot to tell you, that this morning my couſin, *Dryden Leach* the printer, came to me with a heavy complaint, that *Harriſon* * the new *Tatler* had turned him off, and taken the laſt *Tatler*'s printers again. He vowed revenge; I anſwered gravely, and ſo he left me, and I have ordered *Patrick* to deny me to him from henceforth: and at night comes a letter from *Harriſon*, telling me the ſame thing, and excuſed his doing it without my notice, becauſe he would bear

* See an account of this gentleman in *Dodſley*'s Collection, No. 76.

all

all the blame; and in his *Tatler* of this day he tells you the ſtory, how he has taken his old officers, and there is a moſt humble letter from *Morphew* and *Lilly* to beg his pardon, *&c.* And laſtly, this morning *Ford* ſent me two letters from the *Coffee-houſe* (where I hardly ever go) one from the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, and t'other from —— Who do you think t'other was from? —— I'll tell you, becauſe you are friends; why then it was, faith it was from my own dear little *MD*, *N.* 10. Oh, but won't anſwer it now, no, nooooh, I'll keep it between the two ſheets; here it is, juſt under; oh, I lifted up the ſheet and ſaw it there: lie ſtill, you ſhan't be anſwered yet, little letter; for I muſt go to bed, and take care of my head.

4. I avoid going to church yet, for fear of my head, though it has been much better theſe laſt five or ſix days, ſince I have taken lady *Kerry*'s bitter. Our froſt holds like a dragon. I went to Mr. *Addiſon*'s, and dined with him at his lodgings; I had not ſeen him theſe three weeks, we are grown common acquaintance; yet what have not I done for his friend *Steele?* Mr. *Harley* reproached me the laſt time I ſaw him,

him, that to pleaſe me he would be reconciled to *Steele*, and had promiſed and appointed to ſee him, and that *Steele* never came. *Harriſon*, whom Mr. *Addiſon* recommended to me, I have introduced to the ſecretary of ſtate, who has promiſed me to take care of him; and I have repreſented *Addiſon* himſelf ſo to the miniſtry, that they think and talk in his favour, though they hated him before. —— Well; he is now in my debt, and there's an end; and I never had the leaſt obligation to him, and there's another end. This evening I had a meſſage from Mr. *Harley*, deſiring to know whether I was alive, and that I would dine with him to-morrow. They dine ſo late, that ſince my head has been wrong I have avoided being with them. — *Patrick* has been out of favour theſe ten days; I talk dry and croſs to him, and have called him *Friend* three or four times. But, ſirrahs, get you gone.

5. Morning. I am going this morning to ſee *Prior*, who dines with me at Mr. *Harley*'s; ſo I can't ſtay fiddling and talking with dear little brats in a morning, and 'tis ſtill terribly cold. — I wiſh my cold hand was in the warmeſt place about you, young women,

women, I'd give ten guineas upon that account with all my heart, faith; oh, it ſtarves my thigh; ſo I'll riſe, and bid you good morrow, my ladies both, good morrow. Come ſtand away, let me riſe: *Patrick*, take away the candle. Is there a good fire?—So—up a-dazy.—At night. Mr. *Harley* did not ſit down till ſix, and I ſtaid till eleven; henceforth I will chuſe to viſit him in the evenings, and dine with him no more if I can help it. It breaks all my meaſures, and hurts my health; my head is diſorderly, but not ill, and I hope it will mend.

6. Here has been ſuch a hurry with the *Queen's Birth-day*, ſo much fine cloaths, and the *Court* ſo crowded that I did not go there. All the froſt is gone. It thawed on *Sunday*, and ſo continues, yet ice is ſtill on the *Canal* (I did not mean that of *Laracor*, but *St. James's Park*) and boys ſliding on it. Mr. *Ford* preſſed me to dine with him in his chamber.—Did not I tell you *Patrick* has got a bird, a linnet, to carry over to *Dingley*? It was very tame at firſt, and 'tis now the wildeſt I ever ſaw. He keeps it in a cloſet, where it makes a terrible litter; but I ſay nothing: I am as tame as a clout. When muſt we anſwer our *MD*'s letter? One of

theſe odd-come-ſhortlies. This is a week old, you ſee, and no further yet. Mr. *Harley* deſired I would dine with him again to-day; but I refuſed him, for I fell out with him yeſterday, and will not ſee him again till he makes me amends: and ſo I go to bed.

7. I was this morning early with Mr. *Lewis* of the ſecretary's office, and ſaw a letter Mr. *Harley* had ſent to him, deſiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all intreaties, and have deſired *Lewis* to go to him, and let him know I expect further ſatisfaction. If we let theſe great miniſters pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promiſes to make me eaſy, if I will but come and ſee him; but I won't, and he ſhall do it by meſſage, or I will caſt him off. I'll tell you the cauſe of our quarrel when I ſee you, and refer it to yourſelves. In that he did ſomething, which he intended for a favour; and I have taken it quite otherwiſe, diſliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me, and all I have ſaid is truth, though it looks like jeſt; and I abſolutely refuſed to ſubmit to his intended favour, and expect further ſatisfaction. Mr. *Ford* and I dined with Mr. *Lewis*. We have a monſtrous deal of ſnow, and it

has coſt me two ſhillings to-day in chair and coach, and walk'd till I was dirty beſides. I know not what it is now to read or write after I am in bed. The laſt thing I do up is to write ſomething to our *MD*, and then get into bed, and put out my candle, and ſo go ſleep as faſt as ever I can. But in the mornings I do write ſometimes in bed, as you know.

8. Morning. *I have deſired* Apronia *to be always careful, eſpecially about the legs.* Pray, do you ſee any ſuch great wit in that ſentence? I muſt freely own that I do not. But party carries every thing now-a-days, and what a ſplutter have I heard about the wit of that ſaying, repeated with admiration above a hundred times in half an hour. Pray read it over again this moment, and conſider it. I think the word is *adviſed*, and not *deſired*. I ſhould not have remembered it if I had not heard it ſo often. Why —aye—You muſt know I dreamt it juſt now, and waked with it in my mouth. Are you bit, or are you not, ſirrahs? I met Mr. *Harley* in the court of requeſts, and he aſkt me how long I had learnt the trick of writing to myſelf? He had ſeen your letter through the glaſs-caſe at the *Coffee-houſe*, and would

ſwear it was my hand; and Mr. *Ford*, who took and ſent it me, was of the ſame mind. I remember others have formerly ſaid ſo too. I think I was little *MD*'s writing-maſter *.—But come, what's here to do, writing to young women in a morning? I have other fiſh to fry; ſo good morrow, my ladies all, good morrow. Perhaps I'll anſwer your letter to-night, perhaps I won't; that's as ſaucy little *Preſto* takes the humour.—At night. I walk'd in the *Park* to-day in ſpight of the weather, as I do always when it does not actually rain. Do you know what? It has gone and done; we had a thaw for three days, then a monſtrous dirt and ſnow, and now it freezes, like a pot-lid, upon our ſnow. I dined with lady *Betty Germain*, the firſt time ſince I came for *England*; and there did I ſit, like a booby, till eight, looking over her and another lady at picquet, when I had other buſineſs enough to do. It was the coldeſt day I felt this year.

9. Morning. After I had been a-bed an hour laſt night, I was forced to riſe and call to the landlady and maid to have the fire re-

* *Stella*'s hand had a great deal of the air of the doctor's; but ſhe writ more legible, and rather better.

moved in a chimney below ſtairs, which made my bed-chamber ſmoke, though I had no fire in it. I have been twice ſerved ſo. I never lay ſo miſerable an hour in my life. Is it not plaguy vexatious?—It has ſnowed all night, and rains this morning.—— Come, where's *MD*'s letter? Come, Mrs. *Letter*, make your appearance. Here am I, ſays ſhe, anſwer me to my face.—Oh, faith, I am ſorry you had my twelfth ſo ſoon; I doubt you will ſtay longer for the reſt. I'm ſo 'fraid you have got my fourteenth while I am writing this; and I would always have one letter from *Preſto* reading, one travelling, and one writing. As for the box, I now believe it loſt. It is directed for Mr. *Curry* at his houſe in *Capel-ſtreet*, &c. I had a letter yeſterday from Dr. *Raymond* in *Cheſter*, who ſays, he ſent his man every where, and cannot find it; and God knows whether Mr. *Smyth* will have better ſucceſs. *Sterne* ſpoke to him, and I writ to him with the bottle of palſy-water; that bottle, I hope, will not miſcarry: I long to hear you have it. Oh, faith, you have too good an opinion of *Preſto*'s care. I am negligent enough of every thing but *MD*, and I ſhould not have truſted *Sterne*.—But it

ſhall not go ſo: I will have one more tug for it.—As to what you ſay of goodman *Peaſly* and *Iſaac*, I anſwer as I did before. Fye, child, you muſt not give yourſelf the way to believe any ſuch thing: and afterwards, only for curioſity, you may tell me how thoſe things are approved, and how you like them; and whether they inſtruct you in the preſent courſe of affairs, and whether they are printed in your town, or only ſent from hence.—Sir *Andrew Fountain* is recovered; ſo take your ſorrow again, but don't keep it, fling it to the dogs. And does little *MD* walk, indeed?—I'm glad of it at heart.—Yes, we have done with the plague here: it was very ſaucy in you to pretend to have it before your betters. Your intelligence that the ſtory is falſe about the officers forced to ſell, is admirable. You may ſee them all three here every day, no more in the army than you. Twelve ſhillings for mending the ſtrong box; that is, for putting a farthing's worth of iron on a hinge, and gilding it; give him ſix ſhillings, and I'll pay it, and never employ him or his again.—No—indeed, I put off preaching as much as I can. I am upon another foot: no-body doubts here whether I can preach,

and

and you are fools.—The account you give of that weekly paper * agrees with us here. Mr. *Prior* was like to be inſulted in the ſtreet for being ſuppoſed the author of it; but one of the laſt papers cleared him. No-body knows who it is, but thoſe few in the ſecret, I ſuppoſe the miniſtry and the printer.—Poor *Stella*'s eyes, God bleſs them, and ſend them better. Pray ſpare them, and write not above two lines a day in broad day-light. How does *Stella* look, madam *Dingley*? Pretty well; a handſome young woman ſtill. Will ſhe paſs in a crowd? Will ſhe make a figure in a country church?—Stay a little, fair ladies. I this minute ſent *Patrick* to *Sterne*: he brings back word that your box is very ſafe with one Mr. *Earl*'s ſiſter in *Cheſter*, and that colonel *Edgworth*'s widow goes for *Ireland* on *Monday* next, and will receive the box at *Cheſter*, and deliver it you ſafe: ſo there is ſome hopes now.—Well, let us go on to your letter.——The warrant is paſſed for the *Firſt-Fruits*. The queen does not ſend a letter; but a patent will be drawn here, and that will take up time. Mr. *Harley* of late has ſaid nothing of preſent-

* The *Examiner*.

ing me to the queen :—I was overſeen when I mentioned it to you. He has ſuch a weight of affairs on him, that he cannot mind all; but he talk'd of it three or four times to me, long before I dropt it to you. What, is not Mrs. *Walls'* buſineſs over yet? I had hopes ſhe was up and well, and the child dead before this time.—You did right, at laſt, to ſend me your accounts; but I did not ſtay for them, I thank you. I hope you have your bill ſent in my laſt, and there will be eight pounds intereſt ſoon due from *Hawkſhaw*; pray look at his bond. I hope you are good managers, and that when I ſay ſo, *Stella* won't think I intend ſhe ſhould grudge herſelf wine. But going to thoſe expenſive lodgings requires ſome fund. I wiſh you had ſtaid till I came over, for ſome reaſons. That *Frenchwoman* will be grumbling again in a little time, and if you are invited any where to the country, it will vex you to pay in abſence; and the country may be neceſſary for poor *Stella*'s health: but do as you like, and don't blame *Preſto*.—Oh, but you are telling your reaſons.—Well, I have read them; do as you pleaſe.—Yes, *Raymond* ſays, he muſt ſtay longer than he thought, becauſe he cannot ſettle his affairs. *M*——

is

is in the country at ſome friend's, comes to town in *Spring*, and then goes to ſettle in *Herefordſhire*. Her huſband is a ſurly ill-natured brute, and cares not ſhe ſhould ſee any body. O Lord, ſee how I blundered, and left two lines ſhort; it was that ugly ſcore in the paper * that made me miſtake. ——I believe you lie about the ſtory of the fire, only to make it more odd. *Bernage* muſt go to *Spain*, and I will ſee to recommend him to the duke of *Argyle*, his general, when I ſee the duke next: but the officers tell me it would be diſhonourable in the laſt degree for him to ſell now, and he would never be preferred in the army; ſo that unleſs he deſigns to leave it for good and all, he muſt go. Tell him ſo, and that I would write if I knew where to direct to him; which I have ſaid four-ſcore times already. I had rather any thing almoſt than that you ſhould ſtrain yourſelves to ſend a letter when it is inconvenient; we have ſettled that matter already. I'll write when I can, and ſo ſhall *MD*; and upon occaſions extraordinary I will write, though it

* A creaſe in the ſheet.

be

be a line; and when we have not letters ſoon, we agree that all things are well; and ſo that's ſettled for ever, and ſo hold your tongue.—Well, you ſhall have your pins; but for candles ends, I cannot promiſe, becauſe I burn them to the ſtumps; beſides, I remember what *Stella* told *Dingley* about them many years ago, and ſhe may think the ſame thing of me.—And *Dingley* ſhall have her hinged ſpectacles.—Poor dear *Stella*, how durſt you write thoſe two lines by candle-light; bang your bones. Faith, this letter ſhall go to-morrow, I think, and that will be in ten days from the laſt, young women; that's too ſoon of all conſcience: but anſwering yours has filled it up ſo quick, and I don't deſign to uſe you to three pages in folio, no nooooh. All this is one morning's work in bed;—and ſo good morrow, little ſirrahs; that's for the rhyme †. You want politicks: faith, I can't think of any; but may be at night I may tell you a paſſage. Come, ſit off the bed, and let me riſe, will you?—At night. I dined to-day

† In the original it was, *good mollows, little ſollahs.* But in theſe words, and many others, he writes conſtantly *ll* for *rr*.

with

with my neighbour *Vanhomrigh*; it was ſuch diſmal weather I could not ſtir further. I have had ſome threatenings with my head, but no fits. I ſtill drink Dr. *Radcliffe*'s bitter, and will continue it.

10. I was this morning to ſee the ſecretary of ſtate, and have engaged him to give a memorial from me to the duke of *Argyle* in behalf of *Bernage*. The duke is a man that diſtinguiſhes people of merit, and I will ſpeak to him myſelf; but the ſecretary backing it will be very effectual, and I will take care to have it done to purpoſe. Pray tell *Bernage* ſo, and that I think nothing can be luckier for him, and that I would have him go by all means. I will order it that the duke ſhall ſend for him when they are in *Spain*; or, if he fails, that he ſhall receive him kindly when he goes to wait on him. Can I do more? Is not this a great deal? —I now ſend away this letter, that you may not ſtay.—I dined with *Ford* upon his *Opera-day*, and am now come home, and am going to ſtudy; don't you preſume to gueſs, ſirrahs, impudent ſaucy dear boxes. Towards the end of a letter I could not ſay ſaucy boxes without putting *dear* between. En't

that

that right now? Farewel. *This* ſhould *be* longer, *but* that *I* ſend *it* to-*night* *.

O ſilly, ſilly loggerhead!

I ſend a letter this poſt to one Mr. *Staunton*, and I direct it to Mr. *Acton*'s in *St. Michael's-Lane*. He formerly lodged there, but he has not told me where to direct. Pray ſend to that *Acton*, whether the letter is come there, and whether he has ſent it to *Staunton*.

If *Bernage* deſigns to ſell his commiſſion and ſtay at home, pray let him tell me ſo, that my recommendation to the duke of *Argyle* may not be in vain.

* Thoſe letters which are in *Italicks*, in the original are of a monſtrous ſize, which occaſioned his calling himſelf a loggerhead.

LETTER XVI.

London, Feb. 10, 1710-11.

I HAVE juſt diſpatched my fifteenth to the poſt; I tell you how things will be, after I have got a letter from *MD*. I am in furious haſte to finiſh mine, for fear of having two of *MD*'s to anſwer in one of *Preſto*'s, which would be ſuch a diſgrace, never ſaw the like; but before you write to me I write at my leiſure, like a gentleman, a little every day, juſt to let you know how matters go, and ſo and ſo; and I hope before this comes to you, you'll have got your box and chocolate, and *Preſto* will take more care another time.

11. Morning. I muſt riſe and go ſee my lord keeper, which will coſt me two ſhillings in coach-hire. Don't you call them two thirteens? *—At night. It has rained all day, and there was no walking. I read prayers to Sir *Andrew Fountain* in the forenoon, and I dined with three *Iriſhmen*, at one Mr. *Cope*'s lodgings; the other two were one *Morris* an archdeacon, and Mr.

* A ſhilling paſſes for thirteen pence in *Ireland*.

Ford.

Ford. When I came home this evening, I expected that little jackanapes *Harriſon* would have come to get help about his *Tatler* for *Tueſday:* I have fixed two evenings in the week which I allow him to come. The toad never came, and I expecting him fell a reading, and left off other buſineſs.—Come, what are you doing? How do you paſs your time this ugly weather? Gaming and drinking, I ſuppoſe: fine diverſions for young ladies, truly. I wiſh you had ſome of our *Seville* oranges, and we ſome of your wine. We have the fineſt oranges for two-pence apiece, aad the baſeſt wine for ſix ſhillings a bottle. They tell me wine grows cheap with you. I am reſolved to have half a hogſhead when I get to *Ireland*, if it be good and cheap, as it uſed to be; and I'll treat *MD* at my table in an evening, oh hoa, and laugh at great miniſters of ſtate.

12. The days are grown fine and long, —— be thanked. O faith, you forget all our little ſayings, and I am angry. I dined to-day with Mr. ſecretary *St. John:* I went to the court of requeſts at noon, and ſent Mr. *Harley* into the houſe to call the ſecretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late. By good luck the duke

duke of *Argyle* was at the lobby of the houſe too, and I kept him in talk till the ſecretary came out, then told them I was glad to meet them together, and that I had a requeſt to the duke which the ſecretary muſt ſecond, and his grace muſt grant. The duke ſaid, he was ſure it was ſomething inſignificant, and wiſhed it was ten times greater. At the ſecretary's houſe I writ a memorial, and gave it the ſecretary to give the duke, and ſhall ſee that he does it. It is, that his grace will pleaſe to take Mr. *Bernage* into his protection; and if he finds *Bernage* anſwers my character, to give him all encouragement. Colonel *Maſham* and colonel *Hill* (Mrs. *Maſham*'s brother) tell me my requeſt is reaſonable, and they will ſecond it heartily to the duke too: ſo I reckon *Bernage* is on a very good foot when he goes to *Spain*. Pray tell him this, though perhaps I will write to him before he goes; yet where ſhall I direct? for I ſuppoſe he has left *Conolly*'s.

13. I have left off lady *Kerry*'s bitter, and got another box of pills. I have no fits of giddineſs, but only ſome little diſorders towards it; and I walk as much as I can. Lady *Kerry* is juſt as I am, only a great deal

worſe:

worſe: I dined to-day at lord *Shelburn*'s, where ſhe is, and we conn ailments, which makes us very fond of each other. I have taken Mr. *Harley* into favour again, and called to ſee him, but he was not within; I will uſe to viſit him after dinner, for he dines too late for my head: then I went to viſit poor *Congreve*, who is juſt getting out of a ſevere fit of the gout, and I ſat with him till near nine o'clock. He gave me a *Tatler* he had written out, as blind as he is, for little *Harriſon*. 'Tis about a ſcoundrel that was grown rich, and went and bought a *Coat of Arms* at the *Herald*'s, and a ſet of anceſtors at *Fleet-ditch*; 'tis well enough, and ſhall be printed in two or three days, and if you read thoſe kind of things, this will divert you. 'Tis now between ten and eleven, and I am going to bed.

14. This was Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*'s daughter's *Birth-day*, and Mr. *Ford* and I were invited to dinner to keep it, and we ſpent the evening there drinking punch. That was our way of beginning *Lent*; and in the morning lord *Shelburn*, lady *Kerry*, Mrs. *Pratt* and I went to *Hyde-park*, inſtead of going to church; for till my head is a little ſettled,

ſettled, I think it better not to go; it would be ſo ſilly and troubleſome to go out ſick. Dr. *Duke* died ſuddenly two or three nights ago; he was one of the *Wits* when we were children, but turned parſon, and left it, and never writ further than a prologue or recommendatory copy of verſes. He had a fine living given him by the biſhop of *Winchester* about three months ago; he got his living ſuddenly, and he got his dying ſo too.

15. I walked purely to-day about the *Park*, the rain being juſt over, of which we have had a great deal, mixt with little ſhort froſts. I went to the court of requeſts, thinking if Mr. *Harley* dined early, to go with him. But meeting *Leigh* and *Sterne*, they invited me to dine with them, and away we went. When we got into his room, one *H*——, a worthleſs *Iriſh* fellow, was there ready to dine with us, ſo I ſtept out and whiſpered them, that I would not dine with that fellow; they made excuſes, and begged me to ſtay, but away I went to Mr. *Harley*'s, and he did not dine at home, and at laſt I dined at Sir *John Germain*'s, and found lady *Betty* but juſt recovered of a miſcarriage. I am writing an inſcription for lord *Berkeley*'s tomb: you

know the young rake his ſon, the new earl, is married to the duke of *Richmond*'s daughter, at the duke's country houſe, and are now coming to town. She'll be fluxed in two months, and they'll be parted in a year. You ladies are brave, bold, venterſome folks; and the chit is but ſeventeen, and is ill-natured, covetous, vicious, and proud in extreams. And ſo get you gone to *Stoite* to-morrow.

16. Faith this letter goes on but ſlow, 'tis a week old, and the firſt ſide not written. I went to-day into the city for a walk, but the perſon I deſigned to dine with was not at home; ſo I came back and called at *Congreve*'s, and dined with him and *Eaſt-court*, and laughed till ſix, then went to Mr. *Harley*'s, who was not gone to dinner; there I ſtaid till nine, and we made up our quarrel, and he has invited me to dinner to-morrow, which is the day of the week *(Saturday)* that lord keeper and ſecretary *St. John* dine with him privately, and at laſt they have conſented to let me among them on that day. *Atterbury* and *Prior* went to bury poor Dr. *Duke*. *Congreve*'s naſty white wine has given me the heart-burn.

17. I

17. I took ſome good walks in the *Park* to-day, and then went to Mr. *Harley*. Lord *Rivers* was got there before me, and I chid him for preſuming to come on a day when only lord keeper and the ſecretary and I were to be there; but he regarded me not; ſo we all dined together, and ſat down at four; and the ſecretary has invited me to dine with him to-morrow. I told them I had no hopes they could ever keep in, but that I ſaw they loved one another ſo well, as indeed they ſeem to do. They call me nothing but *Jonathan*; and I ſaid, I believed they would leave me *Jonathan* as they found me; and that I never knew a miniſtry do any thing for thoſe whom they make companions of their pleaſures; and I believe you will find it ſo; but I care not. I am upon a project of getting five hundred pounds, without being obliged to any body; but that is a ſecret, till I ſee my deareſt *MD*; and ſo hold your tongue, and don't talk, ſirrahs, for I am now about it.

18. My head has no fits, but a little diſordered before dinner; yet I walk ſtoutly, and take pills, and hope to mend. Secretary *St. John* would needs have me dine with him to-day, and there I found three perſons

I never ſaw, two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not care for: ſo I left them early and came home, it being no day to walk, but ſcurvy rain and wind. The ſecretary tells me he has put a cheat on me; for lord *Peterborow* ſent him twelve dozen flaſks of *Burgundy*, on condition that I ſhould have my ſhare; but he never was quiet till they were all gone, ſo I reckon he owes me thirty-ſix pound. Lord *Peterborow* is now got to *Vienna*, and I muſt write to him tomorrow. I begin now to be towards looking for a letter from ſome certain ladies of *Preſto*'s acquaintance, that live at *St. Mary*'s, and are called in a certain language our little *MD*. No, ſtay, I don't expect one theſe ſix days, that will be juſt three weeks; an't I a reaſonable creature? We are plagued here with an *October Club*, that is, a ſet of above a hundred parliament-men of the country, who drink *October* beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament, to conſult affairs, and drive things on to extreams againſt the *Whigs*, to call the old miniſtry to account, and get off five or ſix heads. The miniſtry ſeem not to regard them, yet one of them in confidence told me, that there muſt be ſomething

thought

thought on to ſettle things better. I'll tell you one great ſtate ſecret; The queen, ſenſible how much ſhe was governed by the late miniſtry, runs a little into t'other extream, and is jealous in that point, even of thoſe who got her out of the others hands. The miniſtry is for gentler meaſures, and the other *Tories* for more violent. Lord *Rivers*, talking to me the other day, curſed the paper called The *Examiner*, for ſpeaking civilly of the duke of *Marlborough*; this I happened to talk of to the ſecretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord and ſome others, and ſwore, that if their advice were followed, they would be blown up in twenty-four hours. And I have reaſon to think, that they will endeavour to prevail on the queen to put her affairs more in the hands of a miniſtry than ſhe does at preſent; and there are, I believe, two men thought on, one of them you have often met the name of in my letters. But ſo much for politicks.

19. This proved a terrible rainy day, which prevented my walk into the city, and I was only able to run and dine with my neighbour *Vanhomrigh*, where Sir *Andrew Fountain* dined too, who has juſt began to ſally

out, and has ſhipt his mother and ſiſter, who were his nurſes, back to the country. This evening was fair, and I walkt a little in the *Park*, till *Prior* made me go with him to the *Smyrna Coffee-houſe*, where I ſat a while, and ſaw four or five *Iriſh* perſons, who are very handſome genteel fellows, but I know not their names. I came away at ſeven, and got home. Two days ago I writ to *Bernage*, and told him what I had done, and directed the letter to Mr *Curry*'s to be left with *Dingley*. Brigadiers *Hill* and *Maſham*, brother and huſband to Mrs. *Maſham*, the queen's favourite, colonel *Diſney* and I have recommended *Bernage* to the duke of *Argyle*; and ſecretary *St. John* has given the duke my memorial; and beſides, *Hill* tells me, that *Bernage*'s colonel, *Fielding*, deſigns to make him his captain-lieutenant: but I believe I ſaid this to you before, and in this letter, but I will not look.

20. Morning. It ſnows terribly again, and 'tis miſtaken, for I now want a little good weather; I bid you good morrow, and if it clear up, get you gone to poor Mrs. *Walls*, who has had a hard time of it, but is now pretty well again; I am ſorry it is a girl; the poor archdeacon too, ſee how ſim-

ply he lookt when they told him: what did it coſt *Stella* to be goſſip? I'll riſe, ſo d'ye hear, let me ſee you at night, and don't ſtay late out, and catch cold, ſirrahs. — At night. It grew good weather, and I got a good walk, and dined with *Ford* upon his *Opera-day*; but now all his wine is gone, I ſhall dine with him no more. I hope to ſend this letter before I hear from *MD*, methinks there's — ſomething great in doing ſo, only I can't expreſs where it lies; and faith this ſhall go by *Saturday*, as ſure as you're a rogue. Mrs. *Edgworth* was to ſet out but laſt *Monday*, ſo you won't have your box ſo ſoon perhaps as this letter; but *Sterne* told me ſince, that it is ſafe at *Cheſter*, and that ſhe will take care of it. I'd give a guinea you had it.

21. Morning. Faith I hope it will be fair for me to walk into the city, for I take all occaſions of walking.—I ſhould be plaguy buſy at *Laracor* if I were there now, cutting down willows, planting others, ſcouring my canal, and every kind of thing. If *Raymond* goes over this ſummer, you muſt ſubmit, and make them a viſit, that we may have another eel and trout fiſhing; and that *Stella* may ride by and ſee *Preſto* in his

morning-gown in the garden, and ſo go up with *Joe* to the *Hill of Bree*, and round by *Scurlock's Town*; O Lord, how I remember names; faith it gives me ſhort ſighs: therefore no more of that if you love me. Good morrow, I'll go riſe like a gentleman, my pills ſay I muſt. —— At night. Lady *Kerry* ſent to deſire me to engage ſome lords about an affair ſhe has in their houſe here: I called to ſee her, but found ſhe had already engaged every lord I knew, and that there was no great difficulty in the matter, and it rained like a dog; ſo I took coach, for want of better exerciſe, and dined privately with a hang-dog in the city, and walkt back in the evening. The days are now long enough to walk in the *Park* after dinner; and ſo I do whenever it is fair. This walking is a ſtrange remedy; Mr. *Prior* walks to make himſelf fat, and I to bring myſelf down; he has generally a cough, which he only calls a cold: we often round the *Park* together. So I'll go ſleep.

22. It ſnowed all this morning prodigiouſly, and was ſome inches thick in three or four hours. I dined with Mr. *Lewis* of the ſecretary's office at his lodgings: the chairmen that carried me ſqueezed a great fellow

fellow againſt a wall, who wiſely turned his back, and broke one of the ſide glaſſes in a thouſand pieces. I fell a ſcolding, pretended I was like to be cut to pieces, and made them ſet down the chair in the *Park*, while they pickt out the bits of glaſſes; and when I paid them, I quarrelled ſtill, ſo they dared not grumble, and I came off for my fare; but I was plaguily afraid they would have ſaid, God bleſs your honour, won't you give us ſomething for our glaſs? *Lewis* and I were forming a project how I might get three or four hundred pounds, which I ſuppoſe may come to nothing. I hope *Smyth* has brought you your palſy drops; how does *Stella* do? I begin more and more to deſire to know. The three weeks ſince I had your laſt is over within two days, and I'll allow three for accidents.

23. The ſnow is gone every bit, except the remainder of ſome great balls made by the boys. Mr. *Sterne* was with me this morning about an affair he has before the treaſury. That drab Mrs. *Edgworth* is not yet ſet out, but will infallibly next *Monday*, and this is the third infallible *Monday*, and pox take her! So you will have this letter firſt; and this ſhall go to-morrow; and if I

have

have one from *MD* in that time, I will not anſwer it till my next; only I will ſay, Madam, I received your letter, and ſo, and ſo. I dined to-day with my miſtreſs *Butler*, who grows very diſagreeable.

24. Morning. This letter certainly goes this evening, ſure as you're alive, young women, and then you'll be ſo ſhamed that I have had none from you; and if I was to reckon like you, I would ſay, I were ſix letters before you, for this is *N.* 16. and I have had your *N.* 10. But I reckon you have received but fourteen and have ſent eleven. I think to go to day a miniſter-of-ſtate-hunting in the court of requeſts; for I have ſomething to ſay to Mr. *Harley*. And 'tis fine cold ſunſhiny weather; I wiſh dear *MD* would walk this morning in your *Stephen's-Green*: 'tis as good as our *Park*, but not ſo large *. Faith this *Summer* we'll take a coach for ſix-pence † to the *Green-Well*, the two walks, and thence all the way to *Stoite*'s §. My hearty ſervice to goody *Stoite*

* It is a meaſured mile round the outer wall; and far beyond any the fineſt *Square* in *London*.

† The common fare for a ſet-down in *Dublin*.

§ Mrs. *Stoite* lived at *Donnybrook*, the road to which from *Stephen's-Green* ran into the country about a mile from the *South-Eaſt* corner.

and

and *Catherine*, and I hope Mrs. *Walls* had a good time. How inconſtant I am? I can't imagine I was ever in love with her. Well, I'm going; what have you to ſay? *I don't care how I write now* ‡. I don't deſign to write on this ſide, theſe few lines are but ſo much more than your due, ſo I'll write *large* or ſmall as I pleaſe. Oh, faith, my hands are ſtarving in bed; I believe it is a hard froſt. I muſt riſe, and bid you good bye, for I'll ſeal this letter immediately, and carry it in my pocket, and put it into the poſt-office with my own fair hands. Farewel.

This letter is juſt a fortnight's journal today. Yes, and ſo it is, I'm ſure, ſays you, with your two eggs a penny.

There, There, There ‖.

O Lord, I am ſaying *There*, *There*, to myſelf in all our little keys: and now you talk of keys, that dog *Patrick* broke the key general of the cheſt of drawers with ſix locks, and I have been ſo plagued to get a new one, beſides my good two ſhillings.

‡ Thoſe words in *Italicks* are written in a very large hand, and ſo is the word in one of the next lines.

‖ In his Cypher way of writing to *Stella*, he writes the word *There*, *Lele*.

LETTER XVII.

London, Feb. 24, 1710-11.

NOW, young women, I gave in my ſixteenth this evening. I dined with *Ford*, it was his *Opera-day* as uſual; it is very convenient to me to do ſo, for coming home early after a walk in the *Park*, which now the days will allow. I called on the ſecretary at his office, and he had forgot to give the memorial about *Bernage* to the duke of *Argyle*; but two days ago I met the duke, who deſired I would give it him myſelf, which ſhould have more power with him than all the miniſtry together, as he proteſted ſolemnly, repeated it two or three times, and bid me count upon it. So that I verily believe *Bernage* will be in a very good way to eſtabliſh himſelf. I think I can do no more for him at preſent, and there's an end of that; and ſo get you gone to bed, for it is late.

25. The three weeks are out yeſterday ſince I had your laſt, and ſo now I will be expecting every day a pretty dear letter from my own *MD*, and hope to hear that *Stella* has been much better in her head and eyes; my

my head continues as it was, no fits, but a little diſorder every day, which I can eaſily bear, if it will not grow worſe. I dined to-day with Mr. ſecretary *St. John*, on condition I might chuſe my company, which were lord *Rivers*, lord *Carteret*, Sir *Thomas Manſel*, and Mr. *Lewis*; I invited *Maſham*, *Hill*, Sir *John Stanley*, and *George Granville*, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having ſuch bad company when I dined with him before; ſo we laughed, *&c.* And I ventured to go to church to-day, which I have not done this month before. Can you ſend me ſuch a good account of *Stella*'s health; pray now? Yes, I hope, and better too. We dined (ſays you) at the dean's, and played at cards till twelve, and there came in Mr. *French*, and Dr. *Travors*, and Dr. *Whittingham*, and Mr. (I forget his name, that I always tell Mrs. *Walls* of) the banker's ſon, a pox on him. And we were ſo merry; I vow they are pure good company. But I loſt a crown; for you muſt know I had always hands tempting me to go out, but never took in any thing, and often two black aces without a manilio; was not that hard, *Preſto?* Hold your tongue, *&c.*

26. I was this morning with Mr. ſecretary about ſome buſineſs, and he tells me, that colonel *Fielding* is now going to make *Bernage* his captain-lieutenant, that is, a captain by commiſſion, and the perquiſites of the company, but not captain's pay, only the firſt ſtep to it. I ſuppoſe he will like it, and the recommendation to the duke of *Argyle* goes on. And ſo trouble me no more about your *Bernage*; the jackanapes underſtands what fair ſolicitors he has got, I warrant you. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined, by invitation, with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*. You ſay they are of no conſequence: why, they keep as good female company as I do male; I ſee all the drabs of quality at this end of the town with them; I ſaw two lady *Bettys* there this afternoon, the beauty of one, the good breeding and nature of t'other, and the wit of neither *, would have made a fine woman. Rare walking in the *Park* now: why don't you walk in the *Green* of *St. Stephen?* The walks there are finer gravelled than the *Mall*. What beaſts the *Iriſh* women are, never to walk!

* *i. e.* without the wit of either.

27. *Dar-*

27. *Dartineuf* and I and little *Harriſon*, the new *Tatler*, and *Jervas* the painter, dined to-day with *James*, I know not his other name, but it is one of *Dartineuf*'s dining places, who is a true epicure. *James* is clerk of the kitchen to the queen, and has a little ſnug houſe at *St. James's*, and we had the queen's wine, and ſuch very fine victuals, that I could not eat it †.—Three weeks and three days ſince my laſt letter from *MD*, rare doings: why truly we were ſo buſy with poor Mrs. *Walls*, that indeed, *Preſto*, we could not write, we were afraid the poor woman would have died; and it pitied us to ſee the archdeacon, how concerned he was. The dean never came to ſee her but once; but now ſhe is up again, and we go and ſit with her in the evenings. The child died the next day after it was born, and I believe, between friends, ſhe is not very ſorry for it.—Indeed, *Preſto*, you are plaguy ſilly to-night, and han't gueſt one word right; for ſhe and the child are both well,

† There ſeems to be a falſe concord in this paſſage: however, as the word *Victuals* is a peculiar ſort of noun, which is never uſed in the ſingular number, but, like *food*, implies either one or more diſhes, the phraſe may be excuſed, whether *Swift* had any authority to back him or not.

and

and it is a fine girl, likely to live; and the dean was godfather, and Mrs. *Catherine* and I were godmothers; I was going to ſay *Stoite*, but I think I have heard they don't put maids and married women together; though I know not why I think ſo, nor I don't care; what care I? but I muſt prate, *&c.*

28. I walked to-day into the city for my health, and there dined, which I always do when the weather is fair, and buſineſs permits, that I may be under a neceſſity of taking a good walk, which is the beſt thing I can do at preſent for my health. Some bookſeller has raked up every thing I writ, and publiſhed it t'other day in one volume; but I know nothing of it, 'twas without my knowlege or conſent: it makes a four ſhilling book, and is called *Miſcellanies in Proſe and Verſe*. *Tooke* pretends he knows nothing of it, but I doubt he is at the bottom. One muſt have patience with theſe things; the beſt of it is, I ſhall be plagued no more. However, I'll bring a couple of them over with me for *MD*, perhaps you may deſire to ſee them. I hear they ſell mightily.

March 1. Morning. I have been calling to *Patrick* to look in his *Almanack* for the day

day of the month; I did not know but it might be *Leap-year*. The *Almanack* ſays 'tis the third after *Leap-year*, and I always thought till now, that every third year was *Leap-year*. I'm glad they come ſo ſeldom; but I'm ſure 'twas otherwiſe when I was a young man; I ſee times are mightily changed ſince then. — Write to me, ſirrahs, be ſure do by the time this ſide is done, and I'll keep t'other ſide for the anſwer: ſo I'll go write to the biſhop of *Clogher*; good morrow, ſirrahs. —— Night. I dined to-day at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*'s, being a rainy day, and lady *Betty Butler* knowing it, ſent to let me know ſhe expected my company in the evening, where the *Vans* (ſo we call them) were to be. The ducheſs and they do not go over this ſummer with the duke; ſo I go to bed.

2. This rainy weather undoes me in coaches and chairs. I was traipſing to-day with your Mr. *Sterne*, to go along with them to *Moor*, and recommend his buſineſs to the treaſury. *Sterne* tells me his dependence is wholly on me; but I have abſolutely refuſed to recommend it to Mr. *Harley*, becauſe I have troubled him lately ſo much with other folks affairs; and beſides, to tell the truth,

Mr. *Harley* told me he did not like *Sterne*'s buſineſs; however, I will ſerve him, becauſe I ſuppoſe *MD* would have me. But in ſaying his dependence lies wholly on me, he lies, and is a fool. I dined with lord *Abercorn*, whoſe ſon *Peaſley* will be married at *Eaſter* to ten thouſand pounds.

3. I forgot to tell you that yeſterday morning I was at Mr. *Harley*'s levee: he ſwore I came in ſpight, to ſee him among a parcel of fools. My buſineſs was to deſire I might let the duke of *Ormond* know how the affair ſtood of the *Firſt-Fruits*. He promiſed to let him know it, and engaged me to dine with him to-day. Every *Saturday* lord keeper, ſecretary *St. John*, and I dine with him, and ſometimes lord *Rivers*, and they let in none elſe. *Patrick* brought me ſome letters into the *Park*; among which one was from *Walls*, and t'other, yes faith, t'other was from our little *MD*, *N.* 11. I read the reſt in the *Park*, and *MD*'s in a chair as I went from *St. James's* to Mr. *Harley*, and glad enough I was faith to read it, and ſee all right: Oh, but I won't anſwer it theſe three or four days, at leaſt, or may be ſooner. An't I ſilly? Faith your letters would make a dog ſilly, if I had a dog to be ſilly, but it

muſt

muſt be a little dog.—I ſtaid with Mr *Harley* till paſt nine, where we had much diſcourſe together after the reſt were gone; and I gave him very truly my opinion where he deſired it. He complained he was not very well, and has engaged me to dine with him again on *Monday*. So I came home afoot, like a fine gentleman, to tell you all this.

4. I dined to-day with Mr. ſecretary *St. John*; and after dinner he had a note from Mr. *Harley*, that he was much out of order; pray God preſerve his health, every thing depends upon it. The *Parliament* at preſent cannot go a ſtep without him, nor the queen neither. I long to be in *Ireland*; but the miniſtry beg me to ſtay: however, when this parliament lurry is over, I will endeavour to ſteal away; by which time I hope the *Firſt-Fruit* buſineſs will be done. This kingdom is certainly ruined as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We muſt have *Peace*, let it be a bad or a good one, though no-body dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worſe I like them. I believe the confederacy will ſoon break to pieces; and our factions at home increaſe. The miniſtry is upon a very narrow bot-

tom, and ſtand like an *Iſthmus* between the *Whigs* on one ſide, and violent *Tories* † on the other. They are able ſeamen, but the tempeſt is too great, the ſhip too rotten, and the crew all againſt them. Lord *Somers* has been twice in the queen's cloſet, once very lately; and your ducheſs of *Somerſet*, who now has the key, is a moſt inſinuating woman, and I believe they will endeavour to play the ſame game that has been played againſt them.—I have told them of all this, which they know already, but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the queen ſo much againſt being governed, that ſhe obſerves it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon theſe things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but obſerve, that lately, after much converſation with Mr. *Harley*, though he is the moſt fearleſs man alive, and the leaſt apt to deſpond, he confeſſed to me, that uttering his mind to me gave him eaſe.

5. Mr. *Harley* continues out of order, yet his affairs force him abroad: he is ſubject to a ſore throat, and was cupped laſt night: I ſent and called two or three times. I hear

† The *October Club*.

he

he is better this evening. I dined to-day in the city with Dr. *Freind* at a third body's houſe, where I was to paſs for ſome body elſe, and there was a plaguy ſilly jeſt carried on, that made me ſick of it. Our weather grows fine, and I will walk like camomile. And pray walk you to your dean's, or your *Stoyte*'s, or your *Manley*'s, or your *Walls'*. But your new lodgings make you ſo proud, you'll walk leſs than ever. Come, let me go to bed, ſirrahs.

6. Mr. *Harley*'s going out yeſterday has put him a little backwards. I called twice, and ſent, for I am in pain for him. *Ford* caught me, and made me dine with him on his *Opera-day*; ſo I brought Mr. *Lewis* with me, and ſat with him till ſix. I have not ſeen Mr. *Addiſon* theſe three weeks; all our friendſhip is over. I go to no *Coffee-houſe*. I preſented a parſon of the biſhop of *Clogher*'s, one *Richardſon*, to the duke of *Ormond* to-day: he is tranſlating prayers and ſermons into *Iriſh*, and has a project about inſtructing the *Iriſh* in the proteſtant religion.

7. Morning. Faith, a little would make me, I could find in my heart, if it were not for one thing, I have a good mind, if I

had not ſomething elſe to do, I would anſwer your dear ſaucy letter. O Lord, I am going awry with writing in bed. O faith, but I muſt anſwer it, or I ſhan't have room, for it muſt go on *Saturday*; and don't think I'll fill the third ſide, I an't come to that yet, young women. Well then, as for your *Bernage*, I have ſaid enough: I writ to him laſt week.—Turn over that leaf. Now, what ſays *MD* to the world to come? I tell you, madam *Stella*, my head is a great deal better, and I hope will keep ſo. How came yours to be fifteen days coming, and you had my fifteenth in ſeven? Anſwer me that, rogues. Your being with goody *Walls* is excuſe enough: I find I was miſtaken in the ſex, 'tis a boy. Yes, I underſtand your cypher, and *Stella* gueſſes right, as ſhe always does. He † gave me al bſadnuk lboinlpl dfaonr ufainfbtoy dpionufnad ‡, which I ſent him again by Mr. *Lewis*, to whom I writ a very complaining letter that was ſhewed him; and ſo the matter ended. He told me he had a quarrel with me; I ſaid I had another with him, and we returned to our friendſhip, and I ſhould think he loves

† Mr. *Harley*.
‡ A bank note for fifty pounds.

Bill me

me as well as a great miniſter can love a man in ſo ſhort a time. Did not I do right? I am glad at heart you have got your palſey-water; pray God Almighty it may do my deareſt little *Stella* good. I ſuppoſe Mrs. *Edgworth* ſet out laſt *Monday* ſe'nnight. Yes, I do read the *Examiners*, and they are written very finely, as you judge §. I do not think they are too ſevere on the duke; they only tax him of avarice, and his avarice has ruined us. You may count upon all things in them to be true. The author has ſaid, It is not *Prior*; but perhaps it may be *Atterbury*.—Now, madam *Dingley*, ſays ſhe, 'tis fine weather, ſays ſhe; yes, ſays ſhe, and we have got to our new lodgings. I compute you ought to ſave eight pounds by being in the others five months; and you have no more done it than eight thouſand. I am glad you are rid of that ſquinting, blinking *Frenchman*. I will give you a bill on *Parviſol* for five pound for the half year. And muſt I go on at four ſhillings a week, and neither eat nor drink for it? Who the D— ſaid *Atterbury* and your dean were alike?

§ Even to his beloved *Stella* he had not acknowledged himſelf, at this time, to be the author of the *Examiner*.

I never ſaw your chancellor, nor his chaplain. The latter has a good deal of learning, and is a well-wiſher to be an author: your chancellor is an excellent man. As for *Patrick*'s bird, he bought him for his tameneſs, and is grown the wildeſt I ever ſaw. His wings have been quilled thrice, and are now up again: he will be able to fly after us to *Ireland*, if he be willing.—Yes, Mrs. *Stella*, *Dingley* writes more like *Preſto* than you; for all you ſuperſcribed the letter, as who ſhould ſay, Why ſhould not I write like our *Preſto* as well as *Dingley*? You with your aukward SS^{s}; can't you write them thus, SS? No, but always SSS †. Spiteful ſluts, to affront *Preſto*'s writing; as that when you ſhut your eyes you write moſt like *Preſto*. I know the time when I did not write to you half ſo plain as I do now; but I take pity on you both. I am very much concerned for Mrs. *Walls*'s eyes. *Walls* ſays nothing of it to me in his letter dated after yours. You ſay, If ſhe recovers ſhe may loſe her ſight. I hope ſhe is in no danger of her life. Yes, *Ford* is as ſober as I

† Print cannot do juſtice to whims of this kind, as they depend wholly upon the aukward ſhape of the letters.

pleaſe: I uſe him to walk with me as an eaſy companion, always ready for what I pleaſe, when I am weary of buſineſs and miniſters. I don't go to a *Coffee-houſe* twice a month. I am very regular in going to ſleep before eleven.——And ſo you ſay that *Stella*'s a pretty girl; and ſo ſhe be, and methinks I ſee her juſt now as handſome as the day's long. Do you know what? when I am writing in our language ‡ I make up my mouth juſt as if I was ſpeaking it. I caught myſelf at it juſt now. And I ſuppoſe *Dingley* is ſo fair and ſo freſh as a laſs in *May*, and has her health, and no ſpleen.—In your account you ſent do you reckon as uſual from the 1ſt of *November* was twelvemonth? Poor *Stella*, won't *Dingley* leave her a little day-light to write to *Preſto?* Well, well, we'll have day-light ſhortly, ſpight of her teeth; and zoo § muſt cly Lele, and Hele, and

‡ This refers to that ſtrange ſpelling, *&c.* which abounds in theſe journals; but which could be no entertainment to the reader.

§ Here is juſt one ſpecimen given of his way of writing to *Stella* in theſe journals. The reader, I hope, will excuſe my omitting it in all other places where it occurs. The meaning of this pretty language is; "And you muſt cry There, and Here, and Here again. "Muſt you imitate *Preſto*, pray? Yes, and ſo you ſhall. "And ſo there's for your letter. Good morrow."

Hele

Hele aden. Muſt loo mimitate *pdfr*, pay? Iſs, and ſo la ſhall. And ſo leles fol ee rettle. Dood mollow.—At night. Mrs. *Barton* ſent this morning to invite me to dinner; and there I dined, juſt in that genteel manner that *MD* uſed when they would treat ſome better ſort of body than uſual.

8. O dear *MD*, my heart is almoſt broken. You will hear the thing before this comes to you. I writ a full account of it this night to the archbiſhop of *Dublin*; and the dean may tell you the particulars from the archbiſhop. I was in a ſorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to ſend a true account of the fact; for you will hear a thouſand lying circumſtances. 'Tis of Mr. *Harley*'s being ſtabbed this afternoon at three o'clock at a committee of the council. I was playing lady *Catherine Morris*'s cards, where I dined, when young *Arundel* came in with the ſtory. I ran away immediately to the ſecretary, which was in my way: no one was at home. I met Mrs. *St. John* in her chair; ſhe had heard it imperfectly. I took a chair to Mr. *Harley*, who was aſleep, and they hope in no danger; but he has been out of order, and was ſo when he came abroad to-day, and it may

put

put him in a fever: I am in mortal pain for him. That deſperate *French* villain, marquis de *Guiſcard*, ſtabbed Mr. *Harley*. *Guiſcard* was taken up by Mr. ſecretary *St. John*'s warrant for high treaſon, and brought before the lords to be examined; there he ſtabbed Mr. *Harley*. I have told all the particulars already to the archbiſhop. I have now at nine ſent again, and they tell me he is in a fair way. Pray pardon my diſtraction; I now think of all his kindneſs to me.—The poor creature now lies ſtabbed in his bed by a deſperate *French* popiſh villain. Good night, and God preſerve you both, and pity me; I want it.

9. Morning; ſeven, in bed. *Patrick* is juſt come from Mr. *Harley*'s. He ſlept well till four; the ſurgeon ſat up with him: he is aſleep again: he felt a pain in his wound when he waked: they apprehend him in no danger. This account the ſurgeon left with the porter, to tell people that ſend. Pray God preſerve him. I am riſing and going to Mr. ſecretary *St. John*. They ſay *Guiſcard* will die with the wounds Mr. *St. John* and the reſt gave him. I ſhall tell you more at night.—Night. Mr. *Harley* ſtill continues on the mending hand; but he reſted

reſted ill laſt night, and felt pain. I was early with the ſecretary this morning, and I dined with him, and he told me ſeveral particularities of this accident, too long to relate now. Mr. *Harley* is ſtill mending this evening, but not at all out of danger; and till then I can have no peace. Good night, *&c.* and pity *Preſto.*

10. Mr. *Harley* was reſtleſs laſt night; but he has no fever, and the hopes of his mending increaſe. I had a letter from Mr. *Walls*, and one from Mr. *Bernage*. I will anſwer them here, not having time to write. Mr. *Walls* writes about three things. Firſt, about a hundred pounds from Dr. *Raymond*, of which I hear nothing, and 'tis now too late. Secondly, about Mr. *Clements*: I can do nothing in it, becauſe I am not to mention Mr. *Pratt*; and I cannot recommend without knowing Mr. *Pratt*'s objections, whoſe relation *Clements* is, and who brought him into the place. The third is about my being godfather to the child: that is in my power, and (ſince there is no remedy) will ſubmit. I wiſh you could hinder it; but if it can't be helped, pay what you think proper, and get the provoſt to ſtand for me, and let his chriſtian name

be

be *Harley*, in honour to my friend, now lying ſtabbed and doubtful of his life. As for *Bernage*, he writes me word, that his colonel has offered to make him captain-lieutenant for a hundred pounds. He was ſuch a fool to offer him money without writing to me till it was done, though I have had a dozen letters from him; and then he deſires I would ſay nothing of this, for fear his colonel ſhould be angry. People are mad. What can I do? I engaged colonel *Diſney*, who was one of his ſolicitors to the ſecretary, and then told him the ſtory. He aſſured me, that *Fielding* (*Bernage*'s colonel) ſaid he might have got that ſum; but on account of thoſe great recommendations he had, would give it him for nothing: and I would have *Bernage* write him a letter of thanks, as of a thing given him for nothing, upon recommendations, *&c.* *Diſney* tells me he will again ſpeak to *Fielding*, and clear up this matter; and then I will write to *Bernage*. A pox on him for promiſing money till I had it promiſed to me, and then making it ſuch a tickliſh point, that one cannot expoſtulate with the colonel upon it: but let him do as I ſay, and there's an end. I engaged the ſecretary of

ſtate in it; and am ſure it was meant a kindneſs to me, and that no money ſhould be given, and a hundred pounds is too much in a *Smithfield* bargain, as a major-general told me, whoſe opinion I aſked. I am now hurried, and can ſay no more. Farewel, *&c. &c.*

How ſhall I ſuperſcribe to your new lodgings, pray madams? Tell me but that, impudence and ſaucy-face.

An't you ſauceboxes to write lele [i. e. *there*] like *Preſto?*

O poor *Preſto!*

Mr. *Harley* is better to-night, that makes me ſo pert, you ſaucy *Gog* and *Magog*.

LETTER XIV.

London, March 10, 1710-11.

PRETTY little *MD* muſt expect little from me till Mr. *Harley* is out of danger. We hope he is ſo now; but I am ſubject to fear for my friends. He has a head full of the whole buſineſs of the nation, was out of order when the villain ſtabbed him, and had a cruel contuſion by the ſecond blow. But all goes on well yet. Mr. *Ford* and I dined with Mr. *Lewis*, and we hope the beſt.

11. This morning Mr. ſecretary and I met at *Court*, where he went to the queen, who is out of order and aguiſh: I doubt the worſe for this accident to Mr. *Harley*. We went together to his houſe, and his wound looks well, and he is not feveriſh at all, and I think it is fooliſh in me to be ſo much in pain as I am. I had the penknife in my hand, which is broken within a quarter of an inch of the handle. I have a mind to write and publiſh an account of all the particularities of this fact: it will be very curious, and I would do it when Mr. *Harley* is paſt danger.

12. We have been in terrible pain to-day about Mr. *Harley*, who never ſlept laſt night, and has been very feveriſh. But this evening I called there, and young Mr. *Harley* (his only ſon) tells me he is now much better, and was then aſleep. They let nobody ſee him, and that is perfectly right. The *parliament* cannot go on till he is well, and are forced to adjourn their money buſineſſes, which none but he can help them in. Pray God preſerve him.

13. Mr. *Harley* is better to-day, ſlept well all night, and we are a little out of our fears. I ſend and call three or four times every day. I went into the city for a walk, and dined there with a private man; and coming home this evening broke my ſhin in the *Strand* over a tub of ſand left juſt in the way. I got home dirty enough, and went ſtraight to bed, where I have been cooking it with gold-beaters ſkin, and have been peeviſh enough with *Patrick*, who was near an hour bringing a rag from next door. It is my right ſhin, where never any humour fell when t'other uſed to ſwell; ſo I apprehend it leſs: however I ſhall not ſtir till 'tis well, which I reckon will be in a week. I am very careful in theſe ſort of things; but

I wiſh

I wiſh I had Mrs. *J*——*s* water: ſhe is out of town, and I muſt make a ſhift with allum. I will dine with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh* till I am well, who lives but five doors off; and that I may venture.

14. My journals are like to be very diverting, now I cannot ſtir abroad, between accounts of Mr. *Harley*'s mending, and of my broken ſhin. I juſt walkt to my neighbour *Vanhomrigh* at two, and came away at ſix, when little *Harriſon* the *Tatler* came to me, and begged me to dictate a paper to him, which I was forced in charity to do. Mr. *Harley* ſtill mends; and I hope in a day or two to trouble you no more with him, nor with my ſhin. Go to bed and ſleep, ſirrahs, that you may riſe to-morrow and walk to *Donnybrook*, and loſe your money with *Stoite* and the dean; do ſo, dear little rogues, and drink *Preſto*'s health. O, pray, don't you drink *Preſto*'s health ſometimes with your deans, and your *Stoites*, and your *Walls*, and your *Manleys*, and your every body's, pray now? I drink *MD*'s to myſelf a hundred thouſand times.

15. I was this morning at Mr. ſecretary *St. John*'s for all my ſhin, and he has given me for young *Harriſon*, the *Tatler*, the

prettieſt employment in *Europe*; ſecretary to my lord *Raby*, who is to be ambaſſador extraordinary at the *Hague*, where all the great affairs will be concerted; ſo we ſhall loſe the *Tatlers* in a fortnight. I will ſend *Harriſon* to-morrow morning to thank the ſecretary. Poor *Biddy Floyd* has got the ſmall-pox. I called this morning to ſee lady *Betty Germain*; and when ſhe told me ſo, I fairly took my leave. I have the luck of it *; for about ten days ago I was to ſee lord *Carteret*; and my lady was entertaining me with telling of a young lady, a couſin, who was then ill in the houſe of the ſmall-pox, and is ſince dead: it was near lady *Betty*'s, and I fancy *Biddy* took the fright by it. I dined with Mr. ſecretary, and a phyſician came in juſt from *Guiſcard*, who tells us he is dying of his wounds, and can hardly live till to-morrow. A poor wench that *Guiſcard* kept, ſent him a bottle of ſack; but the keeper would not let him touch it, for fear it was poiſon. He had two quarts of old clotted blood come out of his ſide to-day, and is delirious. I am ſorry he is dying; for they had found out a way

* Dr. *Swift* never had the ſmall-pox.

to hang him. He certainly had an intention to murder the queen.

16. I have made but little progreſs in this letter for ſo many days, thanks to *Guiſcard* and Mr. *Harley*; and it would be endleſs to tell you all the particulars of that odious fact. I do not yet hear that *Guiſcard* is dead, but they ſay 'tis impoſſible he ſhould recover. I walkt too much yeſterday for a man with a broken ſhin; to-day I reſted, and went no further than Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*'s, where I dined; and lady *Betty Butler* coming in about ſix, I was forced in good manners to ſit with her till nine; then I came home, and Mr. *Ford* came in to viſit my ſhin, and ſat with me till eleven: ſo I have been very idle and naughty. It vexes me to the pluck that I ſhould loſe walking this delicious day. Have you ſeen the *Spectator* yet, a paper that comes out every day? 'Tis written by Mr. *Steele*, who ſeems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the ſame nature as his *Tatlers*, and they have all of them had ſomething pretty. I believe *Addiſon* and he club. I never ſee them; and I plainly told Mr. *Harley* and Mr. *St. John*, ten days ago, before my lord keeper and lord *Rivers*,

that I had been fooliſh enough to ſpend my credit with them in favour of *Addiſon* and *Steele*; but that I would engage and promiſe never to ſay one word in their behalf, having been uſed ſo ill for what I had already done.—So, now I am got into the way of prating again, there will be no quiet for me. When *Preſto* begins to prate, Give him a rap upon the pate.—O Lord, how I blot; 'tis time to leave off, *&c.*

17. *Guiſcard* died this morning at two, and the coroner's inqueſt have found that he was killed by bruiſes received from a meſſenger, ſo to clear the cabinet counſellors from whom he received his wounds. I had a letter from *Raymond*, who cannot hear of your box; but I hope you have it before this comes to your hands. I dined to-day with Mr. *Lewis* of the ſecretary's office. Mr. *Harley* has abundance of extravaſated blood comes from his breaſt out of his wound, and will not be well ſo ſoon as we expected. I had ſomething to ſay, but cannot call it to mind (What was it?)

18. I was to-day at *Court* to look for the duke of *Argyle*, and give him the memorial about *Bernage*. The duke goes with the firſt fair wind: I could not find him, but

I have

I have given the memorial to another to give him; and, however, it ſhall be ſent after him. *Bernage* has made a blunder in offering money to his colonel without my advice; however he is made captain lieutenant, only he muſt recruit the company, which will coſt him forty pounds, and that is cheaper than a hundred. I dined to-day with Mr. ſecretary *St. John*, and ſtaid till ſeven, but would not drink his *Champaign* and *Burgundy*, for fear of the gout. My ſhin mends, but is not well. I hope it will by the time I ſend this letter, next *Saturday*.

19. I went to-day into the city, but in a coach, and ſoſſed up my leg on the ſeat; and as I came home I went to ſee poor *Charles Barnard*'s books, which are to be ſold by auction, and I itch to lay out nine or ten pounds for ſome fine editions of fine authors. But 'tis too far, and I ſhall let it ſlip, as I uſually do all ſuch opportunities. I dined in a *Coffee-houſe* with *Stratford* upon chops, and ſome of his wine. Where did *MD* dine? Why, poor *MD* dined at home to-day, becauſe of the archbiſhop, and they could not go abroad, and had a breaſt of mutton and a pint of wine. I hope Mrs. *Walls* mends; and pray give me an account

what ſort of godfather I made, and whether I behaved myſelf handſomely. The duke of *Argyle* is gone; and whether he has my memorial, I know not, till I ſee Dr. *Arbuthnott* *, to whom I gave it. That hard name belongs to a *Scotch* doctor, an acquaintance of the duke's and me; *Stella* can't pronounce it. Oh, that we were at *Laracor* this fine day! the willows begin to peep, and the quicks to bud. My dream's out: I was a-dreamed laſt night that I eat ripe cherries.—And now they begin to catch the pikes, and will ſhortly the trouts (pox on theſe miniſters), and I would fain know whether the floods were ever ſo high as to get over the holly bank or the river walk; if ſo, then all my pikes are gone; but I hope not. Why don't you aſk *Parviſol* theſe things, ſirrahs? And then my canal, and trouts, and whether the bottom be fine and clear? But hearkee, ought not *Parviſol* to pay in my laſt year's rents and arrears out of his hands? I am thinking, if either of you have heads to take his accounts, it

* It is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that *Swift*'s acquaintance with *Arbuthnott* commenced juſt about this time; for in the original letter *Swift* miſpels his name, and writes it *Arthburthnet*, in a clear large hand, that *MD* might not miſtake any of the letters.

ſhould be paid in to you ; otherwiſe to Mr. *Walls*. I will write an order on t'other ſide ; and do as you will. Here's a world of buſineſs ; but I muſt go ſleep, I'm drowſy ; and ſo good night, *&c.*

20. This ſore ſhin ruins me in coach hire ; no leſs than two ſhillings to-day going and coming from the city, where I dined with one you never heard of, and paſſed an inſipid day. I writ this poſt to *Bernage*, with the account I told you above. I hope he will like it ; 'tis his own fault, or it would have been better. I reckon your next letter will be full of Mr. *Harley*'s ſtabbing. He ſtill mends, but abundance of extravaſated blood has come out of the wound : he keeps his bed, and ſees nobody. The ſpeaker's eldeſt ſon is juſt dead of the ſmall-pox, and the houſe is adjourned a week, to give him time to wipe off his tears. I think it very handſomely done ; but I believe one reaſon is, that they want Mr. *Harley* ſo much. *Biddy Floyd* is like to do well : and ſo go to your dean's, and roaſt his oranges, and loſe your money, do ſo, you ſaucy ſluts. *Stella*, you loſt three ſhillings and four pence t'other night at *Stoite*'s, yes, you did, and *Preſto* ſtood in a corner, and ſaw you all the while, and

then ſtole away. I dream very often I am in *Ireland*, and that I have left my cloaths and things behind me, and have not taken leave of any body; and that the miniſtry expect me to-morrow, and ſuch nonſenſe.

21. I would not for a guinea have a letter from you till this goes; and go it ſhall on *Saturday*, faith. I dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, to ſave my ſhin, and then went on ſome buſineſs to the ſecretary, and he was not at home.

22. Yeſterday was a ſhort day's journal: but what care I? what cares ſaucy *Preſto? Darteneuf* invited me to dinner to-day. Don't you know *Darteneuf?* That's the man that knows every thing, and that every body knows; and that knows where a knot of rabble are going on a holiday, and when they were there laſt: and then I went to the *Coffee-houſe*. My ſhin mends, but is not quite healed: I ought to keep it up, but I don't; I e'en let it go as it comes. Pox take *Parviſol* and his watch. If I do not receive the ten pound bill I am to get towards it, I will neither receive watch nor chain; ſo let *Parviſol* know.

23. I this day appointed the duke of *Ormond* to meet him at *Ned Southwell*'s, about

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an affair of printing *Iriſh Prayer-Books, &c.* but the duke never came. There *Southwell* had letters that two pacquets are taken; ſo if *MD* writ then, the letters are gone; for they were pacquets coming here. Mr. *Harley* is not yet well, but his extravaſated blood continues, and I doubt he will not be quite well in a good while: I find you have heard of the fact, by *Southwell*'s letters from *Ireland:* What do you think of it? I dined with Sir *John Percival*, and ſaw his lady ſitting in the bed, in the forms of a lying-in woman; and coming home my ſore ſhin itched, and I forgot what it was, and rubbed off the ſ—b, and blood came; but I am now got into bed, and have put on allum curd, and it is almoſt well. Lord *Rivers* told me yeſterday a piece of bad news, as a ſecret, that the Pretender is going to be married to the duke of *Savoy*'s daughter. 'Tis very bad, if it be true. We were walking in the *Mall* with ſome *Scotch* lords, and he could not tell it until they were gone, and he bade me tell it to none but the ſecretary of ſtate and *MD*. This goes to-morrow, and I have no room but to bid my deareſt little *MD* good night.

24. I will now ſeal up this letter, and ſend it; for I reckon to have none from you ('tis morning now) between this and night; and I will put it in the poſt with my own hands. I am going out in great haſte; ſo farewel, *&c.*

LETTER XIX.

London, March 24, 1710-11.

IT was a little croſs in *Preſto* not to ſend to-day to the *Coffee-houſe* to ſee whether there was a letter from *MD* before I ſent away mine; but faith I did it on purpoſe, becauſe I would ſcorn to anſwer two letters of yours ſucceſſively. This way of journal is the worſt in the world for writing of news, unleſs one does it the laſt day; and ſo I will obſerve henceforward, if there be any politicks or ſtuff worth ſending. My ſhin mends in ſpite of the ſcratching laſt night. I dined to-day at *Ned Southwell*'s with the biſhop of *Oſſory* and a parcel of *Iriſh* gentlemen. Have you yet ſeen any of the *Spectators?* Juſt three weeks to-day ſince I had your laſt, *N.* 11. I am afraid I have loſt one by the pacquet that was taken; that will vex me, conſidering the pains *MD* take

to write, eſpecially poor pretty *Stella*, and her weak eyes, God bleſs them and the owner, and ſend them well, and little me together, I hope ere long. This illneſs of Mr. *Harley* puts every thing backwards, and he is ſtill down, and like to be ſo, by that extravaſated blood which comes from his breaſt to the wound: it was by the ſecond blow *Guiſcard* gave him after the penknife was broken. I am ſhocked at that villainy whenever I think of it. *Biddy Floyd* is paſt danger, but will loſe all her beauty: ſhe had them mighty thick, eſpecially about her noſe.

25. Morning. I wiſh you a merry *New-year*; this is the firſt day of the year, you know, with us, and 'tis *Lady-day*. I muſt riſe and go to my lord keeper: it is not ſhaving-day to-day, ſo I ſhall be early. I am to dine with Mr. ſecretary *St. John*. Good morrow, my miſtreſſes both, good morrow. *Stella* will be peeping out of her room at Mrs. *de Caudres'* down upon the folks as they come from church *; and there comes Mrs. *Proby*, and that's my lady *Southwell*, and there's lady *Betty Roch-*

* *MD*'s lodgings were exactly oppoſite to *St. Mary's Church*.

fort.

fort. I long to hear how you are ſettled in your new lodgings. I wiſh I were rid of my old ones, and that Mrs. *Brent* could contrive to put up my books in boxes, and lodge them in ſome ſafe place, and you keep my papers of importance. But I muſt riſe, I tell you.—At night. So I viſited and dined as I told you, and what of that? We have let *Guiſcard* be buried at laſt, after ſhewing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for two pence apiece: and the fellow that ſhewed would point to his body, and, See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him by his grace the duke of *Ormond*; and this is the wound, *&c.* and then the ſhow was over, and another ſet of rabble came in. 'Tis hard that our laws would not ſuffer us to hang his body in chains, becauſe he was not tried; and in the eye of our law every man is innocent till then.—Mr. *Harley* is ſtill very weak, and never out of bed.

26. This was a moſt delicious day; and my ſhin being paſt danger, I walkt like lightning above two hours in the *Park*. We have generally one fair day, and then a great deal of rain for three or four days together. All things are at a ſtop in parliament for want of Mr. *Harley*; they cannot ſtir an inch

inch without him in their moſt material affairs: and we fear by the caprice of *Radcliffe*, who will admit none but his own ſurgeon, he has not been well lookt after. I dined at an alehouſe with Mr. *Lewis*, but had his wine. Don't you begin to ſee the flowers and bloſſoms of the field? How buſy ſhould I be now at *Laracor?* No news of your box? I hope you have it, and are this minute drinking the chocolate, and that the ſmell of the *Brazil* tobacco has not affected it. I would be glad to know whether you like it, becauſe I would ſend you more by people that are now every day thinking of going to *Ireland*; therefore pray tell me, and tell me ſoon: and I will have the ſtrong box.

27. A rainy wretched ſcurvy day from morning till night: and my neighbour *Vanhomrigh* invited me to dine with them: and this evening I paſſed at Mr. *Prior*'s with Dr. *Freind*; and 'tis now paſt twelve, ſo I muſt go ſleep.

28. Morning. Oh faith, you're an impudent ſaucy couple of ſluttekins for preſuming to write ſo ſoon, ſaid I to myſelf this morning; who knows but there may be a letter from *MD* at the *Coffee-houſe?* Well, you muſt

muſt know, and ſo, I juſt now ſent *Patrick*, and he brought me three letters, but not one from *MD*, no indeed, for I read all the ſuperſcriptions; and not one from *MD*. One I opened, it was from the archbiſhop; t'other I opened, it was from *Staunton*; the third I took, and lookt at the hand. Whoſe hand is this? ſays I; yes, ſays I, whoſe hand is this? Then there was wax between the folds; then I began to ſuſpect; then I peeped; faith, it was *Walls*'s hand after all: then I opened it in a rage, and then it was little *MD*'s hand, dear, little, pretty, charming *MD*'s ſweet hand again. O Lord, en't here a clutter and a ſtir, and a buſtle, never ſaw the like. Faith, I believe yours lay ſome days at the poſt-office, and that it came before my eighteenth went, but that I did not expect it, and I hardly ever go there. Well, and ſo you think I'll anſwer this letter now; no faith, and ſo I won't. I'll make you wait, young women; but I'll enquire immediately about poor *Dingley*'s exchequer trangum *. What, is that *Vedel* again a ſoldier? Was he broke? I'll put it in *Ben Tooke*'s hand. I hope *Vedel*

* He muſt mean an exchequer tally.

could

could not ſell it.—At night. *Vedel, Vedel*, poh, pox, I think it is *Vedeau*; aye, *Vedeau*, now I have it; let me ſee, do you name him in yours? Yes, Mr. *John Vedeau* is the brother; but where does this brother live? I'll enquire. This was a faſt-day for the publick; ſo I dined late with Sir *Matthew Dudley*, whom I have not been with a great while. He is one of thoſe that muſt loſe his employment whenever the great ſhake comes; and I can't contribute to keep him in, though I have dropt words in his favour to the miniſtry; but he has been too violent a *Whig*, and friend to the lord-treaſurer †, to ſtay in. 'Tis odd to think how long they let thoſe people keep their places; but the reaſon is, they have not enough to ſatisfy all expecters, and ſo they keep them all in hopes, that they may be good boys in the mean time; and thus the old ones hold in ſtill. The comptroller told me, that there are eight people expect his ſtaff. I walkt after dinner to-day round the *Park*. What, do I write politicks to little young women? Hold your tongue, and go to your dean's.

29. Morning. If this be a fine day I will walk into the city, and ſee *Charles Bar-*

† Earl of *Godolphin*.

nard's

nard's library. What care I for your letter, your ſaucy *N.* 12? I will ſay nothing to it yet: faith, I believe this will be full before its time, and then go it muſt. I will always write once a fortnight; and if it goes ſooner by filling ſooner, why then there is ſo much clear gain. Morrow, morrow, rogues and laſſes both, I can't lie ſcribbling here in bed for your play; I muſt riſe, and ſo morrow again.—At night. Your friend *Montgomery* and his ſiſter are here, as I am told by *Patrick:* I have ſeen him often, but take no notice of him: he is grown very ugly and pimpled. They tell me he is a gameſter, and wins money.—How could I help it, pray? *Patrick* ſnufft the candle too ſhort, and the greaſe ran down upon the paper †. It en't my fault, 'tis *Patrick*'s fault; pray now don't blame *Preſto.* I walkt to-day in the city, and dined at a private houſe, and went to ſee the auction of poor *Charles Barnard*'s books; they were in the middle of the phyſick books, ſo I bought none; and they are ſo dear, I believe I ſhall buy none, and there's an end; and go to *Stoite*'s, and I'll go ſleep.

† It cauſed a violent daub on the paper, which ſtill continues much diſcoloured in the original.

30. Morn-

30. Morning. This is *Good-Friday*, you muſt know, and I muſt riſe and go to Mr. ſecretary about ſome buſineſs, and Mrs. *Vanhomrigh* deſires me to breakfaſt with her, becauſe ſhe is to intercede for *Patrick*, who is ſo often drunk and quarrelſome in the houſe, that I was reſolved to ſend him over; but he knows all the places where I ſend, and is ſo uſed to my ways, that it would be inconvenient to me; but when I come to *Ireland*, I will diſcharge him. ‡ Sir *Thomas Manſel*, one of the lords of the treaſury, ſetting me down at my door to-day, ſaw *Patrick*, and ſwore he was a *Teaguelander*. I am ſo uſed to his face, I never obſerved it, but thought him a pretty fellow. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I ſupped this faſt-day with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*. We were afraid Mr. *Harley*'s wound would turn to a *Fiſtula*; but we think the danger is now paſt. He riſes every day, and walks about his room, and we hope he will be out in a fortnight. *Prior* ſhewed me a handſome paper of verſes he has writ on Mr. *Harley*'s accident: they are not out; I will ſend them to you, if he will give me a copy.

‡ He forgot here to ſay, At night. See what goes before.

31. Morning. What ſhall we do to make *April* fools this year, now it happens on *Sunday?* *Patrick* brings word that Mr. *Harley* ſtill mends, and is up every day. I deſign to ſee him in a few days: and he brings me word too that he has found out *Vedeau*'s brother's ſhop: I ſhall call there in a day or two. It ſeems the wife lodges next door to the brother. I doubt the ſcoundrel was broke, and got a commiſſion, or perhaps is a voluntier gentleman, and expects to get one by his valour. Morrow, ſirrahs, let me riſe.—At night. I dined to-day with Sir *Thomas Manſel*. We were walking in the *Park*, and Mr. *Lewis* came to us. *Manſel* aſkt Where we dined? We ſaid, Together. He ſaid, we ſhould dine with him, only his wife deſired him to bring nobody, becauſe ſhe had only a leg of mutton. I ſaid, I would dine with him to chuſe; but he would ſend a ſervant to order a plate or two: yet this man has ten thouſand pounds a year in land, and is a lord of the treaſury, and is not covetous neither, but runs out merely by flattering and negligence. The worſt dinner I ever ſaw at the dean's was better: but ſo it is with abundance of people here. I called

at

at night at Mr. *Harley*'s, who begins to walk in his room with a ſtick, but is mighty weak.—See how much I have loſt with that ugly greaſe †. 'Tis your fault, pray; and I'll go to bed.

April 1. The duke of *Buckingham*'s houſe fell down laſt night with an earth-quake, and is half ſwallowed up; — Won't you go and ſee it? — An *April* fool, an *April* fool, oh ho, young women. Well, don't be angry, I'll make you an *April* fool no more till the next time: we had no ſport here, becauſe it is *Sunday*, and *Eaſter-Sunday*. I dined with the ſecretary, who ſeemed terribly down and melancholy, which Mr. *Prior* and *Lewis* obſerved as well as I: perhaps ſomething is gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it. God bleſs my own deareſt *MD*, and all is well.

2. We have ſuch windy weather, 'tis troubleſome walking, yet all the rabble have got into our *Park* theſe *Eaſter* holidays. I am plagued with one *Richardſon*, an *Iriſh* parſon, and his project of printing *Iriſh Bibles*, &c. to make you *Chriſtians* in that

† The candle-greaſe mentioned before, which ſoaked through, and deformed this part of the paper on the ſecond page.

country: I befriend him what I can on account of the archbiſhop and biſhop of *Clogher*. — But what buſineſs have I to meddle, *&c.* Don't you remember that, ſirrah *Stella?* what was that about, when you thought I was meddling with ſomething that was not my buſineſs? Oh faith, you are an impudent ſlut, I remember your doings, I'll never forget you as long as I live. *Lewis* and I dined together at his lodgings. But where's the anſwer to this letter of *MD*'s. O faith, *Preſto*, you muſt think of that. Time enough, ſays ſaucy *Preſto*.

3. I was this morning to ſee Mrs. *Barton*; I love her better than any body here, and ſee her ſeldomer. Why really now, ſo it often happens in the world, that where one loves a body beſt—pſhah, pſhah, you are ſo ſilly with your moral obſervations. Well, but ſhe told me a very good ſtory. An old gentlewoman died here two months ago, and left in her will, to have eight men and eight maids bearers, who ſhould have two guineas apiece, ten guineas to the parſon for a ſermon, and two guineas to the clerk. But bearers, parſon and clerk muſt be all true virgins; and not to be admitted

till

till they took their oaths of virginity: ſo the poor woman lies ſtill unburied, and ſo muſt do till the general reſurrection.—I called at Mr. ſecretary's, to ſee what the D— ailed him on *Sunday*; I made him a very proper ſpeech, told him, I obſerved he was much out of temper; that I did not expect he would tell me the cauſe, but would be glad to ſee he was in better; and one thing I warned him of, Never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a ſchool-boy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already (meaning from Sir *William Temple*) that I expected every great miniſter, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or ſaw any thing to my diſadvantage, would let me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to gueſs by the change or coldneſs of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no ſubject's favour was worth it; and that I deſigned to let my lord keeper and Mr. *Harley* know the ſame thing, that they might uſe me accordingly. He took all right; ſaid, I had reaſon, vowed nothing ailed him but ſitting up whole nights at buſineſs, and one night at drinking; would

have had me dined with him and Mrs. *Maſham*'s brother, to make up matters; but I would not. I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend *Rollinſon*, you never heard of him before.

4. I ſometimes look a line or two back, and ſee plaguy miſtakes of the pen; how do you get over them? you are puzzled ſometimes. Why, I think what I ſaid to Mr. ſecretary was right. Don't you remember how I uſed to be in pain when Sir *William Temple* would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I uſed to ſuſpect a hundred reaſons. I have pluckt up my ſpirit ſince then, faith; he ſpoiled a fine gentleman. I dined with my neighbour *Vanhomrigh*, and *MD*, poor *MD*, at home on a loin of mutton and half a pint of wine, and the mutton was raw, poor *Stella* could not eat, poor dear rogue, and *Dingley* was ſo vext; but we'll dine at *Stoyte*'s to-morrow. Mr. *Harley* promiſed to ſee me in a day or two, ſo I called this evening; but his ſon and others were abroad, and he aſleep, ſo I came away, and found out Mrs. *Vedeau*. She drew out a letter from *Dingley*, and ſaid ſhe would get a friend to receive

ceive the money. I told her I would employ Mr. *Tooke* in it henceforward. Her huſband bought a lieutenancy of foot, and is gone to *Portugal*. He ſold his ſhare of the ſhop to his brother, and put out the money to maintain her, all but what bought the commiſſion. She lodges within two doors of her brother. She told me, It made her very melancholy to change her manner of life thus, but trade was dead, *&c.* She ſays, ſhe will write to you ſoon. I deſign to engage *Ben. Tooke*, and then receive the parchment from her. — I gave Mr. *Dopping* a copy of *Prior*'s verſes on Mr. *Harley*, he ſent them yeſterday to *Ireland*, ſo go look for them, for I won't be at the trouble to tranſcribe them here. They will be printed in a day or two. Give my hearty ſervice to *Stoyte* and *Catherine*; upon my word I love them dearly, and deſire you will tell them ſo: pray deſire goody *Stoyte* not to let Mrs. *Walls* and Mrs. *Johnſon* cheat her of her money at ombre, but aſſure her from me, that ſhe is a bungler. Dine with her to-day, and tell her ſo, and drink my health, and good voyage, and ſpeedy return, and ſo you're a rogue.

5. Morning. Now let us proceed to examine a ſaucy letter from one Madam *MD*. —God Almighty bleſs poor dear *Stella*, and ſend her a great many *Birth-days*, all happy and healthy, and wealthy, and with me ever together, and never aſunder again, unleſs by chance. When I find you are happy or merry there, it makes me ſo here, and I can hardly imagine you abſent when I am reading your letter, or writing to you. No faith, you are juſt here upon this little paper, and therefore I ſee and talk with you every evening conſtantly, and ſometimes in the morning, but not always in the morning, becauſe that is not ſo modeſt to young ladies. — What, you would fain palm a letter on me more than you ſent; and I, like a fool, muſt look over all yours, to ſee whether this was really *N.* 12. or more. [*Patrick* has this moment brought me letters from the biſhop of *Clogher* and *Parviſol*; my heart was at my mouth for fear of one from *MD*; what a diſgrace would it be to have two of yours to anſwer together? But faith this ſhall go to night, for fear, and then come when it will, I defy it.] No, you are not naughty at all, write when you are diſpoſed. And ſo the dean told you the ſtory

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of Mr. *Harley* from the archbiſhop; I warrant it never ſpoiled your ſupper, or broke off your game. Nor yet, have not you the box; I wiſh Mrs. *Edgworth* had the —. But you have it now, I ſuppoſe; and is the chocolate good, or has the tobacco ſpoiled it? *Leigh* ſtays till *Sterne* has done his buſineſs, no longer; and when that will be, God knows: I befriend him as much as I can, but Mr. *Harley*'s accident ſtops that as well as all things elſe. You gueſs, Madam *Dingley*, that I ſhall ſtay a round twelvemonth; as hope ſaved, I would come over, if I could, this minute; but we will talk of that by and bye. —Your affair of *Vedeau* I have told you of already; now to the next, turn over the leaf. Mrs. *Dobbins* lies, I have no more proviſion here or in *Ireland* than I had. I am pleaſed that *Stella* the conjurer approves what I did with Mr. *Harley* *; but your generoſity makes me mad; I know you repine inwardly at *Preſto*'s abſence; you think he has broken his word of coming in three months, and that this is always his trick; and now *Stella* ſays, ſhe does not ſee poſſibly how I can come away

* In relation to the Bank Note.

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in haſte, and that *MD* is ſatisfied, *&c.* An't you a rogue to overpower me thus? I did not expect to find ſuch friends as I have done. They may indeed deceive me too. But there are important reaſons [Pox on this greaſe, this candle tallow!] why they ſhould not †. I have been uſed barbarouſly by the late miniſtry; I am a little piqued in honour to let people ſee I am not to be deſpiſed. The aſſurances they give me, without any ſcruple or provocation, are ſuch as are uſually believed in the world; they may come to nothing, but the firſt opportunity that offers, and is neglected, I ſhall depend no more, but come away ‡. I could ſay a thouſand things on this head, if I were with you. I am thinking why *Stella* ſhould not go to the *Bath*, if ſhe be told it will do her good; I will make *Parviſol* get up fifty pounds, and pay it you; and you may be good houſwives, and live cheap there ſome months, and return in *Autumn*, or viſit *London*, as you pleaſe: pray think of

† *Swift* was, at this time, their great ſupport and champion.

‡ And ſo at laſt he threatened; (Vide his letter to Mrs. *Dingley*, No. 90. *Dodſley*'s Collection) or perhaps he never would have got that trifling *Deanry* of *St. Patrick*'s.

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it. I writ to *Bernage*, directed to *Curry*'s; I wiſh he had the letter. I will ſend the bohea tea, if I can. The biſhop of *Kilmore*, I don't keep ſuch company; an old dying fool whom I never was with in my life. So I am no godfather; all the better. Pray, *Stella*, explain thoſe two words of yours to me, what you mean by *Villian*, and *Dainger* §, and you, Madam *Dingley*, what is *Chriſtianing?* —— Lay your letter *this way*, *this way*, and the devil a bit of difference between this way and t'other way. No; I'll ſhew you, lay them *this way*, *this way*, and not *that way*, *that way* ‖. —— You ſhall have your aprons; and I'll put all your commiſſions as they come, in a paper together, and don't think I'll forget *MD*'s orders, becauſe they are friends; I'll be as careful, as if they were ſtrangers. I know not what to do about this *Clements*. *Walls* will not let me ſay any thing, as if Mr. *Pratt* was againſt him; and now the biſhop

§ It may be ſomewhat amazing to declare; but *Stella*, with all her wit and good ſenſe, ſpelled very ill. And Dr. *Swift* inſiſted greatly upon women's ſpelling well.

‖ The ſlope of the letters in the words *this way*, *this way*, is to the left hand, but the ſlope of the words *that way*, *that way*, is to the right hand.

of

of *Clogher* has written to me in his behalf. This thing does not rightly fall in my way, and that people never conſider: I always give my good offices where they are proper, and that I am judge of; however, I will do what I can. But, if he has the name of a *Whig*, it will be hard, conſidering my lord *Angleſea* and *Hyde* are very much otherwiſe, and you know they have the employment of deputy treaſurer. If the frolick ſhould take you of going to the *Bath*, I here ſend you a note on *Parviſol*; if not, you may tear it, and there's an end. Farewel.

If you have an imagination that the *Bath* will do you good, I ſay again, I would have you go; if not, or it be inconvenient, burn this note. Or, if you would go, and not take ſo much money, take thirty pounds, and I will return you twenty from hence. Do as you pleaſe, ſirrahs. I ſuppoſe it will not be too late for the firſt ſeaſon; if it be, I would have you reſolve however to go the ſecond ſeaſon, if the doctors ſay it will do you good, and you fancy ſo.

LETTER XX.

London, April 5, 1711.

I PUT my nineteenth in the poſt-office juſt now myſelf, as I came out of the city, where I dined. This rain ruins me in coach-hire; I walkt away ſixpennyworth, and came within a ſhilling length, and then took a coach, and got a lift back for nothing; and am now buſy.

6. Mr. ſecretary deſired I would ſee him this morning, ſaid he had ſeveral things to ſay to me, and ſaid not one; and the duke of *Ormond* ſent to deſire I would meet him at Mr. *Southwell*'s by ten this morning too, which I did, thinking it was ſome particular matter. All the *Iriſh* in town were there, to conſult upon preventing a bill for laying a duty on *Iriſh* yarn; ſo we talkt awhile, and then all went to the lobby of the houſe of commons, to ſolicit our friends, and the duke came among the reſt; and lord *Angleſea* ſolicited admirably, and I did wonders. But after all, the matter was put off till *Monday*, and then we are to be at it again. I dined with lord *Mountjoy*, and

lookt

lookt over him at chefs, which put me in mind of *Stella* and *Griffyth*. I came home, and that dog *Patrick* was not within, fo I fretted, and fretted, and what good did that do me? And fo get you gone to your deans, You couple of queans. I can't find rhyme to *Walls* and *Stoyte*. —Yes, yes, You expect Mrs. *Walls*, Be dreſs'd when ſhe calls, To carry you to *Stoyte*, Or elſe *honi ſoit*. *Henley* told me that the *Tories* were inſupport-able people, becauſe they are for bringing in *French* claret, and will not *ſup-port*. Mr. *Harley* will hardly get abroad this week or ten days yet. I reckon when I ſend away this letter he will be juſt got into the houſe of commons. My laſt letter went in twelve days, and ſo perhaps may this. No it won't, for thoſe letters that go under a fortnight are anſwerers to one of yours, otherwiſe you muſt take the days as they happen, ſome dry, ſome wet, ſome barren, ſome fruitful, ſome merry, ſome inſipid; ſome, *&c.* —— I will write you word exactly the firſt day I ſee young gooſeberries, and pray obſerve how much later you are. We have not had five fine days this five weeks, but rain or wind. 'Tis

a late

a late *Spring* they ſay here. — Go to bed, you two dear ſaucy brats, and don't keep me up all night.

7. *Ford* has been at *Epſom*, to avoid *Good-Friday* and *Eaſter-Sunday*. He forced me to-day to dine with him; and tells me, there are letters from *Ireland* giving an account of a great indiſcretion in the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, who applied a ſtory out of *Tacitus* very reflectingly on Mr. *Harley*, and that twenty people have written of it; I do not believe it yet. I called this evening to ſee Mr. ſecretary, who has been very ill with the gravel and pain in his back, by *Burgundy* and *Champagne*, added to the ſitting up all night at buſineſs; I found him drinking tea while the reſt were at *Champagne*, and was very glad of it. I have chid him ſo ſeverely that I hardly knew whether he would take it well: then I went and ſat an hour with Mrs. *St. John*, who is growing a great favourite of mine; ſhe goes to the *Bath* on *Wedneſday*, for ſhe is much out of health, and has begged me to take care of the ſecretary.

8. I dined to-day with Mr. ſecretary *St. John*; he gave me a letter to read, which was from the publiſher of the news-paper called

called the *Poſt-boy*; in it there was a long copy of a letter from *Dublin*, giving an account of what the *Whigs* ſaid upon Mr. *Harley*'s being ſtabbed, and how much they abuſe him and Mr. ſecretary *St. John*; and at the end there was half a dozen lines, telling the ſtory of the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, and abuſing him horribly; this was to be printed on *Tueſday*. I told the ſecretary I would not ſuffer that about the archbiſhop to be printed, and ſo I croſt it out; and afterwards, to prevent all danger, I made him give me the letter, and, upon further thought, would let none of it be publiſhed: and I ſent for the printer and told him ſo, and ordered him, in the ſecretary's name, to print nothing reflecting on any body in *Ireland* till he had ſhewed it me. Thus I have prevented a terrible ſcandal to the archbiſhop, by a piece of perfect good fortune. I will let him know it by next poſt; and pray, if you pick it out, let me know, and whether he is thankful for it; but ſay nothing.

9. I was to-day at the houſe of commons again about their yarn, at lord *Angleſea*'s deſire, but the buſineſs is again put off till *Monday*. I dined with Sir *John Stanley*, by

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an aſſignation I had made with Mr. *St. John*, and *George Granville*, the ſecretary at war, but they let in other company, ſome ladies, and ſo we were not as eaſy as I intended. My head is pretty tolerable, but every day I feel ſome little diſorders; I have left off ſnuff ſince *Sunday*, finding myſelf much worſe after taking a good deal at the ſecretary's. I would not let him drink one drop of *Champagne* or *Burgundy* without water, and in compliment I did ſo myſelf. He is much better, but when he is well he is like *Stella*, and will not be governed. So go to your *Stoyte*'s, and I'll go ſleep.

10. I have been viſiting lady *Worſley* and Mrs. *Barton* to-day, and dined ſoberly with my friend *Lewis*. The dauphin is dead of an apoplexy; I wiſh he had lived till the finiſhing of this letter, that it might be news to you; *Duncomb*, the rich alderman, died to-day, and I hear has left the duke of *Argyle*, who married his niece, two hundred thouſand pounds; I hope it is true, for I love that duke mightily. I writ this evening to the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, about what I told you; and then went to take leave of poor Mrs. *St. John*, who gave me ſtrict charge to take care of the ſecretary in her abſence,

ſaid ſhe had none to truſt but me; and the poor creature's tears came freſh in her eyes. Before we took leave, I was drawn in by the other ladies and Sir *John Stanley* to raffle for a fan, with a pox; it was four guineas, and we put in ſeven ſhillings apiece, ſeveral raffling for abſent people; but I loſt, and ſo miſt an opportunity of ſhewing my gallantry to Mrs. *St. John*, whom I deſigned to have preſented it to, if I had won. Is *Dilly* * gone to the *Bath?* His face will whizz in the water; I ſuppoſe he will write to us from thence, and will take *London* in his way back. —— The rabble will ſay, There goes a drunken parſon, and which is worſe, they will ſay true. Oh, but you muſt know, I carried *Ford* to dine with Mr. *St. John* laſt *Sunday*, that he may brag when he goes back, of dining with a ſecretary of ſtate. The ſecretary and I went away early, and left him drinking with the reſt, and he told me, that two or three of them were drunk. They talk of great promotions to be made; that Mr. *Harley* is to be lord treaſurer, and lord *Poulet* † maſter of the

* The reverend *Dillon Aſhe*.

† He was at this time firſt commiſſioner of the treaſury.

horſe, &c. but they are only conjecture. The ſpeaker is to make Mr. *Harley* a compliment the firſt time he comes into the houſe, which I hope will be in a week. He has had an ill ſurgeon, by the caprice of that puppy Dr. *Radcliffe*; which has kept him back ſo long; and yeſterday he got a cold, but is better to-day.—What; I think I am ſtark mad to write ſo much in one day to little ſaucy *MD*; here's a deal of ſtuff, indeed; can't you bid thoſe little dear rogues good night, and let them go ſleep, Mr. *Preſto?* When your tongue runs there's no ho with you, pray.

11. Again at the lobby, like a lobcock, of the houſe of commons, about your *Iriſh* yarn, and again put off till *Friday*; and I and *Patrick* went into the city by water, where I dined, and then I went to the auction of *Charles Barnard*'s books, but the good ones were ſo monſtrous dear, I could not reach them, ſo I laid out one pound ſeven ſhillings but very indifferently, and came away, and will go there no more. *Henley* would fain engage me to go with *Steele* and *Rowe*, &c. to an invitation at Sir *William Read*'s. Surely you have heard of him. He has been a mountebank, and

is the queen's oculiſt; he makes admirable punch, and treats you in gold veſſels. But I am engaged, and won't go, neither indeed am I fond of the jaunt. So good night, and go ſleep.

12. I went about noon to the ſecretary, who is very ill with a cold, and ſometimes of the gravel, with his *Champagne*, &c. I ſcolded him like a dog, and he promiſes faithfully more care for the future. To-day my lord *Angleſea*, and Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, and *Prior* and I dined, by appointment, with lieutenant general *Webb*. My lord and I ſtaid till ten o'clock, but we drank ſoberly, and I always with water. There was with us one Mr. *Campain*, one of the *October Club*, if you know what that is; a Club of country members, who think the miniſters are too backward in puniſhing and turning out the *Whigs*. I found my lord and the reſt thought I had more credit with the miniſtry than I pretend to have, and would have engaged me to put them upon ſomething that would ſatisfy their deſires, and indeed I think they have ſome reaſon to complain; however, I will not burn my fingers. I'll remember *Stella*'s chiding; What had you to do with what did not be-

long

long to you, *&c.* However, you will give me leave to tell the miniſtry my thoughts when they aſk them, and other people's thoughts ſometimes when they do not aſk; ſo thinks *Dingley*.

13. I called this morning at Mrs. *Vedeau*'s again, who has employed a friend to get the money; it will be done in a fortnight, and then ſhe will deliver me up the parchment. I went then to ſee Mr. *Harley*, who I hope will be out in a few days; he was in excellent good humour, only complained to me of the neglect of *Guiſcard*'s cure, how glad he would have been to have had him live. Mr. ſecretary came in to us, and we were very merry till lord chamberlain (duke of *Shrewſbury*) came up, then colonel *Maſham* and I went off, after I had been preſented to the duke, and that we made two or three ſilly compliments ſuitable to the occaſion. Then I attended at the houſe of commons about your yarn, and 'tis again put off. Then *Ford* drew me to dine at a tavern, it happened to be the day and the houſe where the *October Club* dine. After we had dined, coming down we called to enquire, whether our yarn buſineſs had been over that day, and I ſent into the room for

Sir *George Beaumont*. But I had like to be drawn into a difficulty; for in two minutes out comes Mr. *Finch*, lord *Guernſey*'s ſon, to let me know, that my lord *Compton*, the ſteward of this feaſt, deſired, in the name of the *Club*, that I would do them the honour to dine with them. I ſent my excuſes, adorned with about thirty compliments, and got off as faſt as I could. It would have been a moſt improper thing for me to dine there, conſidering my friendſhip with the miniſtry. The *Club* is about a hundred and fifty, and near eighty of them were then going to dinner at two long tables in a great ground room. At evening I went to the auction of *Barnard*'s books, and laid out three pounds three ſhillings, but I'll go there no more; and ſo I ſaid once before, but now I'll keep to it. I forgot to tell, that when I dined at *Webb*'s with lord *Angleſea*, I ſpoke to him of *Clements*, as one recommended for a very honeſt gentleman, and good officer, and hoped he would keep him: he ſaid, he had not thoughts otherwiſe, and that he ſhould certainly hold his place, while he continued to deſerve it; and I could not find there had been any intentions from his lordſhip againſt him. But I tell you, hunny,

the

the impropriety of this. A great man will do a favour for me, or for my friend; but why ſhould he do it for my friend's friend. Recommendations ſhould ſtop before they come to that. Let any friend of mine recommend one of his to me for a thing in my power, I will do it for his ſake; but to ſpeak to another for my friend's friend, is againſt all reaſon; and I deſire you will underſtand this, and diſcourage any ſuch troubles given me. — I hope this may do ſome good to *Clements*, it can do him no hurt; and I find by Mrs. *Pratt*, that her huſband is his friend; and the biſhop of *Clogher* ſays, *Clements*'s danger is not from *Pratt*, but from ſome other enemies, that think him a *Whig*.

14. I was ſo buſy this morning that I did not go out till late. I writ to-day to the duke of *Argyle*, but ſaid nothing of *Bernage*, who, I believe, will not ſee him till *Spain* is conquered, and that is, not at all. I was to-day at lord *Shelburn*'s, and ſpoke to Mrs. *Pratt* again about *Clements*; her huſband himſelf wants ſome good offices, and I have done him very good ones lately, and told Mrs. *Pratt*, I expected her huſband ſhould ſtand by *Clements* in return. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined with neighbour

Vanhomrigh; he is mighty ill of an *Aſthma*, and apprehends himſelf in much danger; 'tis his own fault, that will rake and drink, when he is but juſt crawled out of his grave. I will ſend this letter juſt now, becauſe I think my half year is out for my lodging; and, if you pleaſe, I would be glad it were paid off, and ſome deal boxes made for my books, and kept in ſome ſafe place, I would give ſomething for their keeping: but I doubt that lodging will not ſerve me when I come back; I would have a larger place for books, and a ſtable, if poſſible. So pray be ſo kind to pay the lodging, and all accounts about it; and get Mrs. *Brent* to put up my things. I would have no books put in that trunk where my papers are. If you do not think of going to the *Bath*, I here ſend you a bill on *Parviſol* for twenty pounds *Iriſh*, out of which you will pay for the lodging, and ſcore the reſt to me. Do as you pleaſe, and love poor *Preſto*, that loves *MD* better than his life a thouſand millions of times. Farewel, *MD*, &c. &c.

LETTER XXI.

London, April 14, 1711.

REMEMBER, ſirrahs, that there are but nine days between the dates of my two former letters. I ſent away my twentieth this moment, and now am writing on like a fiſh, as if nothing was done. But there was a cauſe for my haſting away the laſt, for fear it ſhould not come time enough before a new quarter began. I told you where I dined to-day, but forgot to tell you what I believe, that Mr. *Harley* will be lord treaſurer in a ſhort time, and other great removes and promotions made. This is my thought, *&c.*

15. I was this morning with Mr. ſecretary, and he is grown pretty well. I dined with him to-day, and drank ſome of that wine which the great duke of *Tuſcany* uſed to ſend to Sir *William Temple:* he always ſends ſome to the chief miniſters. I liked it mightily, but he does not; and he ordered his butler to ſend me a cheſt of it to-morrow. Would to God *MD* had it. The queen is well again, and was at chapel to-day, *&c.*

16. I

16. I went with *Ford* into the city to-day, and dined with *Stratford*, and drank Tockay, and then we went to the auction; but I did not lay out above twelve ſhillings. My head is a little out of order to-night, though no formal fit. My lord keeper has ſent to invite me to dinner to-morrow, and you'll dine better with the dean, and God bleſs you. I forgot to tell you that yeſterday was ſent me *A Narrative* printed, with all the circumſtances of Mr. *Harley*'s ſtabbing. I had not time to do it myſelf; ſo I ſent my hints to the author of the *Atalantis* *, and ſhe has cook'd it into a ſixpenny pamphlet, in her own ſtyle, only the firſt page is left as I was beginning it. But I was afraid of diſobliging Mr. *Harley* or Mr. *St. John* in one critical point about it, and ſo would not do it myſelf. It is worth your reading, for the circumſtances are all true. My cheſt of *Florence* was ſent me this morning, and coſt me ſeven and ſixpence to two ſervants. I would give two guineas you had it, *&c.*

17. I was ſo out of order with my head this morning, that I was going to ſend my

* Mrs. *Manley*.

excuſes

excuſes to my lord keeper; but however I got up at eleven, and walked there after two, and ſtaid till eight. There was Sir *Thomas Manſel*, *Prior*, *George Granville*, and Mr. *Cæſar*, and we were very merry. My head is ſtill wrong, but I have had no formal fit, only I totter a little. I have left off ſnuff altogether. I have a noble roll of tobacco for grating, very good. Shall I ſend it to *MD*, if ſhe likes that ſort? My lord keeper and our this day's company are to dine on *Saturday* with *George Granville*, and to-morrow I dine with lord *Angleſea*.

18. Did you ever ſee ſuch a blundering gooſecap as *Preſto?* I ſaw the number 21 a-top, and ſo I went on as if it were the day of the month, whereas this is but *Wedneſday* the 18th. How ſhall I do to blot and alter them? I have made a ſhift to do it behind, but it is a great botch. I dined with lord *Angleſea* to-day, but did not go to the houſe of commons about the yarn; my head was not well enough. I know not what's the matter; it has never been thus before: two days together giddy from morning till night, but not with any violence or pain; and I totter a little, but can make ſhift to walk. I doubt I muſt fall to my

pills

pills again: I think of going into the country a little way. I tell you what you muſt do henceforward: you muſt incloſe your letters in a fair half ſheet of paper, and direct the outſide To *Eraſmus Lewis*, eſquire, at my lord *Dartmouth*'s office at *Whitehall*: for I never go to the *Coffee-houſe*, and they will grudge to take in my letters. I forgot to tell you that your mother was to ſee me this morning, and brought me a flaſk of ſweat water for a preſent, admirable for my head; but I ſhall not ſmell to it. She is going to *Sheen* with lady *Giffard*: ſhe would fain ſend your papers over to you, or give them to me. Say what you would have done, and it ſhall be done; becauſe I love *Stella*, and ſhe is a good daughter, they ſay, and ſo is *Dingley*.

19. This morning general *Webb* was to give me a viſit: he goes with a crutch and a ſtick, yet was forced to come up two pair of ſtairs. I promiſed to dine with him, but afterwards ſent my excuſes, and dined privately in my friend *Lewis*'s lodgings at *Whitehall*, with whom I had much buſineſs to talk of, relating to the publick and myſelf. Little *Harriſon* the *Tatler* goes tomorrow to the ſecretaryſhip I got him at

the

the *Hague*, and Mr. *St. John* has made him a preſent of fifty guineas to bear his charges. An't I a good friend? Why are not you a young fellow, that I might prefer you? I had a letter from *Bernage* from *Kinſale*: he tells me his commiſſion for captain-lieutenant was ready for him at his arrival: ſo there are two jackanapeſes I have done with. My head is ſomething better this evening, though not well.

20. I was this morning with Mr. ſecretary, whoſe pacquets were juſt come in, and among them a letter from lord *Peterborow* to me: he writes ſo well, I have no mind to anſwer him, and ſo kind, that I muſt anſwer him. The emperor's death muſt, I think, cauſe great alterations in *Europe*, and, I believe, will haſten a *Peace*. We reckon our king *Charles* will be choſen emperor, and the duke of *Savoy* ſet up for *Spain*; but I believe he will make nothing of it. Dr. *Freind* and I dined in the city at a printer's, and it has coſt me two ſhillings in coach-hire, and a great deal more this week and month, which has been almoſt all rain, with now and then ſun-ſhine, and is the trueſt *April* that I have known theſe many years. The lime-trees in the *Park* are all out in leaves,

leaves, though not large leaves yet. Wiſe people are going into the country; but many think the *Parliament* can hardly be up theſe ſix weeks. Mr. *Harley* was with the queen on *Tueſday*. I believe certainly he will be lord treaſurer: I have not ſeen him this week.

21. Morning. Lord keeper, and I, and *Prior*, and Sir *Thomas Manſel* have appointed to dine this day with *George Granville*. My head, I thank God, is better; but to be giddyiſh three or four days together mortified me. I take no ſnuff, and I will be very regular in eating little and the gentleſt meats. How does poor *Stella* juſt now, with her *deans* and her *Stoytes?* Do they give you health for the money you loſe at ombre, ſirrah? What ſay you to that? Poor *Dingley* frets to ſee *Stella* loſe that four and eleven pence, t'other night. Let us riſe. Morrow, ſirrahs. I will riſe, ſpight of your little teeth; good morrow.—At night. Oh, faith, you are little dear ſaucy boxes. I was juſt going in the morning to tell you that I began to want a letter from *MD*, and in four minutes after Mr. *Ford* ſends me one that he had pickt up at *St. James's Coffee-houſe*; for I go to no *Coffee-houſe* at all. And faith, I

was glad at heart to ſee it, and to ſee *Stella* ſo briſk. O Lord, what pretending? Well, but I won't anſwer it yet; I'll keep it for t'other ſide. Well, we dined to-day according to appointment; lord keeper went away at near eight, I at eight, and I believe the reſt will be fairly fuddled: for young *Harcourt*, lord keeper's ſon, began to prattle before I came away. It will not do with *Prior*'s lean carcaſe. I drink little, miſs my glaſs often, put water in my wine, and go away before the reſt, which I take to be a good receipt for ſobriety. Let us put it into rhyme, and ſo make a proverb;

Drink little at a time;
Put water with your wine;
Miſs your glaſs when you can;
And go off the firſt man.

God be thanked, I am much better than I was, though ſomething of a totterer. I ate but little to-day, and of the gentleſt meat. I refuſed ham and pigeons, peaſe-ſoup, ſtewed beef, cold ſalmon, becauſe they were too ſtrong. I take no ſnuff at all, but ſome herb-ſnuff preſcribed by Dr. *Radcliffe*.

Go to your deans,
You couple of queans.

I believe

I believe I ſaid that already. What care I? what cares *Preſto?*

22. Morning. I muſt riſe and go to the ſecretary's. Mr. *Harley* has been out of town this week to refreſh himſelf before he comes into parliament. Oh, but I muſt riſe, ſo there is no more to be ſaid; and ſo morrow, firrahs both.—Night. I dined to-day with the ſecretary, who has engaged me for every *Sunday*; and I was an hour with him this morning deep in politicks, where I told him the objections of the *October Club*, and he anſwered all except one, That no Enquiries are made into paſt miſmanagement. But indeed I believe they are not yet able to make any: the late miniſtry were too cunning in their rogueries, and fenced themſelves with an *Act of general Pardon.* I believe Mr. *Harley* muſt be lord treaſurer; yet he makes one difficulty which is hard to anſwer: he muſt be made a lord, and his eſtate is not large enough, and he is too generous to make it larger; and if the miniſtry ſhould change ſoon by any accident, he will be left in the ſuds. Another difficulty is, that if he be made a peer, they will want him prodigiouſly in the *Houſe of Commons*, of which he is the great

great mover, and after him the ſecretary, and hardly any elſe of weight *. Two ſhillings more to-day for coach and chair. I ſhall be ruined.

23. So you expect an anſwer to your letter, do you ſo? Yes, yes, you ſhall have an anſwer, you ſhall, young women. I made a good pun on *Saturday* to my lord keeper. After dinner we had coarſe *Doiley* napkins, fringed at each end, upon the table to drink with: my lord keeper ſpread one of them between him and Mr. *Prior*; I told him I was glad to ſee there was ſuch a *Fringeſhip* [Friendſhip] between Mr. *Prior* and his lordſhip. *Prior* ſwore it was the worſt he ever heard: I ſaid I thought ſo too; but at the ſame time I thought it was moſt like one of *Stella*'s that ever I heard. I dined to-day with lord *Montjoy*, and this evening ſaw the *Venetian* ambaſſador coming from his firſt publick audience. His coach was the moſt monſtrous, huge, fine, rich, gilt thing that ever I ſaw. I loitered this evening, and came home late.

24. I was this morning to viſit the ducheſs of *Ormond*, who has long deſired it,

* That is, among the miniſtry.

or threatned ſhe would not let me viſit her daughters. I ſat an hour with her, and we were good company, when in came the counteſs of *Bellamont*, with a pox. I went out, and we did not know one another; yet hearing me named, ſhe aſk'd, What, is that Dr. *Swift?* ſaid, ſhe and I were very well acquainted, and fell a railing at me without mercy, as a lady told me that was there; yet I never was but once in the company of that drab of a counteſs. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined with my neighbour *Van*. I deſign in two days, if poſſible, to go lodge at *Chelſea* for the air, and put myſelf under a neceſſity of walking to and from *London* every day. I writ this poſt to the biſhop of *Clogher* a long politick letter to entertain him. I am to buy ſtatues and *Harneſe* * for them, with a vengeance. I have packt and ſealed up *MD*'s twelve letters againſt I go to *Chelſea*. I have put the laſt commiſſions of *MD* in my account-book; but if there be any former ones, I have forgot them. I have *Dingley*'s pocket-book down, and *Stella*'s green ſilk apron, and the pound of tea; pray ſend me word

* *Farneſe.*

if

if you have any other, and down they ſhall go. I will not anſwer your letter yet, ſaucy boxes. You are with the dean juſt now, madam *Stella*, loſing your money. Why don't you name what number you have received? You ſay you have received my letters, but don't tell the number.

25. I was this day dining in the city with very inſignificant, low, and ſcurvy company. I had a letter from the archbiſhop of *Dublin*, with a long denial of the report raiſed on him †, which yet has been ſince aſſured to me from thoſe who ſay they have it from the firſt hand; but I cannot believe them. I will ſhew it to the ſecretary to-morrow. I will not anſwer yours till I get to *Chelſea*.

26. *Chelſea*. I have ſent two boxes of lumber to my friend *Darteneuf*'s houſe, and my cheſt of *Florence* and other things to Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, where I dined to-day. I was this morning with the ſecretary, and ſhewed him the archbiſhop's letter, and convinced him of his grace's innocence, and I will do the ſame to Mr. *Harley*. I got here in the

† See the laſt Collection of Letters, printed for *Dodſley* and others, No. 45.

ſtage-coach with *Patrick* and my portmantua for ſix-pence, and pay ſix ſhillings a week for one ſilly room with confounded coarſe ſheets. We have had ſuch a horrible deal of rain, that there is no walking to *London*, and I muſt go as I came until it mends; and beſides the whelp has taken my lodging as far from *London* as this town could afford, at leaſt half a mile further than he need; but I muſt be content. The beſt is, I lodge juſt over-againſt Dr. *Atterbury*'s houſe, and yet perhaps I ſhall not like the place the better for that. Well, I'll ſtay till to-morrow before I anſwer your letter; and you muſt ſuppoſe me always writing at *Chelſea* from henceforward, till I alter and ſay *London*. This letter goes on *Saturday*, which will be juſt a fortnight; ſo go and cheat goody *Stoyte*, &c.

27. Do you know that I fear my whole cheſt of *Florence* is turned ſour, at leaſt the two firſt flaſks were ſo, and hardly drinkable. How plaguy unfortunate am I! and the ſecretary's own is the beſt I ever taſted; and I muſt not tell him, but be as thankful as if it were the beſt in *Chriſtendom*. I went to town in the ſixpenny ſtage to-day, and hearing Mr. *Harley* was not at home, I went

went to ſee him, becauſe I knew by the meſſage of his lying porter that he was at home. He was very well, and juſt going out, but made me promiſe to dine with him; and betwixt that and indeed ſtrolling about, I loſt four pound ſeven ſhillings at play——with a — — — a — a — book-ſeller, and got but about half a dozen books*. I will buy no more books now, that's certain. Well, I dined at Mr. *Harley*'s, came away at ſix, ſhifted my gown, caſſock, and periwig, and walkt hither to *Chelſea*, as I always deſign to do when it is fair. I am heartily ſorry to find my friend the ſecretary ſtand à little tickliſh with the reſt of the miniſtry; there have been one or two diſobliging things that have happened, too long to tell: and t'other day in parliament, upon a debate of about thirty-five millions that have not been duly accounted for, Mr. ſecretary, in his warmth of ſpeech, and zeal for his friend Mr. *Brydges*, on whom part of the blame was falling, ſaid, he did not know that either Mr. *Brydges* or the late miniſtry were at all to blame in this matter; which was very deſperately ſpoken, and giv-

* This muſt have been at ſome raffling for books.

ſtage-coach with *Patrick* and my portmantua for ſix-pence, and pay ſix ſhillings a week for one ſilly room with confounded coarſe ſheets. We have had ſuch a horrible deal of rain, that there is no walking to *London*, and I muſt go as I came until it mends; and beſides the whelp has taken my lodging as far from *London* as this town could afford, at leaſt half a mile further than he need; but I muſt be content. The beſt is, I lodge juſt over-againſt Dr. *Atterbury*'s houſe, and yet perhaps I ſhall not like the place the better for that. Well, I'll ſtay till to-morrow before I anſwer your letter; and you muſt ſuppoſe me always writing at *Chelſea* from henceforward, till I alter and ſay *London*. This letter goes on *Saturday*, which will be juſt a fortnight; ſo go and cheat goody *Stoyte*, &c.

27. Do you know that I fear my whole cheſt of *Florence* is turned ſour, at leaſt the two firſt flaſks were ſo, and hardly drinkable. How plaguy unfortunate am I! and the ſecretary's own is the beſt I ever taſted; and I muſt not tell him, but be as thankful as if it were the beſt in *Chriſtendom*. I went to town in the ſixpenny ſtage to-day, and hearing Mr. *Harley* was not at home, I went

went to ſee him, becauſe I knew by the meſſage of his lying porter that he was at home. He was very well, and juſt going out, but made me promiſe to dine with him; and betwixt that and indeed ſtrolling about, I loſt four pound ſeven ſhillings at play——with a — — — a — a — book-ſeller, and got but about half a dozen books*. I will buy no more books now, that's certain. Well, I dined at Mr. *Harley*'s, came away at ſix, ſhifted my gown, caſſock, and periwig, and walkt hither to *Chelſea*, as I always deſign to do when it is fair. I am heartily ſorry to find my friend the ſecretary ſtand à little tickliſh with the reſt of the miniſtry; there have been one or two diſobliging things that have happened, too long to tell: and t'other day in parliament, upon a debate of about thirty-five millions that have not been duly accounted for, Mr. ſecretary, in his warmth of ſpeech, and zeal for his friend Mr. *Brydges*, on whom part of the blame was falling, ſaid, he did not know that either Mr. *Brydges* or the late miniſtry were at all to blame in this matter; which was very deſperately ſpoken, and giv-

* This muſt have been at ſome raffling for books.

ing up the whole cauſe: for the chief quarrel againſt the late miniſtry was the ill management of the treaſure, and was more than all the reſt together. I had heard of this matter: but Mr. *Foley* beginning to diſcourſe to-day at table, without naming Mr. *St. John*, I turned to Mr. *Harley*, and ſaid, If the late miniſtry were not to blame in that article, he [Mr. *Harley*] ought to loſe his head for putting the queen upon changing them. He made it a jeſt; but by ſome words dropt, I eaſily ſaw that they take things ill of Mr. *St. John*, and by ſome hints given me from another hand that I deal with, I am afraid the ſecretary will not ſtand long. This is the fate of *Courts*. I will, if I meet Mr. *St. John* alone on *Sunday*, tell him my opinion, and beg him to ſet himſelf right, elſe the conſequences may be very bad; for I ſee not how they can well want him neither, and he would make a troubleſome enemy. But enough of politicks.

28. Morning. I forgot to tell you that Mr. *Harley* aſkt me yeſterday, how he came to diſoblige the archbiſhop of *Dublin?* Upon which (having not his letter about me) I told him what the biſhop had written to me

me on that ſubject *, and deſired I might read him the letter ſome other time. But after all, from what I have heard from other hands, I am afraid the archbiſhop is a little guilty. Here is one *Brent Spencer*, a brother of Mr. *Proby*'s, who affirms it, and ſays he has leave to do ſo from *Charles Dering*, who heard the words; and that *Ingoldſby* abuſed the archbiſhop, *&c.* Well, but now for your ſaucy letter: I have no room to anſwer it; O yes, enough on t'other ſide. Are you no ſicker? *Stella* jeers *Preſto* for not coming over by *Chriſtmas*; but indeed *Stella* does not jeer but reproach poor poor *Preſto*. And how can I come away, and the *Firſt-Fruits* not finiſh'd? I am of opinion the duke of *Ormond* will do nothing in them before he goes, which will be in a fortnight, they ſay; and then they muſt fall to me to be done in his abſence. No, indeed, I have nothing to print: you know they have printed the *Miſcellanies* already. Are they on your ſide yet? If you have my ſnuff-box, I'll have your ſtrong box. Hi, does *Stella* take ſnuff again? or is it only becauſe it is a fine box? Not the

* See Letter 44 in the laſt Collection of Letters, printed for *Dodſley* and others.

Medâlle, but the *Medley*, you fool. Yes, yes, a wretched thing, becauſe it is againſt you *Tories*: now I think it very fine, and the *Examiner* a wretched thing.——Twiſt your mouth, ſirrah. *Guiſcard*, and what you will read in the *Narrative*, I ordered to be written, and nothing elſe. The *Spectator* is written by *Steele*, with *Addiſon*'s help: 'tis often very pretty. Yeſterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his *Tatlers*, about an *Indian* ſuppoſed to write his *Travels* into *England*. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that ſubject. I believe he has ſpent it all in one paper, and all the under-hints there are mine too; but I never ſee him or *Addiſon*. The queen is well, but I fear will be no long liver; for I am told ſhe has ſometimes the gout in her bowels (I hate the word *bowels*.) My ears have been, theſe three months paſt, much better than any time theſe two years; but now they begin to be a little out of order again. My head is better, though not right; but I truſt to air and walking. You have got my letter, but what number? I ſuppoſe 18. Well, my ſhin has been well this month. No, Mrs. *Weſtley* came away without her huſband's know-

knowledge, while ſhe was in the country; ſhe has written to me for ſome tea. They lie; Mr. *Harley*'s wound was very terrible: he had convulſions, and very narrowly eſcaped. The bruiſe was nine times worſe than the wound: he is weak ſtill. Well, *Brooks* married; I know all that. I am ſorry for Mrs. *Walls*'s eye: I hope 'tis better. O yes, you are great walkers.: but I have heard them ſay, Much talkers, Little walkers: and I believe I may apply the old proverb to you; If you talkt no more than you walkt, Thoſe that think you wits would be baulkt. Yes, *Stella* ſhall have a large printed *Bible:* I have put it down among my commiſſions for *MD.* I am glad to hear you have taken the fancy of intending to read the *Bible.* Pox take the box; is not it come yet? This is truſting to your young fellows, young women; 'tis your fault: I thought you had ſuch power with *Sterne,* that he would fly over *Mount Atlas* to ſerve you. You ſay you are not ſplenetick; but if you be, faith you will break poor *Preſto*'s —— I won't ſay the reſt; but I vow to God, if I could decently come over now, I would, and leave all ſchemes of politicks and ambition for ever. I have not the opportunities

here

here of preſerving my health by riding, &c. that I have in *Ireland*; and the want of health is a great cooler of making one's court. You gueſs right about my being bit with a direction from *Walls*, and the letter from *MD:* I believe I deſcribed it in one of my laſt. This goes to-night; and I muſt now riſe and walk to town, and walk back in the evening. God Almighty bleſs and preſerve poor *MD*. Farewel.

Oh faith, don't think, ſaucy noſes, that I'll fill this third ſide: I can't ſtay a letter above a fortnight: It muſt go then; and you would rather ſee a ſhort one like this, than want it a week longer.

My humble ſervice to the dean, and Mrs. *Walls*, and good kind hearty Mrs. *Stoyte*, and honeſt *Catherine*.

LETTER XXII.

Chelſea, April 28, 1711.

AT night. I ſay at night, becauſe I finiſhed my twenty-firſt this morning here, and put it into the poſt-office my own ſelf, like a good boy. I think I am a little before you now, young women: I am writing my twenty-ſecond, and have received your thirteenth. I got to town between twelve and one, and put on my new gown and periwig, and dined with lord *Abercorn*, where I had not been ſince the marriage of his ſon lord *Peaſley*, who has got ten thouſand pound with a wife. I am now a country gentleman. I walked home as I went, and am a little weary, and am got into bed: I hope in God the air and exerciſe will do me a little good. I have been enquiring about ſtatues for Mrs. *Aſhe*: I made lady *Abercorn* go with me; and will ſend them word next poſt to *Clogher*. I hate to buy for her: I'm ſure ſhe'll maunder. I am going to ſtudy.

29. I had a charming walk to and from town to-day.: I waſhed, ſhaved and all, and changed gown and periwig, by half

an

an hour after nine, and went to the ſecretary, who told me how he had differed with his friends in parliament: I apprehended this diviſion, and told him a great deal of it. I went to *Court*, and there ſeveral mentioned it to me as what they much diſliked. I dined with the ſecretary; and we propoſed doing ſome buſineſs of importance in the afternoon, which he broke to me firſt, and ſaid how he and Mr. *Harley* were convinced of the neceſſity of it; yet he ſuffered one of his under-ſecretaries to come upon us after dinner, who ſtaid till ſix, and ſo nothing was done: and what care I? he ſhall ſend to me the next time, and aſk twice. To-morrow I go to the election at *Weſtminſter-ſchool*, where lads are choſen for the *Univerſity*: they ſay 'tis a ſight, and a great trial of wits. Our *Expedition Fleet* is but juſt ſailed: I believe it will come to nothing. Mr. ſecretary frets at their tedioufneſs; but hopes great things from it, though he owns four or five princes are in the ſecret; and, for that reaſon, I fear it is no ſecret to *France*. There are eight regiments; and the admiral is your *Walker*'s brother the midwife.

30. Morn.

30. Morn. I am here in a pretty pickle: it rains hard; and the cunning natives of *Chelſea* have outwitted me, and taken up all the three ſtage coaches. What ſhall I do? I muſt go to town: this is your fault. I can't walk: I'll borrow a coat. This is the blindſide of my lodging out of town; I muſt expect ſuch inconveniencies as theſe. Faith I'll walk in the rain. Morrow.——At night. I got a gentleman's chaiſe by chance, and ſo went to town for a ſhilling, and lie this night in town. I was at the election of lads at *Weſtminſter* to-day, and a very ſilly thing it is; but they ſay there will be fine doings to-morrow. I dined with Dr. *Freind*, the ſecond maſter of the ſchool, with a dozen parſons and others: *Prior* would make me ſtay. Mr. *Harley* is to hear the election to-morrow; and we are all to dine with tickets, and hear fine ſpeeches. 'Tis terrible rainy weather again: I lie at a friend's in the city.

May 1. I wiſh you a merry *May-day*, and a thouſand more. I was baulkt at *Weſtminſter*; I came too late: I heard no ſpeeches nor verſes. They would not let me in to their dining place for want of a ticket;

and

and I would not ſend in for one, becauſe Mr. *Harley* excuſed his coming, and *Atterbury* was not there; and I cared not for the reſt: and ſo my friend *Lewis* and I dined with *Kitt Muſgrave*, if you know ſuch a man: and, the weather mending, I walked gravely home this evening; and ſo I deſign to walk and walk till I am well: I fancy myſelf a little better already. How does poor *Stella*? *Dingley* is well enough. Go, get you gone, naughty girl, you are well enough. O dear *MD*, contrive to have ſome ſhare of the country this ſpring: go to *Finglaſs*, or *Donnybrook*, or *Clogher*, or *Killala*, or *Lowth*. Have you got your box yet? Yes, yes. Don't write to me again till this letter goes: I muſt make haſte, that I may write two for one. Go to the *Bath*: I hope you are now at the *Bath*, if you had a mind to go; or go to *Wexford*: do ſomething for your living. Have you given up my lodging according to order? I have had juſt now a compliment from dean *Atterbury*'s lady, to command the garden and library, and whatever the houſe affords. I lodge juſt over againſt them; but the dean is in town with his convocation: ſo I have my

my dean and prolocutor as well as you, young women, though he has not ſo good wine, nor ſo much meat.

2. A fine day, but begins to grow a little warm; and that makes your little fat *Preſto* ſweat in the forehead. Pray, are not the fine buns ſold here in our town; was it not *Rrrrrrrrrare Chelſea Buns?* I bought one to-day in my walk; it coſt me a penny; it was ſtale, and I did not like it, as the man ſaid, *&c.* Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*'s; and had a flaſk of my *Florence*, which lies in their cellar; and ſo I came home gravely, and ſaw nobody of conſequence to-day. I am very eaſy here, nobody plaguing me in a morning; and *Patrick* ſaves many a ſcore lies. I ſent over to Mrs. *Atterbury*, To know whether I might wait on her? but ſhe is gone a viſiting: we have exchanged ſome compliments, but I have not ſeen her yet. We have no news in our town.

3. I did not go to town to-day, it was ſo terrible rainy; nor have I ſtirred out of my room till eight this evening; when I croſt the way to ſee Mrs. *Atterbury*, and thank her for her civilities. She would needs ſend me ſome veal, and ſmall beer, and ale,

to-day

to-day at dinner; and I have lived a ſcurvy, dull, ſplenetick day, for want of *MD*: I often thought how happy I could have been, had it rained eight thouſand times more, if *MD* had been with a body. My lord *Rocheſter* is dead this morning; they ſay at one o'clock; and I hear he died ſuddenly. To-morrow I ſhall know more. He is a great loſs to us: I cannot think who will ſucceed him as lord preſident. I have been writing a long letter to lord *Peterborow*, and am dull.

4. I dined to-day at lord *Shelburn*'s, where lady *Kerry* made me a preſent of four *India* handkerchiefs, which I have a mind to keep for little *MD*, only that I had rather, *&c.* I have been a mighty handkerchief-monger, and have bought abundance of ſnuff ones ſince I have left off taking ſnuff. And I am reſolved, when I come over, *MD* ſhall be acquainted with lady *Kerry*: we have ſtruck up a mighty friendſhip; and ſhe has much better ſenſe than any other lady of your country. We are almoſt in love with one another: but ſhe is moſt egregiouſly ugly; but perfectly well bred, and governable as I pleaſe. I am reſolved, when I come, to keep no company but *MD*: you

know I kept my reſolution laſt time; and, except Mr. *Addiſon*, converſed with none but you and your club of deans and *Stoytes*. 'Tis three weeks, young women, ſince I had a letter from you; and yet, methinks, I would not have another for five pound till this is gone; and yet I ſend every day to the *Coffee-houſe*, and I would fain have a letter, and not have a letter: and I don't know what, nor I don't know how, and this goes on very ſlow; 'tis a week to-morrow ſince I began it. I am a poor country gentleman, and don't know how the world paſſes. Do you know that every ſyllable I write I hold my lips juſt for all the world as if I were talking in our own little language to *MD*. Faith, I am very ſilly; but I can't help it for my life. I got home early to-night. My ſolicitors, that uſed to ply me every morning, knew not where to find me; and I am ſo happy not to hear *Patrick*, *Patrick*, called a hundred times every morning. But I lookt backward, and find I have ſaid this before. What care I? go to the dean, and roaſt the oranges.

5. I dined to-day with my friend *Lewis*, and we were deep in politicks how to ſave the preſent miniſtry; for I am afraid of

Mr. ſecretary, as I believe I told you. I went in the evening to ſee Mr. *Harley*; and, upon my word, I was in perfect joy. Mr. ſecretary was juſt going out of the door; but I made him come back, and there was the old *Saturday Club*, lord keeper, lord *Rivers*, Mr. ſecretary, Mr. *Harley* and I; the firſt time ſince his ſtabbing. Mr. ſecretary went away; but I ſtaid till nine, and made Mr. *Harley* ſhew me his breaſt, and tell all the ſtory: and I ſhewed him the archbiſhop of *Dublin*'s letter, and defended him effectually. We were all in mighty good humour. Lord keeper and I left them together, and I walkt here after nine two miles, and I found a parſon drunk fighting with a ſeaman, and *Patrick* and I were ſo wiſe to part them, but the ſeaman followed him to *Chelſea*, curſing at him, and the parſon ſlipt into a houſe, and I know no more. It mortified me to ſee a man in my coat ſo overtaken. A pretty ſcene for one that juſt came from ſitting with the prime miniſters: I had no money in my pocket, and ſo could not be robbed. However, nothing but Mr. *Harley* ſhall make me take ſuch a journey again. We don't yet know who will be preſident in lord

Rocheſter's

Rocheſter's room. I meaſured, and found that the penkniſe would have killed Mr. *Harley*, if it had gone but half the breadth of my thumb-nail lower; ſo near was he to death. I was ſo curious to aſk him what were his thoughts, while they were carrying him home in the chair. He ſaid, he concluded himſelf a dead man. He will not allow that *Guiſcard* gave him the ſecond ſtab, though my lord keeper, who is blind, and I that was not there, are poſitive in it. He wears a plaiſter ſtill as broad as half a crown. Smoak how wide the lines are, but faith I don't do it on purpoſe: but I have changed my ſide in this new *Chelſea* bed, and I don't know how, methinks, but it is ſo unfit, and ſo aukward, never ſaw the like.

6. You muſt remember to incloſe your letters in a fair paper, and direct the outſide thus; To *Eraſmus Lewis*, Eſq; at my lord *Dartmouth*'s office at *Whitehall*; I ſaid ſo before, but it may miſcarry you know, yet I think none of my letters did ever miſcarry; faith I think never one; among all the privateers and the ſtorms: oh faith, my letters are too good to be loſt. *MD*'s letters may tarry, but never miſcarry, as the old woman

uſed to ſay. And indeed, how ſhould they miſcarry, when they never come before their time? It was a terrible rainy day; yet I made a ſhift to ſteal fair weather over head enough to go and come in. I was early with the ſecretary, and dined with him afterwards. In the morning I began to chide him, and tell him my fears of his proceedings. But *Arthur Moore* came up and relieved him. But I forgot, for you never heard of *Arthur Moore*. But when I get Mr. *Harley* alone, I will know the bottom. You will have Dr. *Raymond* over before this letter, and what care you?

7. I hope, and believe my walks every day do me good. I was buſy at home, and ſet out late this morning, and dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, at whoſe lodgings I always change my gown and periwig. I viſited this afternoon, and among others, poor *Biddy Floyd*, who is very red, but I believe won't be much marked. As I was coming home I met Sir *George Beaumont* in the *Pall-mall*, who would needs walk with me as far as *Buckingham* houſe. I was telling him of my head; he ſaid he had been ill of the ſame diſorder, and by all means forbid me bohea tea; which he ſaid always gave it

him;

him; and that Dr. *Radcliffe* ſaid it was very bad. Now I had obſerved the ſame thing, and have left it off this month, having found my ſelf ill after it ſeveral times; and I mention it, that *Stella* may conſider it for her own poor little head: a pound lies ready packt up and directed for Mrs. *Walls*, to be ſent by the firſt convenience. Mr. ſecretary told me yeſterday, that Mr. *Harley* would this week be lord treaſurer and a peer, ſo I expect it every day; yet perhaps it may not be 'till *Parliament* is up, which will be in a fortnight.

8. I was to-day with the duke of *Ormond*, and recommended to him the care of poor *Joe Beaumont*, who promiſes me to do him all juſtice and favour, and give him encouragement; and deſired I would give a memorial to *Ned Southwell* about it, which I will, and ſo tell *Joe* when you ſee him, though he knows it already by a letter I writ to Mr. *Warburton* *. It was bloody hot walking to-day. I dined in the city, and went and came by water; and it rained ſo this evening again, that I thought I ſhould hardly be able to get a dry hour to

* Dr. *Swift*'s curate at *Laracor*.

walk home in. I'll ſend to-morrow to the *Coffee-houſe* for a letter from *MD*; but I would not have one methinks, 'till this is gone, as it ſhall on *Saturday*. I viſited the ducheſs of *Ormond* this morning; ſhe does not go over with the duke. I ſpoke to her to get a lad touched for the evil, the ſon of a grocer in *Capel-ſtreet*, one *Bell*, the ladies have bought ſugar and plumbs of him. Mrs. *Mary* uſed to go there often. This is *Patrick*'s account; and the poor fellow has been here ſome months with his boy. But the queen has not been able to touch, and it now grows ſo warm, I fear ſhe will not at all. Go, go, go to the dean's, and let him carry you to *Donnybrook*, and cut aſparagus. Has *Parviſol* ſent you any this year †? I cannot ſleep in the beginnings of the nights, the heat or ſomething hinders me, and I am drowſy in the mornings.

9. Dr. *Freind* came this morning to viſit *Atterbury*'s lady and children as phyſician, and perſuaded me to go with him to town in his chariot. He told me he had been an hour before with Sir *Cholmley Dering*, *Charles Dering*'s nephew, and head of that family

† From Dr. *Swift*'s garden at *Laracor*.

in

in *Kent*, for which he is knight of the ſhire. He ſaid he left him dying of a piſtol-ſhot quite through the body, by one Mr. *Thornhill*. They fought at ſword and piſtol this morning in *Tuttle-fields*, their piſtols ſo near, that the muzzles touched. *Thornhill* diſcharged firſt, and *Dering* having received the ſhot, diſcharged his piſtol as he was falling, ſo it went into the air. The ſtory of this quarrel is long. *Thornhill* had loſt ſeven teeth by a kick in the mouth from *Dering*, who had firſt knocked him down; this was above a fortnight ago. *Dering* was next week to be married to a fine young lady. This makes a noiſe here, but you won't value it. Well, Mr. *Harley*, lord keeper, and one or two more are to be made lords immediately; their patents are now paſſing, and I read the preamble to Mr. *Harley*'s, full of his praiſes. *Lewis* and I dined with *Ford*; I found the wine; two flaſks of my *Florence*, and two bottles of ſix that Dr. *Raymond* ſent me of *French* wine; he ſent it to me to drink with Sir *Robert Raymond*, and Mr. *Harley*'s brother, whom I had introduced him to; but they never could find time to come; and now I have

left the town, and it is too late. *Raymond* will think it a cheat. What care I, ſirrah?

10. Pſhaw, pſhaw. *Patrick* brought me four letters to-day; from *Dilly* at *Bath*; *Joe*; *Parviſol*; and what was the fourth, who can tell? Stand away, who'll gueſs? Who can it be? You old man with a ſtick, can you tell who the fourth is from? Iſs, an pleaſe your honour, it is from one Madam *MD*, Number Fourteen. Well; but I can't ſend this away now, becauſe it was here, and I was in town, but it ſhall go on *Saturday*, and this is *Thurſday* night, and it will be time enough for *Wexford*. Take my method: I write here to *Parviſol* to lend *Stella* twenty pound, and to take her note promiſſary to pay it in half a year, *&c.* You ſhall ſee, and if you want more, let me know afterwards; and be ſure my money ſhall be always paid conſtantly too. Have you been good or ill houſewives pray?

11. *Joe* has written to me to get him a collector's place, nothing leſs; he ſays all the world knows of my great intimacy with Mr. *Harley*, and that the ſmalleſt word to him will do. This is the conſtant cant of puppies who are at a diſtance, and ſtrangers

to

to *Courts* and miniſters. My anſwer is this; which pray ſend; That I am ready to ſerve *Joe*, as far as I can; that I have ſpoken to the duke of *Ormond* about his money, as I writ to *Warburton*; that for the particular he mentions, it is a work of time, which I cannot think of at preſent. But if accidents and opportunities ſhould happen hereafter, I would not be wanting; that I know beſt how far my credit goes; that he is at diſtance, and cannot judge; that I would be glad to do him good; and if *Fortune* throws an opportunity in my way, I ſhall not be wanting. This is my anſwer; which you may ſend or read to him. Pray contrive that *Parviſol* may not run away with my two hundred pound, but get *Burton*'s * note, and let the money be returned me by bill. Don't laugh, for I will be ſuſpicious. Teach *Parviſol* to incloſe, and direct the outſide to Mr. *Lewis*. I will anſwer your letter in my next, only what I take notice of here excepted. I forgot to tell you, that at the court of requeſts to-day I could not find a dinner I liked, and it grew late, and I dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, &c.

* *Burton*, a banker in *Dublin*.

12. Morning.

12. Morning. I will finiſh this letter before I go to town, becauſe I ſhall be buſy, and have neither time nor place there. Farewel, *&c. &c.*

LETTER XXIII.

Chelſea, May 12, 1711.

I SENT you my twenty-ſecond this afternoon in town. I dined with Mr. *Harley* and the old club, lord *Rivers*, lord keeper, and Mr. ſecretary. They rallied me laſt week, and ſaid I muſt have Mr. *St. John*'s leave, ſo I writ to him yeſterday, that foreſeeing I ſhould never dine again with Sir *Simon Harcourt*, knight, and *Robert Harley*, eſq; I was reſolved to do it to-day. The jeſt is, that before *Saturday* next we expect they will be lords: for Mr. *Harley*'s patent is drawing to be earl of *Oxford*. Mr. ſecretary and I came away at ſeven, and he brought me to our town's end in his coach; ſo I loſt my walk. *St. John* read my letter to the company, which was all raillery, and paſt purely.

13. It rained all laſt night and this morning as heavy as lead; but I juſt got fair weather to walk to town before church. The

The roads are all over in deep puddle. The hay of our town is almoſt fit to be mowed. I went to *Court* after church (as I always do on *Sundays*) and then dined with Mr. ſecretary, who has engaged me for every *Sunday*; and poor *MD* dined at home upon a bit of veal, and a pint of wine. Is it not plaguy inſipid to tell you every day where I dine; yet now I have got into the way of it, I cannot forbear it neither. Indeed, Mr. *Preſto*, you had better go anſwer *MD*'s letter, *N.* 14. I'll anſwer it when I pleaſe, Mr. *Doctor*. What's that you ſay? The *Court* was very full this morning, expecting Mr. *Harley* would be declared earl of *Oxford*, and have the treaſurer's ſtaff. Mr. *Harley* never comes to *Court* at all; ſomebody there aſkt me the reaſon; Why, ſaid I, the lord of *Oxford* knows. He always goes to the queen by the back ſtairs. I was told for certain, your jackanapes, lord *Sautry*, was dead, captain *Cammock* aſſured me ſo; and now he's alive again, they ſay; but that ſhan't do: he ſhall be dead to me as long as he lives. *Dick Tighe* and I meet and never ſtir our hats. I am reſolved to miſtake him for *Witherington*, the little naſty lawyer that came up to me ſo ſternly at the *Caſtle* the day

day I left *Ireland*. I'll aſk the gentleman I ſaw walking with him, how long *Witherington* has been in town.

14. I went to town to-day by water. The hail quite diſcouraged me from walking, and there is no ſhade in the greateſt part of the way: I took the firſt boat; and had a footman my companion; then I went again by water, and dined in the city with a printer, to whom I carried a pamphlet in manuſcript, that Mr. ſecretary gave me. The printer ſent it to the ſecretary for his approbation, and he deſired me to look it over, which I did, and found it a very ſcurvy piece. The reaſon I tell you ſo, is becauſe it was done by your parſon *Slap*, *Scrap*, *Flap*, (what d'ye call him) *Trap*, your chancellor's chaplain. 'Tis called *A Character* of the preſent ſet of *Whigs*, and is going to be printed, and no doubt the author will take care to produce it in *Ireland*. Dr. *Freind* was with me, and pulled out a two-penny pamphlet juſt publiſhed, called *The State of Wit*, giving a character of all the papers that have come out of late. The author ſeems to be a *Whig*, yet he ſpeaks very highly of a paper called the *Examiner*, and ſays the ſuppoſed author of it is Dr. *Swift*.

But

But above all things he praiſes the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*; and I believe *Steele* and *Addiſon* were privy to the printing of it. Thus is one treated by theſe impudent dogs. And that villain *Curl* has ſcraped up ſome traſh, and calls it Dr. *Swift*'s miſcellanies, with the name at large: and I can get no ſatisfaction of him. Nay, Mr. *Harley* told me he had read it, and only laughed at me before lord keeper, and the reſt. Since I came home I have been ſitting with the prolocutor, dean *Atterbury*, who is my neighbour over the way; but generally keeps in town with his convocation. 'Tis late, *&c.*

15. My walk to town to-day was after ten, and prodigiouſly hot: I dined with lord *Shelburn*, and have deſired Mrs. *Pratt*, who lodges there, to carry over Mrs. *Walls*'s tea; I hope ſhe will do it, and they talk of going in a fortnight. My way is this; I leave my beſt gown and periwig at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*'s, then walk up the *Pall-mall*, through the *Park*, out at *Buckingham*-houſe, and ſo to *Chelſea* a little beyond the *Church*: I ſet out about ſun-ſet, and get here in ſomething leſs than an hour; it is two good miles and juſt five thouſand ſeven hundred and forty-eight ſteps; ſo there is four miles

a day

a day walking, without reckoning what I walk while I ſtay in town. When I paſs the *Mall* in the evening it is prodigious to ſee the number of ladies walking there; and I always cry ſhame at the ladies of *Ireland*, who never walk at all, as if their legs were of no uſe, but to be *laid aſide*. I have been now almoſt three weeks here, and I thank God, am much better in my head, if it does but continue. I tell you what, if I was with you, when we went to *Stoyte* at *Donnybrook*, we would only take a coach to the hither end of *Stephen's-Green*, and from thence go every ſtep on foot, yes faith, every ſtep; it would do: *DD* * goes as well as *Preſto*. Every body tells me I look better already; for faith I lookt ſadly, that's certain. My breakfaſt is milk porridge: I don't love it, faith I hate it, but 'tis cheap and wholeſome; and I hate to be obliged to either of thoſe qualities for any thing.

16. I wonder why *Preſto* will be ſo tedious in anſwering *MD*'s letters; becauſe he would keep the beſt to the laſt, I ſuppoſe. Well, *Preſto* muſt be humoured, it muſt be as he will have it, or there will be

* In this paſſage *DD* ſignifies both *Dingley* and *Stella*.

an

an old to do. Dead with heat, are not you very hot? My walks make my forehead ſweat rarely; ſometimes my morning journey is by water, as it was to-day with one parſon *Richardſon*, who came to ſee me, on his going to *Ireland*; and with him I ſend Mrs. *Walls*'s tea, and three books I got from the lords of the treaſury for the *College* †. I dined with lord *Shelburn* to-day; lady *Kerry* and Mrs. *Pratt* are going likewiſe for *Ireland*. — Lord I forgot, I dined with Mr. *Prior* to-day, at his houſe, with dean *Atterbury* and others; and came home pretty late, and I think I'm in a fuzz, and don't know what I ſay, never ſaw the like.

17. *Sterne* came here by water to ſee me this morning, and I went back with him to his boat. He tells me, that Mrs. *Edgworth* married a fellow in her journey to *Cheſter*; ſo I believe ſhe little thought of any body's box but her own. I deſired *Sterne* to give me directions where to get the box in *Cheſter*, which he ſays he will to-morrow, and I will write to *Richardſon* to get it up there as he goes by, and whip it over. It is directed to Mrs. *Curry*: you muſt caution her of it,

† The Univerſity of *Dublin*.

and

and desire her to send it you when it comes. *Sterne* says *Jemmy Leigh* loves *London* mightily; that makes him stay so long, I believe, and not *Sterne*'s business, which Mr. *Harley*'s accident has put much backward. We expect now every day that he will be earl of *Oxford* and lord treasurer. His patent is passing; but they say, lord keeper's not yet, at least his son, young *Harcourt*, told me so t'other day. I dined to-day privately with my friend *Lewis* at his lodgings at *Whitehall*. T'other day at *Whitehall* I met a lady of my acquaintance, whom I had not seen before since I came to *England*; we were mighty glad to see each other, and she has engaged me to visit her, as I design to do. It is one Mrs. *Colledge*; she has lodgings at *Whitehall*, having been seamstress to king *William*, worth three hundred a year. Her father was a fanatick joiner, hanged for treason in *Shaftsbury*'s plot. This noble person and I were brought acquainted, some years ago, by lady *Berkeley*. I love good creditable acquaintance: I love to be the worst of the company: I am not of those that say, For want of company welcome trumpery. I was this evening with lady *Kerry* and Mrs. *Pratt* at *Vauxhall*, to

hear

hear the nightingals; but they are almoſt paſt ſinging.

18. I was hunting the ſecretary to-day in vain about ſome buſineſs, and dined with colonel *Crowe*, late governor of *Barbadoes*, and your friend *Sterne* was the third: he is very kind to *Sterne*, and helps him in his buſineſs, which lies aſleep till Mr. *Harley* is lord treaſurer, becauſe nothing of moment is now done in the treaſury, the change being expected every day. I ſat with dean *Atterbury* till one o'clock after I came home; ſo 'tis late, *&c.*

19. Do you know that about our town we are mowing already and making hay, and it ſmells ſo ſweet as we walk through the flowery meads; but the hay-making nymphs are perfect drabs, nothing ſo clean and pretty as further in the country. There is a mighty increaſe of dirty wenches in ſtraw-hats ſince I knew *London*. I ſtaid at home till five o'clock, and dined with dean *Atterbury*; then went by water to Mr. *Harley*'s, where the *Saturday Club* was met, with the addition of the duke of *Shrewſbury*. I whiſpered lord *Rivers*, that I did not like to ſee a ſtranger among us; and the rogue told it aloud: but Mr. ſecretary ſaid, The

duke writ to have leave; ſo I appeared ſatisfied, and ſo we laughed. Mr. ſecretary told me the duke of *Buckingham* had been talking to him much about me, and deſired my acquaintance. I anſwered, It could not be; for he had not made ſufficient advances. Then the duke of *Shrewſbury* ſaid, he thought that duke was not uſed to make advances. I ſaid, I could not help that; for I always expected advances in proportion to men's quality, and more from a duke than other men. The duke replied, that he did not mean any thing of his quality; which was handſomely ſaid enough; for he meant his pride: and I have invented a notion to believe that nobody is proud. At ten all the company went away; and from ten till twelve Mr. *Harley* and I ſat together, where we talked through a great deal of matters I had a mind to ſettle with him, and then walked, in a fine moon-ſhine night, to *Chelſea*, where I got by one. Lord *Rivers* conjured me not to walk ſo late; but I would, becauſe I had no other way; but I had no money to loſe.

20. By what lord keeper told me laſt night, I find he will not be made a peer ſo ſoon; but Mr. *Harley's* patent for earl of

Oxford

Oxford is now drawing, and will be done in three days. We made him own it, which he did ſcurvily, and then talkt of it like the reſt. Mr. ſecretary had too much company with him to-day; ſo I came away ſoon after dinner. I give no man liberty to ſwear or talk b—dy, and I found ſome of them were in conſtraint, ſo I left them to themſelves. I wiſh you a merry *Whitſuntide*, and pray tell me how you paſs away your time: but faith, you are going to *Wexford*, and I fear this letter is too late; it ſhall go on *Thurſday*, and ſooner it cannot, I have ſo much buſineſs to hinder me anſwering yours. Where muſt I direct in your abſence? Do you quit your lodgings?

21. Going to town this morning, I met in the *Pall-mall* a clergyman of *Ireland*, whom I love very well and was glad to ſee, and with him a little jackanapes of *Ireland* too, who married *Nanny Swift*, uncle *Adam*'s daughter, one *Perry*; perhaps you may have heard of him. His wife has ſent him here to get a place from *Lownds*; becauſe my uncle and *Lownds* married two ſiſters, and *Lownds* is a great man here in the treaſury; but by good luck I have no acquaintance with him: however, he expected I ſhould

be his friend to *Lownds*, and one word of mine, *&c.* the old cant. But I will not go two yards to help him. I dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, where I keep my beſt gown and periwig to put on when I come to town and be a ſpark.

22. I dined to-day in the city, and coming home this evening, I met Sir *Thomas Manſel* and Mr. *Lewis* in the *Park*. *Lewis* whiſpered me, that Mr. *Harley*'s patent for earl of *Oxford* was paſſed in Mr. ſecretary *St. John*'s office; ſo to-morrow or next day I ſuppoſe he will be declared earl of *Oxford*, and have the ſtaff. This man has grown by perſecutions, turnings out, and ſtabbing. What waiting, and crowding, and bowing, will be at his levee? yet, if human nature be capable of ſo much conſtancy, I ſhould believe he will be the ſame man ſtill, bating the neceſſary forms of grandeur he muſt keep up. 'Tis late, ſirrahs, and I'll go ſleep.

23. Morning. I ſate up late laſt night, and waked late to-day; but will now anſwer your letter in bed before I go to town, and I will ſend it to-morrow; for perhaps you mayn't go ſo ſoon to *Wexford*.—No, you are not out in your number; the laſt

was

was *Number* 14, and ſo I told you twice or thrice; will you never be ſatisfied? What ſhall we do for poor *Stella?* Go to *Wexford*, for God's ſake: I wiſh you were to walk there by three miles a day, with a good lodging at every mile's end. Walking has done me ſo much good, that I cannot but preſcribe it often to poor *Stella*. *Parviſol* has ſent me a bill for fifty pounds, which I am ſorry for, having not written to him for it, only mentioned it two months ago; but I hope he will be able to pay you what I have drawn upon him for: he never ſent me any ſum before but one bill of twenty pounds, half a year ago. You are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in the world; and all that grieves me is, I am not richer, for *MD*'s ſake, as hope ſaved. I ſuppoſe you give up your lodgings when you go to *Wexford*; yet that will be inconvenient too: yet I wiſh again you were under a neceſſity of rambling the country until *Michaelmas*, faith. No, let them keep the ſhelves, with a pox; yet they are exacting people about thoſe four weeks, or Mrs. *Brent* may have the ſhelves, if ſhe pleaſe. I am obliged to your dean for his kind offer of lending me money. Will that

be enough to ſay? A hundred people would lend me money, or to any man who has not the reputation of a ſquanderer. O faith, I ſhould be glad to be in the ſame kingdom with *MD*, however, although you were at *Wexford*. But I am kept here by a moſt capricious fate, which I would break through, if I could do it with decency or honour.—To return without ſome mark of diſtinction, would look extremely little; and I would likewiſe gladly be ſomewhat richer than I am. I will ſay no more, but beg you to be eaſy, 'till *Fortune* take her courſe, and to believe that *MD*'s felicity is the great end I aim at in all my purſuits. And ſo let us talk no more on this ſubject, which makes me melancholy, and that I would fain divert. Believe me, no man breathing at preſent has leſs ſhare of happineſs in life than I: I do not ſay I am unhappy at all, but that every thing here is taſteleſs to me for want of being as I would be. And ſo, a ſhort ſigh, and no more of this. Well, come and let's ſee what's next, young women. Pox take Mrs. *Edgworth* and *Sterne*: I will take ſome methods about that box. What orders would you have me give about the picture? Can't you do with it as if it

were

were your own? No, I hope *Manley* will keep his place; for I hear nothing of Sir *Thomas Frankland*'s loſing his. Send nothing under cover to Mr. *Addiſon*, but to *Eraſmus Lewis*, Eſq; at my lord *Dartmouth*'s office at *Whitehall*. Direct your outſide ſo. —Poor dear *Stella*, don't write in the dark, nor in the light neither, but dictate to *Dingley*; ſhe is a naughty healthy girl, and may drudge for both. Are you good company together? and don't you quarrel too often? Pray, love one another, and kiſs one another juſt now, as *Dingley* is reading this; for you quarrelled this morning juſt after Mrs. *Marget* had poured water on *Stella*'s head: I heard the little bird ſay ſo. Well, I have anſwered every thing in your letter that required it, and yet the ſecond ſide is not full. I'll come home at night, and ſay more; and to-morrow this goes for certain. Go, get you gone to your own chambers, and let *Preſto* riſe like a modeſt gentleman, and walk to town. I fancy I begin to ſweat leſs in the forehead by conſtant walking than I uſed to do; but then I ſhall be ſo ſun-burnt, the ladies won't like me. Come, let me riſe, ſirrahs. Morrow.—At night. I dined with *Ford* to-day at his lodgings, and I found

wine out of my own cellar, ſome of my own cheſt of the great duke's wine: it begins to turn. They ſay wine with you in *Ireland* is half a crown a bottle. 'Tis as *Stella* ſays, nothing that once grows dear in *Ireland* ever grows cheap again, except corn, with a pox, to ruin the parſon. I had a letter to-day from the archbiſhop of *Dublin* *, giving me further thanks about vindicating him to Mr. *Harley* and Mr. *St. John*, and telling me a long ſtory about your mayor's election, wherein I find he has had a finger, and given way to further talk about him; but we know nothing of it here yet. This walking to and fro, and dreſſing my ſelf, takes up ſo much of my time, that I cannot go among company ſo much as formerly; yet what muſt a body do? I thank God, I yet continue much better ſince I left the town; I know not how long it may laſt. I am ſure it has done me ſome good for the preſent. I do not totter as I did, but walk firm as a cock, only once or twice for a minute, I don't know how; but it went off, and I never followed it. Does *Dingley* read my hand as well as ever? do you,

* See the laſt Collection of Letters, printed by *Dodſley* and others, No. 45.

ſirrah?

ſirrah? Poor *Stella* muſt not read *Preſto*'s ugly ſmall hand. Preſerve your eyes, If you be wiſe. Your friend *Walls*'s tea will go in a day or two towards *Cheſter* by one parſon *Richardſon*. My humble ſervice to her, and to good Mrs. *Stoyte*, and *Catherine*; and pray walk while you continue in *Dublin*. I expect your next but one will be from *Wexford*. God bleſs deareſt *MD*.

24. Morning. Mr. ſecretary has ſent his groom hither to invite me to dinner to-day, *&c.* God Almighty for ever bleſs and preſerve you both, and give you health, *&c.* Amen. Farewel, *&c.*

Don't I often ſay the ſame thing two or three times in the ſame letter, ſirrah?

Great wits, they ſay, have but ſhort memories; that's good vile converſation.

LETTER XXIV.

Chelſea, May 24, 1711.

MORNING. Once in my life the number of my letters and of the day of the month is the ſame; that's lucky, boys; that's a ſign that things will meet, and that we ſhall make a figure together. What, will you ſtill have the impudence to ſay *London, England,* becauſe I ſay *Dublin, Ireland?* Is there no difference between *London* and *Dublin,* ſaucy boxes? I have ſealed up my letter, and am going to town. Morrow, firrahs.—At night. I dined with the ſecretary to-day; we ſat down between five and ſix. Mr. *Harley*'s patent paſſed this morning: he is now earl of *Oxford,* earl *Mortimer,* and lord *Harley* of *Wigmore-Caſtle.* My letter was ſealed, or I would have told you this yeſterday; but the publick news may tell it you. The queen, for all her favour, has kept a rod for him in her cloſet this week; I ſuppoſe he will take it from her though in a day or two. At eight o'clock this evening it rained prodigiouſly, as it did from five; however I ſet out, and in half way the rain leſſened, and I got home,

home, but tolerably wet; and this is the firſt wet walk I have had in a month's time that I am here: but however I got to bed, after a ſhort viſit to *Atterbury*.

25. It rained this morning, and I went to town by water; and *Ford* and I dined with Mr. *Lewis* by appointment. I ordered *Patrick* to bring my gown and periwig to Mr. *Lewis*, becauſe I deſigned to go to ſee lord *Oxford*, and ſo I told the dog; but he never came, though I ſtaid an hour longer than I appointed; ſo I went in my old gown, and ſat with him two hours, but could not talk over ſome buſineſs I had with him; ſo he has deſired me to dine with him on *Sunday*, and I muſt diſappoint the ſecretary. My lord ſet me down at a *Coffee-houſe*, where I waited for the dean of *Carliſle*'s chariot to bring me to *Chelſea*; for it has rained prodigiouſly all this afternoon. The dean did not come himſelf, but ſent me his chariot, which has coſt me two ſhillings to the coachman; and ſo I am got home, and Lord knows what is become of *Patrick*. I think I muſt ſend him over to you; for he is an intolerable raſcal. If I had come without a gown, he would have ſerved me ſo, though my life and preferment ſhould have

have lain upon it: and I am making a livery for him will coſt me four pounds; but I will order the taylor to-morrow to ſtop till further orders. My lord *Oxford* can't yet abide to be called My lord; and when I called him My lord, he called me Dr. *Thomas Swift*, which he always does when he has a mind to teaſe me. By a ſecond hand, he propoſed my being his chaplain, which I by a ſecond hand excuſed; but we had no talk of it to-day: but I will be no man's chaplain alive. But I muſt go and be buſy.

26. I never ſaw *Patrick* till this morning, and that only once, for I dreſſed myſelf without him; and when I went to town, he was out of the way. I immediately ſent for the taylor, and ordered him to ſtop his hand in *Patrick*'s cloaths till further orders. Oh, if it were in *Ireland*, I ſhould have turned him off ten times ago; and it is no regard to him, but myſelf, that has made me keep him ſo long. Now I am afraid to give the rogue his cloaths. What ſhall I do? I wiſh *MD* were here to intreat for him, juſt here at the bed's ſide. Lady *Aſhburnham* has been engaging me this long time to dine with her, and I ſet to-day apart for it; and whatever was the

miſtake,

miſtake, ſhe ſent me word, ſhe was at dinner and undreſſed, but would be glad to ſee me in the afternoon; ſo I dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*, and would not go ſee her at all, in a huff. My fine *Florence* is turning ſour with a vengeance, and I have not drank half of it. As I was coming home to-night, Sir *Thomas Manſel* and *Tom Harley* met me in the *Park*, and made me walk with them till nine, like unreaſonable whelps; ſo I got not here till ten: but it was a fine evening, and the foot-path clean enough already after this hard rain.

27. Going this morning to town, I ſaw two old lame fellows walking to a brandy-ſhop, and when they got to the door, ſtood a long time complimenting who ſhould go in firſt. Though this be no jeſt to tell, it was an admirable one to ſee. I dined to-day with my lord *Oxford* and the ladies, the new counteſs, and lady *Betty*, who has been theſe three days a lady born. My lord left us at ſeven, and I had no time to ſpeak to him about ſome affairs; but he promiſes in a day or two we ſhall dine alone; which is mighty likely, conſidering we expect every moment that the queen will give him the ſtaff, and then he will be ſo crowded, he will

will be good for nothing: for aught I know he may have it to-night at council.

28. I had a petition ſent me t'other day from one *Stephen Gernon*, ſetting forth that he formerly lived with *Harry Teniſon*, who gave him an employment of gauger; and that he was turned out after *Harry*'s death, and came for *England*, and is now ſtarving, or, as he expreſſes it, that the ſtaff of life has been of late a ſtranger to his appetite. To-day the poor fellow called, and I knew him very well, a young ſlender fellow with freckles in his face; you muſt remember him; he waited at table as a better ſort of ſervant. I gave him a crown, and promiſed to do what I could to help him to a ſervice, which I did for *Harry Teniſon*'s memory. It was bloody hot walking to-day, and I was ſo lazy I dined where my new gown was, at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*'s, and came back like a fool, and the dean of *Carliſle* has ſat with me till eleven. Lord *Oxford* has not the ſtaff yet.

29. I was this morning in town by ten, though it was ſhaving-day, and went to the ſecretary about ſome affairs, then viſited the duke and ducheſs of *Ormond*; but the latter was dreſſing to go out, and I could not ſee her.

her. My lord *Oxford* had the ſtaff given him this morning; ſo now I muſt call him lord *Oxford* no more, but lord treaſurer: I hope he will ſtick there: this is twice he has changed his name this week; and I heard to-day in the city (where I dined) that he will very ſoon have the garter.—Prithee, don't you obſerve how ſtrangely I have changed my company and manner of living? I never go to a *Coffee-houſe*; you hear no more of *Addiſon*, *Steele*, *Henley*, lady *Lucy*, Mrs. *Finch*, lord *Somers*, lord *Hallifax*, &c. I think I have altered for the better. Did I tell you, the archbiſhop of *Dublin* has writ me a long letter of a ſquabble in your town about chuſing a mayor, and that he apprehended ſome cenſure for the ſhare he had in it. I have not heard any thing of it here; but I ſhall not be always able to defend him. We hear your biſhop *Hickman* is dead; but nobody here will do any thing for me in *Ireland*; ſo they may die as faſt or ſlow as they pleaſe ——Well, you are conſtant to your deans, and your *Stoyte*, and your *Walls*. *Walls* will have her tea ſoon; parſon *Richardſon* is either going or gone to *Ireland*, and has it with him. I hear Mr. *Lewis* has two letters for me: I could not call for them

them to-day, but will to-morrow; and perhaps one of them may be from our little *MD*, who knows, man? who can tell? Many more unlikely thing has happened. —Pſhaw, I write ſo plaguy little, I can hardly ſee it myſelf. *Write bigger, ſirrah* * Preſto. No, but I won't. Oh, you are a ſaucy rogue, Mr. *Preſto*, you are ſo impudent. Come, dear rogues, let *Preſto* go to ſleep; I have been with the dean, and 'tis near twelve.

30. I am ſo hot and lazy after my morning's walk, that I loitered at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*'s, where my beſt gown and periwig are, and out of mere liſtleſneſs dine there very often, ſo I did to-day, but I got little *MD*'s letter, *N.* 15. (you ſee, ſirrahs, I remember to tell the number) from Mr. *Lewis*, and I read it in a cloſet they lend me at Mrs. *Van*'s, and I find *Stella* is a ſaucy rogue and a great writer, and can write finely ſtill when her hand's in, and her pen good. When I came here to-night, I had a mighty mind to go ſwim after I was cool, for my lodging is juſt by the river, and I went down with only my night-gown

* Theſe words in *Italicks* are written in a large round hand.

and

and ſlippers on at eleven, but came up again; however, one of theſe nights I will venture.

31. I was ſo hot this morning with my walk, that I reſolve to do ſo no more during this violent burning weather. It is comical, that now we happen to have ſuch heat to ripen the fruit, there has been the greateſt blaſt that was ever known, and almoſt all the fruit is deſpaired of. I dined with lord *Shelburn*; lady *Kerry* and Mrs. *Pratt* are going to *Ireland*. I went this evening to lord treaſurer, and ſat about two hours with him in mixt company; he left us, and went to *Court*, and carried two ſtaves with him, ſo I ſuppoſe we ſhall have a new lord ſteward, or controller to-morrow; I ſmoakt that ſtate ſecret out by that accident. I won't anſwer your letter yet, ſirrahs, no I won't, Madam.

June 1. I wiſh you a merry month of *June*. I dined again with the *Vans* and Sir *Andrew Fountain*. I always give them a flaſk of my *Florence*, which now begins to ſpoil, but 'tis near an end. I went this afternoon to Mrs. *Vedeau*'s, and brought away Madam *Dingley*'s parchment and letter of attorney. Mrs. *Vedeau* tells me, ſhe has

ſent the bill a fortnight ago. I will give the parchment to *Ben. Tooke*, and you ſhall ſend him a letter of attorney at your leiſure, incloſed to Mr *Preſto*. Yes, I now think your mackarel is full as good as ours, which I did not think formerly. I was bit about the two ſtaves, for there is no new officer made to-day. This letter will find you ſtill in *Dublin*, I ſuppoſe, or at *Donnybrook*, or loſing your money at *Walls'* (how does ſhe do?)

2. I miſſed this day by a blunder and dining in the city *.

3. No boats on *Sunday*, never: ſo I was forced to walk, and ſo hot by the time I got to *Ford*'s lodging, that I was quite ſpent; I think the weather is mad. I could not go to church. I dined with the ſecretary as uſual, and old colonel *Graham* that lived at *Bagſhot-Heath*, and they ſaid it was colonel *Graham*'s houſe. Pſhaw, I remember it very well, when I uſed to go for a walk to *London* from *Moor-park*. What, I warrant you don't remember the golden farmer neither, *Figgarkick Soley?*

* This interlined in the original.

4. When

4. When muſt we anſwer this letter, this *N.* 15. of our little *MD?* Heat and lazineſs, and Sir *Andrew Fountain* made me dine to-day again at Mrs. *Van*'s; and, in ſhort, this weather is inſupportable; how is it with you? Lady *Betty Butler*, and lady *Aſhburnham* ſat with me two or three hours this evening in my cloſet at Mrs. *Van*'s. They are very good girls, and if lady *Betty* went to *Ireland* you ſhould let her be acquainted with you. How does *Dingley* do this hot weather? *Stella*, I think, never complains of it, ſhe loves hot weather. There has not been a drop of rain ſince *Friday* ſennight. Yes, you do love hot weather, naughty *Stella*, you do ſo, and *Preſto* can't abide it. Be a good girl then, and I'll love you; and love one another, and don't be quarrelling girls.

5. I dined in the city to-day, and went from hence early to town, and viſited the duke of *Ormond*, and Mr. ſecretary. They ſay, my lord treaſurer has a dead warrant in his pocket, they mean, a liſt of thoſe who are to be turned out of employment, and we every day now expect thoſe changes. I paſt by the treaſury to-day, and ſaw vaſt crowds waiting to give lord treaſurer peti-

tions as he paſſes by. He is now at the top of power and favour: he keeps no levees yet. I am cruel thirſty this hot weather.—I am juſt this minute going to ſwim. I take *Patrick* down with me to hold my night-gown, ſhirt and ſlippers, and borrow a napkin of my landlady for a cap. —— So farewel till I come up; but there's no danger, don't be frighted.——I have been ſwimming this half-hour and more; and when I was coming out I dived, to make my head and all through wet, like a cold bath; but as I dived, the napkin fell off and is loſt, and I have that to pay for. O faith, the great ſtones were ſo ſharp, I could hardly ſet my feet on them as I came out. It was pure and warm. I got to bed, and will now go ſleep.

6. Morning. This letter ſhall go to-morrow; ſo I will anſwer yours when I come home to-night. I feel no hurt from laſt night's ſwimming. I lie with nothing but the ſheet over me, and my feet quite bare. I muſt riſe and go to town before the tide is againſt me. Morrow, ſirrahs; dear ſirrahs, morrow.—At night. I never felt ſo hot a day as this ſince I was born. I dined with lady *Betty Germain*, and there

was

was the young earl of *Berkeley* and his fine lady. I never ſaw her before, nor think her near ſo handſome as ſhe paſſes for.—— After dinner Mr. *Bertue* would not let me put ice in my wine; but ſaid my lord *Dorcheſter* got the bloody-flux with it, and that it was the worſt thing in the world. Thus are we plagued, thus are we plagued; yet I have done it five or ſix times this ſummer, and was but the drier and the hotter for it. Nothing makes me ſo exceſſively peeviſh as hot weather. Lady *Berkeley* after dinner clapt my hat on another lady's head, and ſhe in roguery put it upon the rails. I minded them not; but in two minutes they called me to the window, and lady *Carteret* ſhewed me my hat out of her window five doors off, where I was forced to walk to it, and pay her and old lady *Weymouth* a viſit, with ſome more beldames. Then I went and drank coffee, and made one or two puns with lord *Pembroke*, and deſigned to go to lord treaſurer; but it was too late, and beſide I was half broiled, and broiled without butter; for I never ſweat after dinner, if I drink any wine. Then I ſat an hour with lady *Betty Butler* at tea, and every thing made me hotter and

drier. Then I walkt home, and was here by ten, ſo miſerably hot, that I was in as perfect a paſſion as ever I was in my life at the greateſt affront or provocation. Then I ſat an hour, till I was quite dry and cool enough to go ſwim; which I did, but with ſo much vexation, that I think I have given it over: for I was every moment diſturbed by boats, rot them; and that puppy *Patrick*, ſtanding aſhore, would let them come within a yard or two, and then call ſneakingly to them. The only comfort I propoſed here in hot weather is gone; for there is no jeſting with thoſe boats after 'tis dark: I had none laſt night. I dived to dip my head, and held my cap on with both my hands, for fear of loſing it.——Pox take the boats! Amen. 'Tis near twelve, and ſo I'll anſwer your letter (it ſtrikes twelve now) to-morrow morning.

7. Morning. Well, now let us anſwer *MD*'s letter, *N.* 15, 15, 15, 15. Now have I told you the number? 15, 15; there, impudence, to call names in the beginning of your letter, before you ſay, How do you do, Mr. *Preſto?*——There's your breeding. Where's your manners, ſirrah, to a gentleman? Get you gone, you couple of

jades.

jades.——No, I never ſit up late now; but this abominable hot weather will force me to eat or drink ſomething that will do me hurt. I do venture to eat a few ſtrawberries.—Why then, do you know in *Ireland* that Mr. *St. John* talkt ſo in parliament? Your *Whigs* are plaguily bit; for he is intirely for their being all out.—And are you as vicious in ſnuff as ever? I believe, as you ſay, it does neither hurt nor good; but I have left it off, and when any body offers me their box, I take about a tenth part of what I uſed to do, and then juſt ſmell to it, and privately fling the reſt away. I keep to my tobacco ſtill *, as you ſay; but even much leſs of that than formerly, only mornings and evenings, and very ſeldom in the day.——As for *Joe*, I have recommended his caſe heartily to my lord lieutenant; and, by his direction, given a memorial of it to Mr. *Southwell*, to whom I have recommended it likewiſe. I can do no more, if he were my brother. His buſineſs will be to apply himſelf to *Southwell*.

* He does not mean ſmoaking, which he never practiſed, but ſnuffing up cut-and-dry tobacco, which ſometimes was juſt coloured with *Spaniſh* ſnuff; and this he uſed all his life, but would not own that he took ſnuff.

And you muſt deſire *Raymond*, if *Price* of *Galway* comes to town, to deſire him to wait on Mr. *Southwell*, as recommended by me for one of the duke's chaplains, which was all I could do for him; and he muſt be preſented to the duke, and make his court, and ply about and find out ſome vacancy, and ſolicit early for it. The buſtle about your mayor I had before, as I told you, from the archbiſhop of *Dublin*. Was *Raymond* not come till *May* 18? So he ſays fine things of me? Certainly he lies. I'm ſure I uſed him indifferently enough, and we never once dined together, or walkt, or were in any third place, only he came ſometimes to my lodgings, and even there was oftener denied than admitted.——What an odd bill is that you ſent of *Raymond*'s? A bill upon one *Murry* in *Cheſter*, which depends entirely not only upon *Raymond*'s honeſty, but his diſcretion; and in money matters he is the laſt man I would depend on. Why ſhould Sir *Alexander Cairnes* in *London* pay me a bill, drawn by God knows who, upon *Murry* in *Cheſter?* I was at *Cairnes*'s, and they can do no ſuch thing. I went among ſome friends, who are merchants, and I find the bill muſt be ſent to

Murry,

Murry, accepted by him, and then returned back, and then *Cairnes* may accept or refuſe it as he pleaſes. Accordingly I gave Sir *Thomas Frankland* the bill, who has ſent it to *Cheſter*, and ordered the poſt-maſter there to get it accepted, and then ſend it back, and in a day or two I ſhall have an anſwer; and therefore this letter muſt ſtay a day or two longer than I intended, and ſee what anſwer I get. *Raymond* ſhould have written to *Murry* at the ſame time, to deſire Sir *Alexander Cairnes* to have anſwered ſuch a bill, if it come. But *Cairnes*'s clerks (himſelf was not at home) ſaid, they had received no notice of it, and could do nothing; and adviſed me to ſend to *Murry*.——I have been ſix weeks to-day at *Chelſea*, and you know it but juſt now. And ſo dean —— thinks I write the *Medley*. Pox of his judgment; 'tis equal to his honeſty. Then you han't ſeen the *Miſcellany* yet. Why, 'tis a four ſhilling book: has nobody carried it over?——No, I believe *Manley* will not loſe his place: for his friend in *England* is ſo far from being out, that he has taken a new patent ſince the poſt-office act; and his brother *Jack Manley* here takes his part firmly; and I have often ſpoken to *Southwell*

in

in his behalf, and he ſeems very well inclined to him. But the *Iriſh* folks here in general are horribly violent againſt him. Beſides, he muſt conſider he could not ſend *Stella* wine if he were put out. And ſo he is very kind, and ſends you a dozen bottles of wine *at a time*, and you win eight ſhillings *at a time*; and how much do you loſe? No, no, never one ſyllable about that, I warrant you.—Why this ſame *Stella* is ſo unmerciful a writer, ſhe has hardly left any room for *Dingley*. If you have ſuch *Summer* there as here, ſure the *Wexford* waters are good by this time. I forgot what weather we had *May* 6th; go look in my journal. We had terrible rain the 24th and 25th, and never a drop ſince. Yes, yes, I remember *Bereſted*'s bridge; the coach ſoſſes up and down as one goes that way, juſt as at *Hockley in the hole*. I never impute any illneſs or health I have to good or ill weather, but to want of exerciſe, or ill air, or ſomething I have eaten, or hard ſtudy, or ſitting up; and ſo I fence againſt thoſe as well as I can: but who a deuce can help the weather? *Will Seymor*, the general, was exceſſively hot with the ſun ſhining full upon him; ſo he turns to the ſun, and ſays, Hearkee, friend,

you

you had better go and ripen cucumbers than plague me at this rate, *&c.* Another time fretting at the heat, a gentleman by ſaid, It was ſuch weather as pleaſed God: *Seymor* ſaid, Perhaps it may; but I'm ſure it pleaſes nobody elſe. Why, madam *Dingley*, the *Firſt-Fruits* are done. *Southwell* told me they went to enquire about them, and lord treaſurer ſaid they were done, and had been done long ago. And I'll tell you a ſecret you muſt not mention, that the duke of *Ormond* is ordered to take notice of them in his ſpeech in your parliament: and I deſire you will take care to ſay on occaſion, that my lord treaſurer *Harley* did it many months ago, before the duke was lord lieutenant. And yet I cannot poſſibly come over yet: ſo get you gone to *Wexford*, and make *Stella* well.—Yes, yes, I take care not to walk late; I never did but once, and there are five hundred people on the way as I walk.—*Tiſdall* is a puppy, and I will excuſe him the half hour he would talk with me. As for the *Examiner*, I have heard a whiſper, that after that of this day, which tells what this parliament has done, you will hardly find them ſo good. I prophecy they will be traſh for the future; and methinks in this day's

day's *Examiner* the author talks doubtfully, as if he would write no more. Obſerve whether the change be diſcovered in *Dublin*, only for your own curioſity, that's all. Make a mouth there. Mrs. *Vedeau*'s buſineſs I have anſwered, and I hope the bill is not loſt. Morrow. 'Tis ſtewing hot, but I muſt riſe, and go to town between fire and water. Morrow, ſirrahs both, morrow.— At night. I dined to-day with colonel *Crowe*, governor of *Jamaica*, and your friend *Sterne*. I preſented *Sterne* to my lord treaſurer's brother, and gave him his caſe, and engaged him in his favour. At dinner there fell the ſwingingeſt long ſhower, and the moſt grateful to me, that ever I ſaw: it thundered fifty times at leaſt, and the air is ſo cool, that a body is able to live; and I walkt home to-night with comfort, and without dirt. I went this evening to lord treaſurer, and ſat with him two hours, and we were in very good humour, and he abuſed me, and called me Dr. *Thomas Swift* fifty times: I have told you he does that when he has mind to make me mad. Sir *Thomas Frankland* gave me to-day a letter from *Murry*, accepting my bill; ſo all is well: only by a letter from *Parviſol*, I find there are ſome perplexities.

perplexities.—*Joe* has likewiſe written to me, to thank me for what I have done for him; and deſires I would write to the biſhop of *Clogher*, that *Tom Aſhe* may not hinder his father * from being portrief. I have written, and ſent to *Joe* ſeveral times, that I will not trouble myſelf at all about *Trim*. I wiſh them their liberty; but they do not deſerve it: ſo tell *Joe*, and ſend to him. I am mighty happy with this rain: I was at the end of my patience, but now I live again. This cannot go till *Saturday*; and perhaps I may go out of town with lord *Shelburn* and lady *Kerry* to-morrow for two or three days. Lady *Kerry* has written to deſire it; but to-morrow I ſhall know further.——O this dear rain, I cannot forbear praiſing it: I never felt myſelf to be revived ſo in my life. It laſted from three till five, hard as a horn, and mixt with hail.

8. Morning. I am going to town, and will juſt finiſh this there, if I go into the country with lady *Kerry* and lord *Shelburn*:

* Even Mr. *Joſeph Beaumont*, the ſon, was at this time an old man, whoſe grey locks were venerable; conſequently his father was very ancient; and yet the father lived until about the year 1719.

ſo morrow, till an hour or two hence.—— In town. I met *Cairnes*, who, I ſuppoſe, will pay me the money; though he ſays, I muſt ſend him the bill firſt, and I will get it done in abſence. Farewel, *&c. &c.*

LETTER XXV.

Chelſea, June 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

I HAVE been all this time at *Wicomb*, between *Oxford* and *London*, with lord *Shelburn*, who has the ſquire's houſe at the town's end, and an eſtate there in a delicious country. Lady *Kerry* and Mrs. *Pratt* were with us, and we paſſed our time well enough; and there I wholly diſengaged myſelf from all publick thoughts, and every thing but *MD*, who had the impudence to ſend me a letter there; but I'll be revenged: I'll anſwer it. This day, the 20th, I came from *Wicomb* with lady *Kerry* after dinner, lighted at *Hyde-Park* corner, and walkt: it was twenty-ſeven miles, and we came it in about five hours.

21. I went at noon to ſee Mr. ſecretary at his office, and there was lord treaſurer: ſo I killed two birds, *&c.* and we were glad

glad to ſee one another, and ſo forth. And the ſecretary and I dined at Sir *William Wyndham*'s, who married lady *Catherine Seymor*, your acquaintance, I ſuppoſe. There were ten of us at dinner. It ſeems in my abſence they had erected a *Club*, and made me one; and we made ſome laws to-day, which I am to digeſt, and add to, againſt next meeting. Our meetings are to be every *Thurſday*: we are yet but twelve: lord keeper and lord treaſurer were propoſed; but I was againſt them, and ſo was Mr. ſecretary, though their ſons are of it, and ſo they are excluded; but we deſign to admit the duke of *Shrewſbury*. The end of our *Club* is to advance converſation and friendſhip, and to reward deſerving perſons with our intereſt and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of intereſt; and if we go on as we begin, no other *Club* in this town will be worth talking of. The ſolicitor-general, Sir *Robert Raymond*, is one of our *Club*; and I ordered him immediately to write to your lord chancellor in favour of Dr. *Raymond*: ſo tell *Raymond*, if you ſee him; but I believe this will find you at *Wexford*. This letter will come three weeks after the laſt; ſo

there is a week loſt; but that is owing to my being out of town; yet I think it is right, becauſe it goes incloſed to Mr. *Reading:* and why ſhould he know how often *Preſto* writes to *MD*, pray?—I ſat this evening with lady *Betty Butler* and lady *Aſhburnham*, and then came home by eleven, and had a good cool walk; for we have had no extream hot weather this fortnight, but a great deal of rain at times, and a body can live and breathe. I hope it will hold ſo. We had peaches to-day.

22. I went late to-day to town, and dined with my friend *Lewis*. I ſaw *Will. Congreve* attending at the treaſury, by order, with his brethren, the commiſſioners of the wine licences. I had often mentioned him with kindneſs to lord treaſurer; and *Congreve* told me, that after they had anſwered to what they were ſent for, my lord called him privately, and ſpoke to him with great kindneſs, promiſing his protection, *&c.* The poor man ſaid, he had been uſed ſo ill of late years, that he was quite aſtoniſhed at my lord's goodneſs, *&c.* and deſired me to tell my lord ſo; which I did this evening, and recommended him heartily. My lord aſſured me he eſteemed him very much, and would

be

be always kind to him; that what he ſaid was to make *Congreve* eaſy, becauſe he knew people talked as if his lordſhip deſigned to turn every body out, and particularly *Congreve*; which indeed was true, for the poor man told me he apprehended it. As I left my lord treaſurer, I called on *Congreve* (knowing where he dined) and told him what had paſſed between my lord and me: ſo I have made a worthy man eaſy, and that is a good day's work. I am propoſing to my lord to erect a ſociety or academy for correcting and ſettling our language, that we may not perpetually be changing as we do. He enters mightily into it, ſo does the dean of *Carliſle*; and I deſign to write a letter to lord treaſurer with the propoſals of it, and publiſh it; and ſo I told my lord, and he approves it. Yeſterday's was a ſad *Examiner*, and laſt week was very indifferent, though ſome little ſcraps of the old ſpirit, as if he had given ſome hints; but yeſterday's is all traſh. It is plain the hand is changed.

23. I have not been in *London* to-day: for Dr. *Gaſtrel* and I dined, by invitation, with the dean of *Carliſle*, my neighbour; ſo I know not what they are doing in the

world, a meer country gentleman. And are not you aſhamed both to go into the country juſt when I did, and ſtay ten days, juſt as I did, ſaucy monkies? But I never rode; I had no horſes, and our coach was out of order, and we went and came in a hired one. Do you keep your lodgings when you go to *Wexford?* I ſuppoſe you do; for you will hardly ſtay above two months. I have been walking about our town to-night, and it is a very ſcurvy place for walking. I am thinking to leave it, and return to town, now the *Iriſh* folks are gone. *Ford* goes in three days. How does *Dingley* divert herſelf while *Stella* is riding? work, or read, or walk? Does *Dingley* ever read to you? Had you ever a book with you in the country? Is all that left off? confeſs. Well, I'll go ſleep, 'tis paſt eleven, and I go early to ſleep; I write nothing at night but to *MD.*

24. *Stratford* and I, and paſtoral *Phillips,* (juſt come from *Denmark)* dined at *Ford*'s to-day, who paid his way, and goes for *Ireland* on *Tueſday.* The earl of *Peterborow* is returned from *Vienna* without one ſervant: he left them ſcattered in ſeveral towns of *Germany.* I had a letter from him,

him, four days ago, from *Hanover* *, where he deſires I would immediately ſend him an anſwer to his houſe at *Parſon's-Green*, about five miles off. I wondered what he meant, till I heard he was come. He ſent expreſſes, and got here before them. He is above fifty, and as active as one of five and twenty. I have not ſeen him yet, nor know when I ſhall, or where to find him.

25. Poor duke of *Shrewſbury* has been very ill of a fever: we were all in a fright about him: I thank God, he is better. I dined to-day at lord *Aſhburnham*'s with his lady, for he was not at home: ſhe is a very good girl, and always a great favourite of mine. *Sterne* tells me, he has deſired a friend to receive your box in *Cheſter*, and carry it over. I fear he will miſcarry in his buſineſs, which was ſent to the treaſury before he was recommended; for I was poſitive only to ſecond his recommendations, and all his other friends failed him. However, on your account, I will do what I can for him to-morrow with the ſecretary of the treaſury.

* See this Letter in *Dodſley*'s Collection, No. 46.

26. We had much company to-day at dinner at lord treaſurer's. *Prior* never fails: he is a much better courtier than I; and we expect every day that he will be a commiſſioner of the cuſtoms, and that in a ſhort time a great many more will be turned out. They blame lord treaſurer for his ſlowneſs in turning people out; but I ſuppoſe he has his reaſons. They ſtill keep my neighbour *Atterbury* in ſuſpence about the deanry of *Chriſt-Church*, which has been above ſix months vacant, and he is heartily angry. I reckon you are now preparing for your *Wexford* expedition; and poor *Dingley* is full of carking and caring, ſcolding. How long will you ſtay? Shall I be in *Dublin* before you return? Don't fall and hurt yourſelves, nor overturn the coach. Love one another, and be good girls; and drink *Preſto*'s health in water, madam *Stella*; and in good ale *, madam *Dingley*.

27. The ſecretary appointed me to dine with him to-day, and we were to do a world of buſineſs: he came at four, and brought *Prior* with him, and had forgot the ap-

* The *Wexford* ale is highly eſteemed, which is hinted at in this paſſage; and the *Wexford* waters were preſcribed to *Stella*.

pointment,

pointment, and no buſineſs was done. I left him at eight, and went to change my gown at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*'s; and there was Sir *Andrew Fountain* at ombre with lady *Aſhburnham* and lady *Frederick Schomberg*, and lady *Mary Schomberg*, and lady *Betty Butler*, and others, talking; and it put me in mind of the dean, and *Stoyte*, and *Walls*, and *Stella* at play, and *Dingley* and I looking on. I ſtaid with them till ten, like a fool. Lady *Aſhburnham* is ſomething like *Stella*; ſo I helped her, and wiſhed her good cards. It is late, *&c.*

28. Well, but I muſt anſwer this letter of our *MD*'s. *Saturday* approaches, and I han't written down this ſide. O faith, *Preſto* has been a ſort of a lazy fellow: but *Preſto* will remove to town this day ſennight: the ſecretary has commanded me to do ſo; and I believe he and I ſhall go for ſome days to *Windſor*, where he will have leiſure to mind ſome buſineſs we have together. To-day, our *Society* (it muſt not be called a *Club*) dined at Mr. ſecretary's; we were but eight, the reſt ſent excuſes, or were out of town. We ſat till eight, and made ſome laws and ſettlements; and then I went to take leave of lady *Aſhburnham*, who goes out of town

to-morrow, as a great many of my acquaintance are already, and left the town very thin. I ſhall make but ſhort journies this *Summer*, and not be long out of *London*. The days are grown ſenſibly ſhorter already, and all our fruit blaſted. Your duke of *Ormond* is ſtill at *Cheſter*; and perhaps this letter will be with you as ſoon as he. *Sterne*'s buſineſs is quite blown up: they ſtand to it to ſend him back to the commiſſioners of the revenue in *Ireland* for a reference, and all my credit could not alter it, though I almoſt fell out with the ſecretary of the treaſury, who is my lord treaſurer's couſin-german, and my very good friend. It ſeems every ſtep he has hitherto taken hath been wrong; at leaſt they ſay ſo, and that is the ſame thing. I am heartily ſorry for it; and I really think they are in the wrong, and uſe him hardly; but I can do no more.

29. *Steele* has had the aſſurance to write to me, that I would engage my lord treaſurer to keep a friend of his in an employment: I believe I told you how he and *Addiſon* ſerved me for my good offices in *Steele*'s behalf; and I promiſed lord treaſurer never to ſpeak for either of them again. Sir *Andrew Fountain* and I dined to-day at Mrs. *Van-*

Vanhomrigh's. *Dilly Aſhe* has been in town this fortnight: I ſaw him twice; he was four days at lord *Pembroke*'s in the country, punning with him; his face is very well. I was this evening two or three hours at lord treaſurer's, who called me doctor *Thomas Swift* twenty times; that's his way of teazing. I left him at nine, and got home here by ten, like a gentleman; and to-morrow morning I'll anſwer your little letter, ſirrahs.

30. Morning. I am terrible ſleepy always in a morning; I believe it is my walk overnight that diſpoſes me to ſleep; faith 'tis now ſtriking eight, and I am but juſt awake. *Patrick* comes early, and wakes me five or ſix times, but I have excuſes, though I am three parts aſleep. I tell him I ſat up late, or ſlept ill in the night, and often it is a lie. I have now got little *MD*'s letter before me, *N.* 16. no more, nor no leſs, no miſtake. *Dingley* ſays, "This letter won't be above ſix lines," and I was afraid it was true, though I ſaw it filled on both ſides. The biſhop of *Clogher* writ me word you were in the country, and that he heard you were well: I am glad at heart *MD* rides, and rides, and rides. Our hot weather ended

in *May*, and all this month has been moderate: it was then ſo hot, I was not able to endure it; I was miſerable every moment, and found myſelf diſpoſed to be peeviſh and quarrelſome; I believe a very hot country would make me ſtark mad.—— Yes, my head continues pretty tolerable, and I impute it all to walking. Does *Stella* eat fruit? I eat a little; but I always repent, and reſolve againſt it. No, in very hot weather I always go to town by water; but I conſtantly walk back, for then the ſun is down. And ſo Mrs. *Proby* goes with you to *Wexford*; ſhe's admirable company: you'll grow plaguy wiſe with thoſe you frequent. Mrs. *Taylor*, and Mrs. *Proby*; take care of infection. I believe my two hundred pounds will be paid; but that Sir *Alexander Cairnes* is a ſcrupulous puppy: I left the bill with Mr. *Stratford*, who is to have the money. Now, madam *Stella*, what ſay you? you ride every day; I know that already, ſirrah; and if you rid every day for a twelvemonth, you would be ſtill better and better. No, I hope *Parviſol* will not have the impudence to make you ſtay an hour for the money; if he does, I'll un-parviſol him; pray let me know. O Lord, how haſty we

are,

are, *Stella* can't ſtay writing and writing; ſhe muſt write and go a cock-horſe, pray now. Well; but the horſes are not come to the door; the fellow can't find the bridle; your ſtirrup is broken; where did you put the whips, *Dingley?* *Marg'et*, where have you laid Mrs. *Johnſon*'s ribband to tie about her? reach me my maſk: ſup up this before you go. So, ſo, a gallop, a gallop: ſit faſt, ſirrah, and don't ride hard upon the ſtones. —— Well, now *Stella* is gone, tell me, *Dingley*, is ſhe a good girl? and what news is that you are to tell me? —— No, I believe the box is not loſt: *Sterne* ſays, it is not. —— No faith, you muſt go to *Wexford* without ſeeing your duke of *Ormond*, unleſs you ſtay on purpoſe; perhaps you may be ſo wiſe. —— I tell you this is your ſixteenth letter; will you never be ſatisfied? No, no, I'll walk late no more; I ought leſs to venture it than other people, and ſo I was told: but I'll return to lodge in town next *Thurſday*. When you come from *Wexford* I would have you ſend a letter of attorney to Mr. *Benjamin Tooke*, bookſeller in *London*, directed to me; and he ſhall manage your affair. I have your parchment ſafely lockt up in *London*. — O madam *Stella*, welcome

come home; was it pleaſant riding? did your horſe ſtumble? how often did the man light to ſettle your ſtirrup? ride nine miles? faith you have galloped indeed. Well, but where's the fine thing you promiſed me? I have been a good boy, aſk *Dingley* elſe. I believe you did not meet the fine-thing-man: faith you are a cheat. So you'll ſee *Raymond* and his wife in town. Faith that riding to *Laracor* gives me ſhort ſighs, as well as you. All the days I have paſſed here, have been dirt to thoſe. I have been gaining enemies by the ſcores, and friends by the couples, which is againſt the rules of wiſdom; becauſe they ſay, one enemy can do more hurt, than ten friends can do good. But I have had my revenge at leaſt, if I get nothing elſe. And ſo let *Fate* govern.—Now I think your letter is anſwered; and mine will be ſhorter than ordinary, becauſe it muſt go to-day. We have had a great deal of ſcattering rain for ſome days paſt, yet it hardly keeps down the duſt.—We have plays acted in our town, and *Patrick* was at one of them, oh ho. He was damnably mauled one day when he was drunk; he was at cuffs with a brother footman, who dragged him along the floor upon his face,

face, which lookt for a week after as if he had the leproſy; and I was glad enough to ſee it. I have been ten times ſending him over to you; yet now he has new cloaths, and a laced hat, which the hatter brought by his orders, and he offered to pay for the lace out of his wages. — I am to dine to-day with *Dilly* at Sir *Andrew Fountain*'s, who has bought a new houſe, and will be weary of it in half a year. I muſt riſe and ſhave, and walk to town, unleſs I go with the dean in his chariot at twelve, which is too late: and I have not ſeen that lord *Peterborow* yet. The duke of *Shrewſbury* is almoſt well again, and will be abroad in a day or two: what care you? There it is now; you don't care for my friends. Farewel, my deareſt lives, and delights, I love you better than ever, if poſſible, as hope ſaved, I do, and ever will. God Almighty bleſs you ever, and make us happy together; I pray for this twice every day; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers. —— Remember if I am uſed ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and ſhall not wonder at it. Yet, I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every day

numbers

numbers of conſiderable men teazing me to ſolicit for them. And the miniſtry all uſe me perfectly well, and all that know them, ſay they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon *MD*'s love and kindneſs —— They think me uſeful; they pretended they were afraid of none but me; and that they reſolved to have me; they have often confeſſed this: yet all makes little impreſſion on me. — Pox of theſe ſpeculations! They give me the ſpleen; and that is a diſeaſe I was not born to. Let me alone, ſirrahs, and be ſatisfied: I am, as long as *MD* and *Preſto* are well: Little wealth, And much health, And a life by ſtealth: that is all we want; and ſo farewel, deareſt *MD*; *Stella*, *Dingley*, *Preſto* all together, now and for ever all together. Farewel again and again.

LETTER XXVI.

Chelſea, June 30, 1711.

SEE what large paper I am forced to take to write to *MD*; *Patrick* has brought me none clipt; but faith the next ſhall be ſmaller. I dined to-day, as I told you, with *Dilly* at Sir *Andrew Fountain*'s: there were we wretchedly punning, and writing together to lord *Pembroke*. *Dilly* is juſt ſuch a puppy as ever; and it is ſo uncouth, after ſo long an intermiſſion. My twenty-fifth is gone this evening to the poſt. I think I will direct my next, (which is this) to Mr. *Curry*'s, and let them ſend it to *Wexford*, and then the next incloſed to *Reading*. Inſtruct me how I ſhall do. I long to hear from you from *Wexford*, and what ſort of place it is. The town grows very empty and dull. This evening I have had a letter from Mr. *Phillips* the paſtoral poet, to get him a certain employment from lord treaſurer. I have now had almoſt all the *Whig* poets my ſolicitors; and I have been uſeful to *Congreve*, *Steele*, and *Harriſon*: but I will do nothing for *Phillips*; I find he is more a puppy than ever; ſo don't ſolicit for him. Beſides, I will not

not trouble lord treaſurer, unleſs upon ſome very extraordinary occaſion.

July 1. *Dilly* lies conveniently for me when I come to town from *Chelſea* of a *Sunday*, and go to the ſecretary's; ſo I called at his lodgings this morning, and ſent for my gown, and dreſſed myſelf there. He had a letter from the biſhop, with an account that you were ſet out for *Wexford* the morning he writ, which was *June* 26, and he had the letter the 30th; that was very quick: the biſhop ſays, you deſign to ſtay there two months or more. *Dilly* had alſo a letter from *Tom. Aſhe*, full of *Iriſh* news: that your lady *Linden* is dead, and I know not what beſides, of Dr. *Coghil** loſing his drab, *&c.* The ſecretary was gone to *Windſor*, and I dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*.

* Dr. *Marmaduke Coghil* was judge of the prerogative court in *Ireland*. About this time he courted a lady, and was ſoon to have been married to her; but unfortunately a cauſe was brought to trial before him, wherein a man was ſued for beating his wife. When the matter was agitated, the Dr. gave his opinion, That although a man had no right to beat his wife unmercifully, yet that, with ſuch a little cane or ſwitch as he then held in his hand, a huſband was at liberty, and was inveſted with a power, to give his wife moderate correction: which opinion determined the lady againſt having the doctor. He died an old man and a batchelor, about thirty years ago.

Lord

Lord treaſurer is at *Windſor* too; they will be going and coming all *Summer*, while the queen is there, and the town is empty, and I fear I ſhall be ſometimes forced to ſtoop beneath my dignity, and ſend to the ale-houſe for a dinner. Well, ſirrahs, had you a good journey to *Wexford?* did you drink ale by the way? were you never overturned? how many things did you forget? do you lie on ſtraw in your new town where you are? Cudſho, the next letter to *Preſto* will be dated from *Wexford.* What fine company have you there? what new acquaintance have you got? you are to write conſtantly to Mrs. *Walls* and Mrs. *Stoyte:* and the dean ſaid, Shall we never hear from you? Yes, Mr. dean, we'll make bold to trouble you with a letter. Then at *Wexford;* when you meet a lady; Did your waters paſs well this morning, madam? Will *Dingley* drink them too? Yes, I warrant; to get her a ſtomach. I ſuppoſe you are all gameſters at *Wexford.* Don't loſe your money, ſirrah, far from home. I believe I ſhall go to *Windſor* in a few days; at leaſt, the ſecretary tells me ſo. He has a ſmall houſe there, with juſt room enough for him and me; and I would be ſatisfied to paſs a few days there ſometimes.

Sirrahs, let me go to ſleep, 'tis paſt twelve in our town.

2. *Sterne* came to me this morning, and tells me he has yet ſome hopes of compaſſing his buſineſs: he was with *Tom. Harley*, the ſecretary of the treaſury, and made him doubt a little he was in the wrong; the poor man tells me, it will almoſt undo him, if he fails. I called this morning to ſee *Will. Congreve*, who lives much by himſelf, is forced to read for amuſement, and cannot do it without a magnifying-glaſs. I have ſet him very well with the miniſtry, and I hope he is in no danger of loſing his place. I dined in the city with Dr. *Freind*, not among my merchants, but with a ſcrub inſtrument of miſchief of mine, whom I never mentioned to you, nor am like to do. You two little ſaucy *Wexfordians*, you are now drinking waters. You drink waters! you go fiddleſtick. Pray God ſend them to do you good; if not, faith next *Summer* you ſhall come to the *Bath*.

3. Lord *Peterborow* deſired to ſee me this morning at nine; I had not ſeen him before ſince he came home. I met Mrs. *Manley* there, who was ſoliciting him to get ſome penſion or reward for her ſervice in the cauſe,

cauſe, by writing her *Atalantis*, and proſecution, *&c.* upon it. I ſeconded her, and hope they will do ſomething for the poor woman. My lord kept me two hours upon politicks: he comes home very ſanguine; he has certainly done great things at *Savoy* and *Vienna*, by his negotiations: he is violent againſt a Peace, and finds true what I writ to him, That the miniſtry ſeems for it. He reaſons well; yet I am for a Peace *. I took leave of lady *Kerry*, who goes to-morrow for *Ireland*; ſhe picks up lord *Shelburn* and Mrs. *Pratt* at lord *Shelburn*'s houſe. I was this evening with lord treaſurer; *Tom. Harley* was there; and whiſpered me that he began to doubt about *Sterne*'s buſineſs; I told him he would find he was in the wrong. I ſat two or three hours at lord treaſurer's; he rallied me ſufficiently upon my refuſing to take him into our *Club*; told a judge who was with us, that my name was *Thomas Swift*. I had a mind to prevent Sir *H. Bellaſis* going to *Spain*, who is a moſt covetous curr, and I fell a railing againſt avarice, and turned it ſo that he ſmoakt me, and named *Bellaſis*. I went on, and ſaid it was a ſhame to ſend him, to which he agreed, but deſired

* Theſe words, written in confidence to *Stella*, deſerve our notice.

I would name ſome who underſtood buſineſs, and do not love money, for he could not find them. I ſaid, there was ſomething in a treaſurer different from other men; that we ought not to make a man a biſhop who does not love divinity, or a general who does not love war; and I wondered why the queen would make a man lord treaſurer who does not love money. He was mightily pleaſed with what I ſaid. He was talking of the *Firſt-Fruits* of *England:* and I took occaſion to tell him, that I would not for a thouſand pounds, any body but he had got them for *Ireland*, who got them for *England* too. He bid me conſider what a thouſand pounds was; I ſaid, I would have him to know, I valued a thouſand pounds as little as he valued a million. — Is it not ſilly to write all this? but it gives you an idea what our converſation is with mixt company. I have taken a lodging in *Suffolk-ſtreet*, and go to it on *Thurſday*; and deſign to walk the *Park* and the town to ſupply my walking here: yet I will walk here ſometimes too, in a viſit now and then to the dean. When I was almoſt at home, *Patrick* told me he had two letters for me, and gave them to me in the dark, yet I could ſee one of them was from ſaucy *MD*.

I went

I went to viſit the dean for half an hour; and then came home, and firſt read the other letter, which was from the biſhop of *Clogher*, who tells me the archbiſhop of *Dublin* mentioned in a full aſſembly of the clergy, the queen's granting the *Firſt-Fruits*; ſaid it was done by the lord treaſurer; and talked much of my merit in it: but reading your's I find nothing of that: perhaps the biſhop lies, out of a deſire to pleaſe me. I dined with Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*. Well, ſirrahs, you are gone to *Wexford*, but I'll follow you.

4. *Sterne* came to me again this morning to adviſe about reaſons and memorials he is drawing up; and we went to town by water together; and having nothing to do, I ſtole into the city to an inſtrument of mine, and then went to ſee poor *Patty Rolt*, who has been in town theſe two months with a couſin of hers. Her life paſſes with boarding in ſome country town as cheap as ſhe can, and when ſhe runs out, ſhifting to ſome cheaper place, or coming to town for a month. If I were rich I would eaſe her, which a little thing would do. Some months ago I ſent her a guinea, and it patched up twenty circumſtances. She is now going to *Berkhamſtead* in *Hertfordſhire*. It has rained and hailed prodigiouſly to-day, with ſome thun-

der. This is the laſt night I lie at *Chelſea*; and I got home early, and ſat two hours with the dean, and eat victuals, having had a very ſcurvy dinner. I'll anſwer your letter when I come to live in town. You ſhall have a fine *London* anſwer: but firſt I'll go ſleep, and dream of *MD*.

London, *July* 5. This day I left *Chelſea* for good (that's a genteel phraſe) and am got into *Suffolk-ſtreet*. I dined to-day at our *Society*, and we are adjourned for a month, becauſe moſt of us go into the country: we dined at lord keeper's with young *Harcourt*, and lord keeper was forced to ſneak off, and dine with lord treaſurer, who had invited the ſecretary and me to dine with him; but we ſcorned to leave our company, as *George Granville* did, whom we have threatened to expel: however, in the evening I went to lord treaſurer, and, among other company, found a couple of judges with him; one of them, judge *Powel*, an old fellow with gray hairs, was the merrieſt old gentleman I ever ſaw, ſpoke pleaſant things, and laughed and chuckled till he cryed again. I ſtaid till eleven, becauſe I was not now to walk to *Chelſea*.

6. An ugly rainy day; I was to viſit Mrs. *Barton*, then called at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*'s,

where Sir *Andrew Fountain* and the rain kept me to dinner; and there did I loiter all the afternoon, like a fool, out of perfect lazineſs, and the weather not permitting me to walk; but I'll do ſo no more. Are your waters at *Wexford* good in this rain? I long to hear how you are eſtabliſhed there, how and whom you viſit, what is your lodging, what are your entertainments. You are got far ſouthwards; but I think you muſt eat no fruit while you drink the waters. I eat ſome *Kentiſh* cherries t'other day, and I repent it already; I have felt my head a little diſordered. We had not a hot day all *June*, nor ſince, which I reckon a mighty happineſs. Have you left a direction with *Reading* for *Wexford?* I will, as I ſaid, direct this to *Curry*'s, and the next to *Reading*, or ſuppoſe I ſend this at a venture ſtraight to *Wexford?* It would vex me to have it miſcarry. I had a letter to-night from *Parviſol*, that *White* has paid me moſt of my remaining money; and another from *Joe*, that they have had their election at *Trim*, but not a word of who is choſen portrieve. Poor *Joe* is full of complaints, ſays he has enemies, and fears he will never get his two hundred pounds, and I fear ſo too, although I have done what I could.

—— I'll anſwer your letter when I think fit, when ſaucy *Preſto* thinks fit, ſirrahs. I an't at leiſure yet; when I have nothing to do, perhaps I may vouchſafe. — O Lord, the two *Wexford* ladies; I'll go dream of you both.

7. It was the diſmalleſt rainy day I ever ſaw; I went to the ſecretary in the morning, and he was gone to *Windſor*. Then it began raining, and I ſtruck in to Mrs. *Vanhomrigh*'s, and dined, and ſtaid till night very dull and inſipid. I hate this town in *Summer*; I'll leave it for a while if I can have time.

8. I have a fellow of your town, one *Tiſdall*, lodges in the ſame houſe with me. *Patrick* told me, *Squire Tiſdall* and his lady lodged here; I pretended I never heard of him, but I knew his ugly face, and ſaw him at church in the next pew to me, and he often looked for a bow, but it would not do. I think he lives in *Capel-ſtreet*, and has an ugly fine wife in a fine coach. Dr. *Freind* and I dined in the city by invitation, and I drank punch, very good, but it makes me hot. People here are troubled with agues by this continuance of wet cold weather; but I am glad to find the ſeaſon ſo temperate. I was this evening to ſee *Will. Congreve*, who is a very agreeable companion.

9. I

9. I was to-day in the city, and dined with Mr. *Stratford*, who tells me Sir *Alexander Cairnes* makes difficulties about paying my bill, ſo that I cannot give order yet to *Parviſol* to deliver up the bond to Dr *Raymond*. To-morrow I ſhall have a poſitive anſwer: that *Cairnes* is a ſhuffling ſcoundrel; and ſeveral merchants have told me ſo: what can one expect from a *Scot* and a fanatick? I was at *Bateman*'s the bookſeller's, to ſee a fine old library he has bought; and my fingers itched, as yours would do at a china-ſhop; but I reſiſted, and found every thing too dear, and I have fooled away too much money that way already. So go and drink your waters, ſaucy rogue, and make your ſelf well; and pray walk while you are there: I have a notion there is never a good walk in *Ireland* *. Do you find all places without trees? Pray obſerve the inhabitants about *Wexford*; they are old *Engliſh*; ſee what they have particular in their manners, names, and language: magpies have been always there, and no where elſe in *Ireland* †, till of late years. They ſay the cocks and dogs go to ſleep at noon,

* In *Ireland* there are not public paths from place to place, as in *England*.

† They are now common every where.

and ſo do the people. Write your travels, and bring home good eyes, and health.

10. I dined to-day with lord treaſurer: we did not ſit down till four. I diſpatched three buſineſſes with him, and forgot a fourth. I think I have got a friend an employment; and beſides I made him conſent to let me bring *Congreve* to dine with him. You muſt underſtand I have a mind to do a ſmall thing, only turn out all the queen's phyſicians; for in my conſcience they will ſoon kill her among them. And I muſt talk over that matter with ſome people. My lord treaſurer told me, the queen and he between them have loſt the paper about the *Firſt-Fruits*; but deſires I will let the biſhops know it ſhall be done with the firſt opportunity.

11. I dined to-day with neighbour *Van*, and walkt pretty well in the *Park* this evening. *Stella*, huſſy, don't you remember, ſirrah, you uſed to reproach me about meddling in other folks affairs. I have enough of it now: two people came to me to-night in the *Park* to engage to ſpeak to lord treaſurer in their behalf; and I believe they make up fifty who have aſked me the ſame favour. I am hardened, and reſolve to trouble him, or any other miniſter, leſs

than

than ever. And I obſerve thoſe who have ten times more credit than I, will not ſpeak a word for any body. I met yeſterday the poor lad I told you of, who lived with Mr. *Teniſon*, who has been ill of an ague ever ſince I ſaw him. He lookt wretchedly, and was exceeding thankful for half a crown I gave him. He had a crown from me before.

12. I dined to-day with young *Manley* in the city, who is to get me out a box of books and a hamper of wine from *Hamburgh*. I enquired of Mr. *Stratford*, who tells me that *Cairnes* has not yet paid my two hundred pounds, but ſhams and delays from day to day. Young *Manley*'s wife is a very indifferent perſon of a young woman, goggle-eyed, and looks like a fool: yet he is a handſome fellow, and married her for love after long courtſhip, and ſhe refuſed him until he got his laſt employment.——I believe I ſhall not be ſo good a boy for writing as I was, during your ſtay at *Wexford*, unleſs I may ſend my letters every ſecond time to *Curry*'s; pray, let me know. This, I think, ſhall go there, or why not to *Wexford* itſelf? That's right, and ſo it ſhall this next *Tueſday*, although it coſts you ten pence. What care I?

13. This toad of a ſecretary is come from *Windſor*, and I can't find him; and he goes

back on *Sunday*, and I can't ſee him to-morrow. I dined ſcurvily to-day with Mr. *Lewis* and a parſon; and then went to ſee lord treaſurer, and met him coming from his houſe in his coach: he ſmiled, and I ſhrugged, and we ſmoakt each other; and ſo my viſit is paid. I now confine myſelf to ſee him only twice a week: he has invited me to *Windſor*, and betwixt two ſtools, *&c.* I'll go live at *Windſor*, if poſſible, that's pozzz. I have always the luck to paſs my *Summer* in *London*. I called this evening to ſee poor Sir *Matthew Dudley*, a commiſſioner of the cuſtoms; I know he is to be out for certain: he is in hopes of continuing: I would not tell him bad news, but adviſed him to prepare for the worſt. *Dilly* was with me this morning, to invite me to dine at *Kenſington* on *Sunday* with lord *Mountjoy*, who goes ſoon for *Ireland*. Your late chief juſtice *Broderick* is here, and they ſay violent as a tiger. How is party among you at *Wexford?* Are the majority of ladies for the late or preſent miniſtry? Write me *Wexford* news, and love *Preſto*, becauſe he's a good boy.

14. Although it was ſhaving-day I walkt to *Chelſea*, and was there by nine this morning; and the dean of *Carliſle* and I croſt the water to *Batterſea*, and went in his cha-

riot to *Greenwich*, where we dined at Dr. *Gaſtrel*'s, and paſſed the afternoon at *Lewſham*, at the dean of *Canterbury*'s; and there I ſaw *Moll Stanhope*, who is grown monſtrouſly tall, but not ſo handſome as formerly. It is the firſt little rambling journey I have had this *Summer* about *London*, and they are the agreeableſt paſtimes one can have, in a friend's coach, and to good company. Bank ſtock is fallen three or four *per cent.* by the whiſpers about the town of the queen's being ill, who is however very well.

15. How many books have you carried with you to *Wexford?* What, not one ſingle book? Oh, but your time will be ſo taken up; and you can borrow of the parſon. I dined to-day with Sir *Andrew Fountain* and *Dilly* at *Kenſington* with lord *Mountjoy*; and in the afternoon *Stratford* came there, and told me my two hundred pounds was paid at laſt; ſo that buſineſs is over, and I am at eaſe about it: and I wiſh all your money was in the bank too. I'll have my t'other hundred pounds there, that is in *Hawkſhaw*'s hands. Have you had the intereſt of it paid yet? I ordered *Parviſol* to do it. What makes *Preſto* write ſo crooked? I'll anſwer your letter to-morrow, and ſend it on *Tueſday*. Here's hot weather come again, yeſterday and to-day; fine drinking waters

now. We had a ſad pert dull parſon at *Kenſington* to-day. I almoſt repent my coming to town: I want the walks I had.

16. I dined in the city to-day with a hedge acquaintance, and the day paſſed without any conſequence. I'll anſwer your letter to-morrow.

17. Morning. I have put your letter before me, and am going to anſwer it. Hold your tongue: ſtand by. Your weather and ours were not alike; we had not a bit of hot weather in *June*, yet you complain of it on the 19th day. What, you uſed to love hot weather then? I could never endure it: I deteſt and abominate it. I would not live in a hot country to be king of it. What a ſplutter you keep about my bonds with *Raymond*, and all to affront *Preſto*? *Preſto* will be ſuſpicious of every thing but *MD*, in ſpight of your little noſe. Soft and fair, madam *Stella*, how you gallop away in your ſpleen and your rage about repenting my journey, and preferment here, and ſixpence a dozen, and naſty *England*, and *Laracor* all my life. Hey dazy, will you never have done? I had no offers of any living. Lord keeper told me ſome months ago, he would give me one when I pleaſed; but I told him, I would not take any from him: and the ſecretary told me t'other day, he had

refuſed a very good one for me; but it was in a place he did not like; and I know nothing of getting any thing here, and, if they would give me leave, I would come over juſt now. *Addiſon*, I hear, has changed his mind about going over; but I have not ſeen him theſe four months.——O aye, that's true, *Dingley*; that's like herſelf: millions of buſineſſes to do before ſhe goes. Yes, my head has been pretty well, but threatening within theſe two or three days, which I impute to ſome fruit I ate; but I will eat no more: not a bit of any ſort. I ſuppoſe you had a journey without duſt, and that was happy. I long for a *Wexford* letter; but muſt not think of it yet: your laſt was finiſhed but three weeks ago. It is d—d news you tell me of Mrs. *F*——; it makes me love *England* leſs a great deal. I know nothing of the trunk being left or taken; ſo 'tis odd enough, if the things in it were mine; and I think I was told that there were ſome things for me, that my mother left particularly to me. I am really ſorry for ——; that ſcoundrel —— will have his eſtate after his mother's death. Let me know if Mrs. *Walls* has got her tea: I hope *Richardſon* ſtaid in *Dublin* till it came. Mrs. *Walls* needed not have that blemiſh in her eye; for I am not in love with her at

all. No, I don't like any thing in the *Examiner* after the 45th, except the firſt part of the 46th; all the reſt is traſh; and if you like them, eſpecially the 47th, your judgment is ſpoiled by ill company and want of reading; which I am more ſorry for than you think: and I have ſpent fourteen years in improving you to little purpoſe. (Mr. *Tooke* is come here, and I muſt ſtop.) —At night. I dined with lord treaſurer to-day, and he kept me till nine; ſo I cannot ſend this to-night, as I intended, nor write ſome other letters. *Green*, his ſurgeon, was there, and dreſſed his breaſt; that is, put on a plaiſter, which is ſtill requiſite: and I took an opportunity to ſpeak to him of the queen; but he cut me ſhort with this ſaying, *Laiſſez faire a Don Antoine*; which is a *French* proverb, expreſſing, *Leave that to me*. I find he is againſt her taking much phyſick; and I doubt he cannot perſuade her to take Dr. *Radcliffe*. However, ſhe is very well now, and all the ſtory of her illneſs, except the firſt day or two, was a lie. We had ſome buſineſs, that company hindered us from doing, though he is earneſt for it, yet would not appoint me a certain day, but bids me come at all times till we can have leiſure. This takes up a great deal of my time, and I can do nothing I

would do for them. I was with the ſecretary this morning, and we both think to go next week to *Windſor* for ſome days, to diſpatch an affair, if we can have leiſure. *Sterne* met me juſt now in the ſtreet by his lodgings, and I went in for an hour to *Jemmy Leigh*, who loves *London* dearly: he aſked after you with great reſpect and friendſhip.——To return to your letter. Your biſhop *Mills* hates me mortally: I wonder he ſhould ſpeak well of me, having abuſed me in all places where he went. So you pay your way. Cudſho: you had a fine ſupper, I warrant; two pullets, and a bottle of wine, and ſome currants.—It is juſt three weeks to-day ſince you ſet out to *Wexford*; you were three days going, and I don't expect a letter theſe ten days yet, or rather this fortnight. I got a grant of the *Gazette* for *Ben Tooke* this morning from Mr ſecretary: it will be worth him a hundred pounds a year.

18. To-day I took leave of Mrs. *Barton*, who is going into the country; and I dined with Sir *John Stanley*, where I have not been this great while. There dined with us lord *Rocheſter*, and his fine daughter, lady *Jane*, juſt growing a top toaſt. I have been endeavouring to ſave Sir *Matthew Dudley*, but fear I cannot. I walkt the *Mall*

ſix times to-night for exerciſe; and would have done more; but as empty as the town is, a fool got hold of me, and ſo I came home, to tell you this ſhall go to-morrow, without fail, and follow you to *Wexford*, like a dog.

19. Dean *Atterbury* ſent to me to dine with him at *Chelſea*: I refuſed his coach, and walkt, and am come back by ſeven, becauſe I would finiſh this letter, and ſome others I am writing. *Patrick* tells me, the maid ſays one Mr. *Walls*, a clergyman, a tall man, was here to viſit me. Is it your *Iriſh* archdeacon? I ſhall be ſorry for it; but I ſhall make a ſhift to ſee him ſeldom enough, as I do *Dilly*. What can he do here? or is it ſomebody elſe? The duke of *Newcaſtle* is dead by the fall he had from his horſe. God ſend poor *Stella* her health, and keep *MD* happy. Farewel, and love *Preſto*, who loves *MD* above all things ten million of times. God bleſs the dear *Wexford* girls. Farewel again, *&c. &c.*

The End of the Fourth Volume.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM